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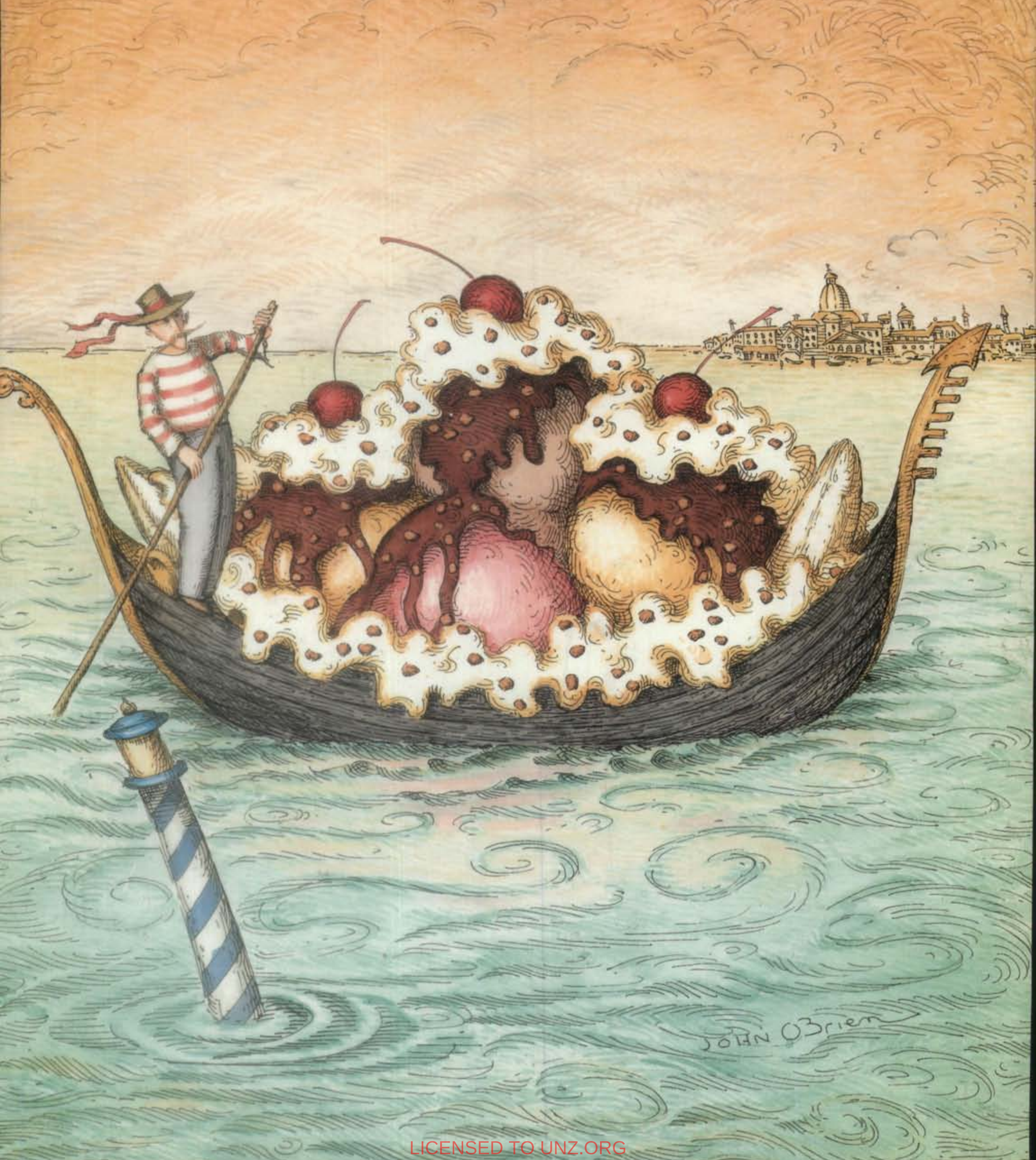
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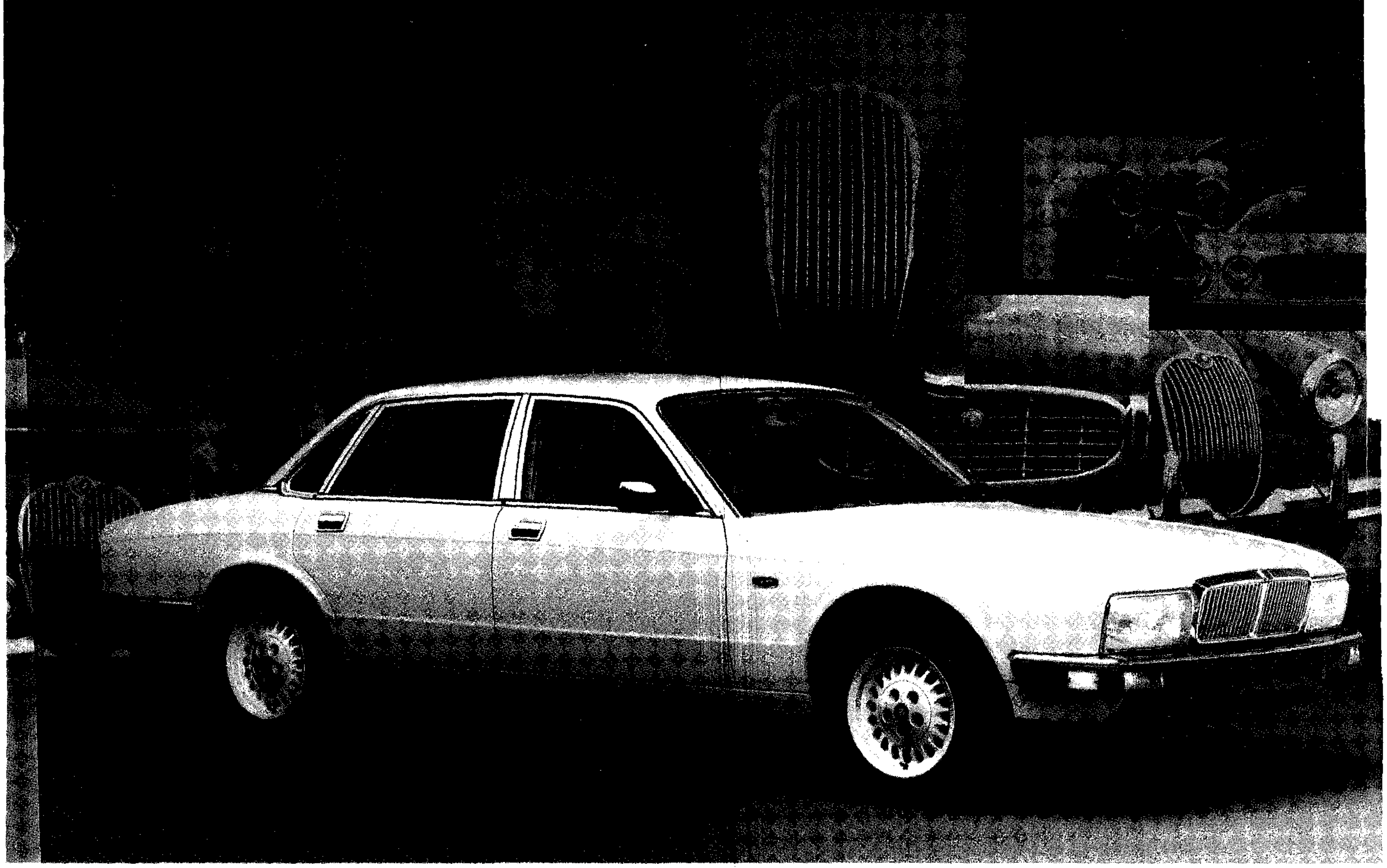

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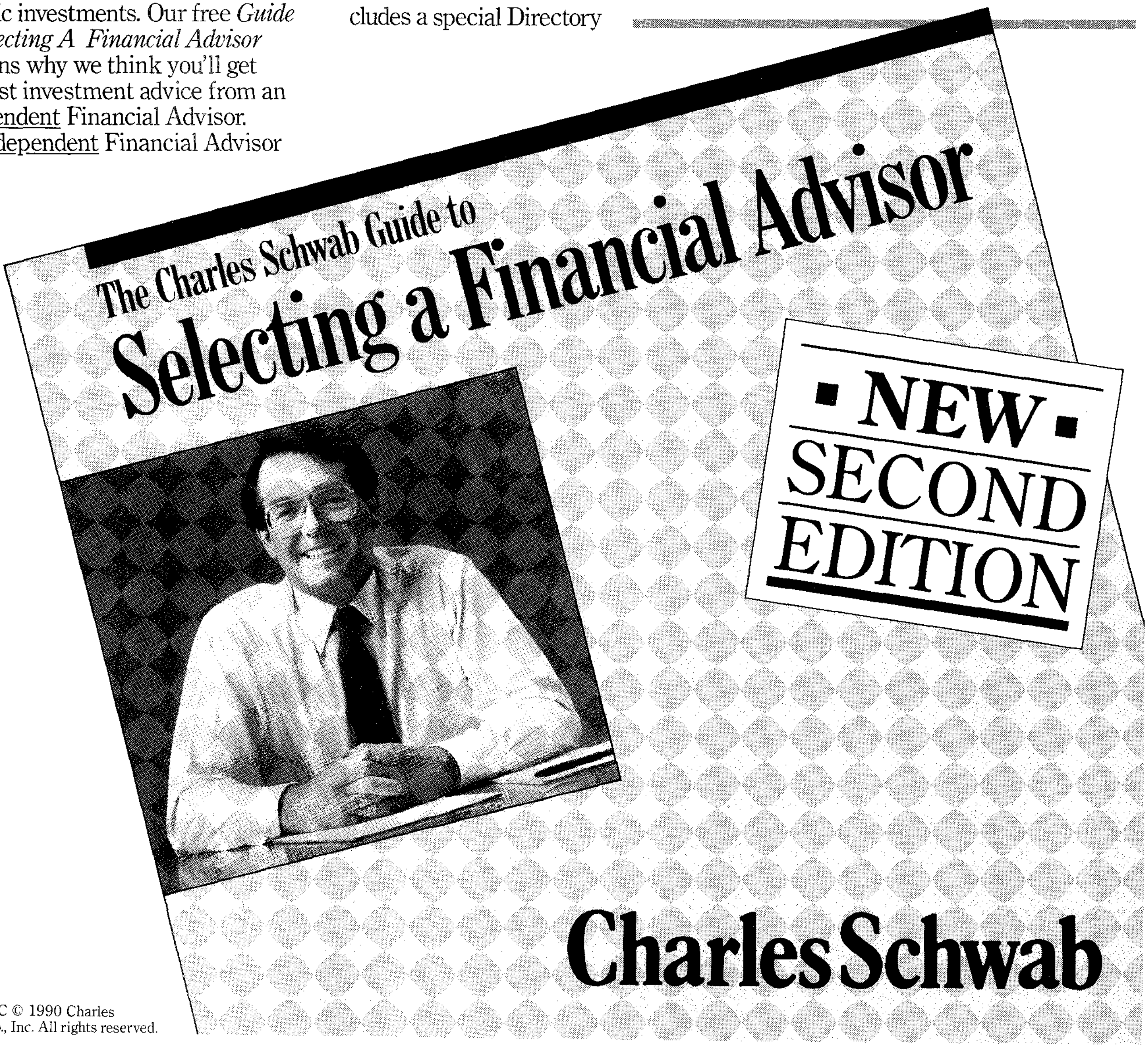

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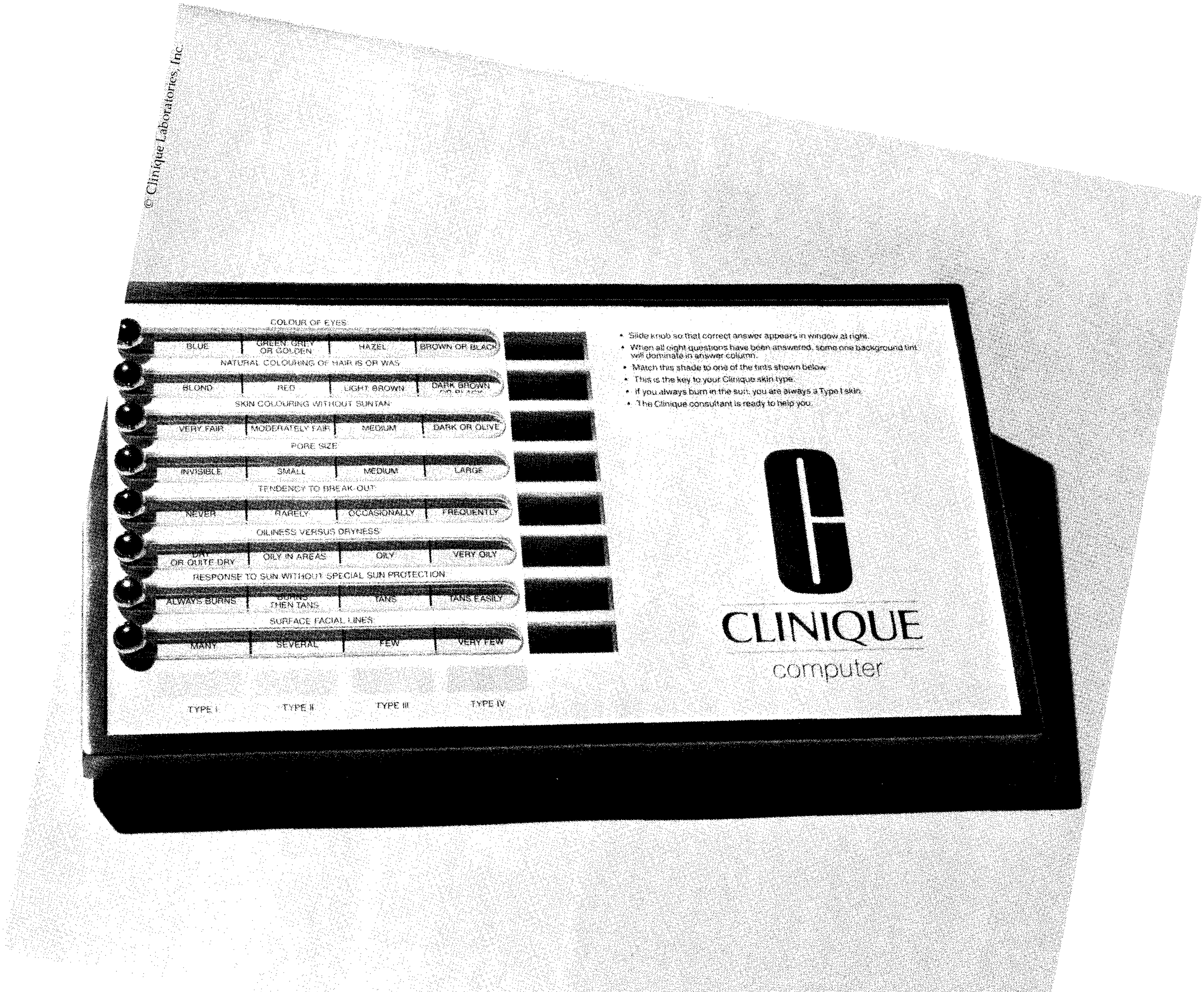
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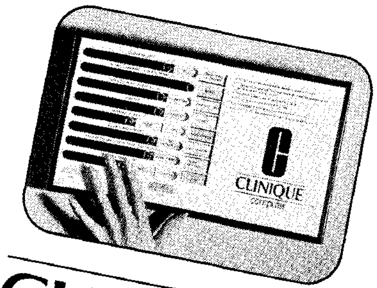
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

“SMOKE ON THE MOUNTAIN,” at the Lambs Theatre, is a loving satire of old-time gospel music very much in the spirit of “Forever Plaid,” the loving satire of nineteen-fifties close-harmony groups, at Steve McGraw’s. Written by Connie Ray (who also performs in the piece, along with six other versatile actor-musicians), “Smoke on the Mountain” concerns a family of more or less devout gospel singers (some more, some less), and asks us to believe that it is 1938 and that we are actually attending a Saturday-night service in a small church in a factory town in rural North Carolina, where the Sanders family has been invited to perform. The show is perfectly delightful.

In fact, the number of perfectly delightful small-scale musicals we’ve seen recently that focus on a particular style of singing leads us to believe that a new Off Broadway form is being born: the mini-musical, built around already existing songs. A season or two ago, we noticed a number of such shows springing up—revues, really, that used a thin “book” or concept to string together songs from another era. There was something cheerless about them: they seemed merely to be cashing in on the nostalgia craze and providing people who’d always wanted to sing certain songs with a chance to perform them. Shows like “Smoke on the Mountain” and “Forever Plaid” and Vernel Bagneris’s “Further Mo’,” at the Village Gate, are very different. They rediscover curiosities, rather than trotting out familiar favorites. Also, they offer a comment on the values of the genre they explore.

“Further Mo’ ” is probably the best of all these shows. Like the others, it is small-scale and “environmental” —it asks us to believe that we are attending a performance at a vaudeville theatre in New Orleans in 1927 —and it is wonderfully moving and exciting because it manages to say so much with such economy. All the show’s eloquence has to do with performance and staging, the way the four vaudeville performers embody the values of the songs they’re singing—the virtues of the perfect black lover, say, or three different kinds of “tough” women. If you pay attention to the relationship between what’s being sung onstage and what’s being said backstage (and the show’s premise is that there is *no* relationship), what you come up with is almost an allegory for the plight of the black entertainer in American culture and history.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

JERSEY CITY—A play by Wendy Hammond, directed by Risa Bramon. With Alison Bartlett and Eddie Castrodad. Preview on July 10. Opens July 11 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW—The first of two plays in the New York Shakespeare Festival’s free summer series in the Park. Tracey Ullman and Morgan Freeman head the cast, which A. J. Antoon directed. Previews July 10-11. Opens July 12 at 8 and runs through July 22. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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NEW THIS SEASON

ASPECTS OF LOVE—Andrew Lloyd Webber’s latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett’s frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it’s about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a sort of monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett’s triviality and Lloyd Webber’s pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/23/90.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

BY AND FOR HAVEL—A pair of one-acters in revival. “By”—**AUDIENCE**—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; “for”—**CATASTROPHE**—is Samuel Beckett’s poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. Directed by Vasek Simek. With Kevin O’Connor and Lou Brockway. (3/19/90) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—As Maggie the Cat, Kathleen Turner seems in desperate straits in this limp and hapless revival of Tennessee Williams’ most playable family melodrama. (4/2/90) (Eugene O’Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220.)

CITY OF ANGELS—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

ELLIOT LOVES—Jules Feiffer’s sharp-witted comedy about the sexes is an all but total success, partly because of the fine work of the two representatives—Anthony Heald (m) and Christine Baranski (f)—and of the director, Mike Nichols. (6/18/90) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

FALSETTOLAND—This latest installment of a three-part cantata by William Finn (music and lyrics) is a sequel to “In Trousers” and “March of the Falsettos.” Mr. Finn’s story presents a number of new elements (among them a bar mitzvah in the hospital room of a man who is dying of AIDS) before dissolving in its own syrup. The music sounds agreeable enough, and the performance goes smoothly, under the direction of James Lapine; Chip Zien is very good as a benign psychiatrist. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes July 29.)

A FEW GOOD MEN—“Mister Roberts” meets “The Mary Tyler Moore Show.” Aaron Sorkin’s military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino’ direction, are wonderful. (11/27/89) (Musi Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

FOREVER PLAID—Stuart Ross’s loving, tongue-in-cheek salute to the “guy groups” of the fiftie is a real treat. The performances of Jaso Graae, Stan Chandler, David Engel, and Gu Stroman (as the Plaids, a close-harmon group snuffed out in the prime of life an brought back to earth for a single evening are so deadpan, and the songs (arranged b James Raitt, who also accompanies on piano are rendered at such a heightened pitch o musical good faith, that only from Ross’ script and choreography would you know th thing is a parody. Bring your mom. Hel bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw’s 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

FURTHER MO’—A musical by and starring Verne Bagneris. Also with Frozine Thomas, Sandr Reaves-Phillips, and Wanda Rouzan. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

GRAND HOTEL—The dazzling imagination o Tommy Tune’s direction and choreograph and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walto almost make up for the inner vacancy of thi show (except for a glorious, eccentric danc by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The stor and characters are skimpy and the music i undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn’t boring moment. (11/27/89) (Martin Beck 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH—This stage adaptation (by Frank Galati, who also directed) is the most truly adult version of Steinbeck’s novel to date. It appeals to the mind rather than to the emotions; all the same, there’s a cumulative effect. Don’t go expecting to see John Ford or “Balm in Gilead,” but expect to leave feeling as if you had. With Lois Smith and Gary Sinise. (4/2/90) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

GYPSY—This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful —and the cast (led by Tyne Daly, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary) so engaging —that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don’t applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you’ll drown out the first number). Trust Broadway; you’ll have ample time to welcome Miss Daly when she mounts the steps and delivers her first onstage line. (12/4/89) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.)

LETTICE & LOVAGE—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England’s stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice’s employers in Peter Shaffer’s merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

ILADELPHIA, HERE I COME!—Brian Friel's wonderfully funny and touching play about a young man from a small Irish village on the eve of his departure for America really holds up in Paul Weidner's beautiful production. Grab this one: revivals this good don't come around often. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

IE PIANO LESSON—August Wilson's new drama, the fourth in his series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richards' production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

RELUDE TO A KISS—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Barnard Hughes is the old man, Mary-Louise Parker is the bride, and Timothy Hutton is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

HE ROTHSCHILDS—A revival of the 1970 musical by Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Sherman Yellen (book), with a sixteen-member cast, led by Mike Burstyn. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

X DEGREES OF SEPARATION—You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare

MISE-EN-SCÈNE

*A wood-and-plastic spectacle in front of 423 West 43rd Street has recently captured the attention of its neighborhood: four pink flamingos graze beside a mock tombstone that bears the inscription "*DIVINE: *Rest In Polyester." Nearby, a lovingly detailed, miniature re-creation of Noah's ark is anchored to the door of an old coal scuttle. The inventor of these tableaux, Alex Nixon, can often be seen reading on a second-floor balcony that overlooks his tiny empire. "I've seen little old ladies go by and cross themselves in front of the tombstone," Nixon says. "They think someone's buried in there!"*

*Nixon, who owns the Joseph C. Hansen Company, purveyors of theatre curtains (at the same address), began installing his kitschy creations seasonally, about a year ago, for the amusement of neighborhood children. Grownups, however, are also smitten by his increasingly ironic fantasies. Last fall, after he arranged a football game between toy lizards and toads (an appropriate sport, he thought, for "little creatures that are always underfoot"), Nixon discovered several men hanging over his front railing arguing about who—according to the players' positions—was winning. In December, he choreographed an ice-hockey game for plastic dinosaurs and told curious children that these ancient reptiles had invented the sport during the Ice Age. But Nixon is saving his boldest mise-en-scène for next Christmas, when he'll mount a crèche scene beside a pint-size Helmsley Palace with a sign that reads "*NO ROOM AT THE INN.*"*

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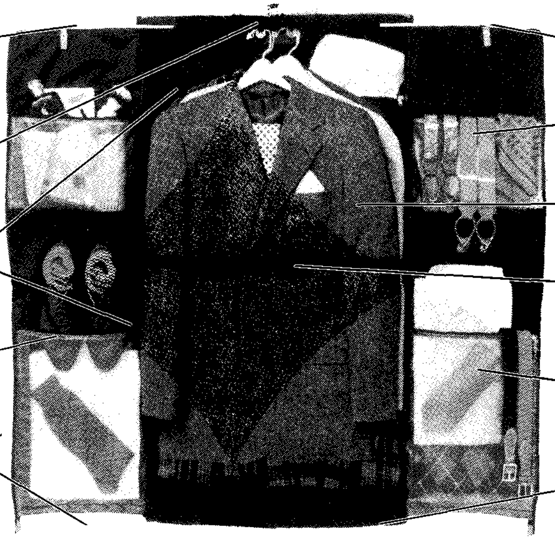

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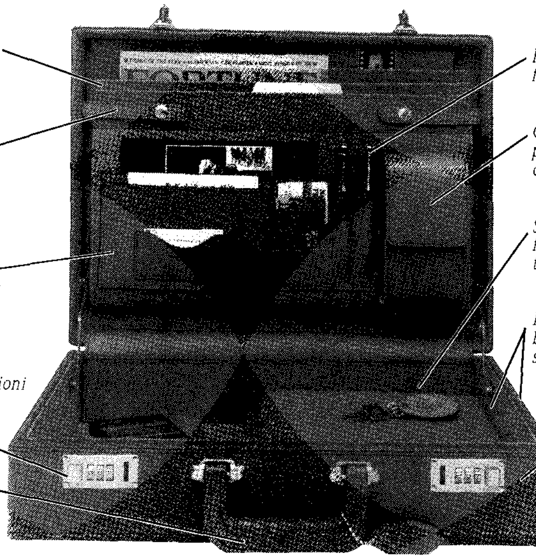

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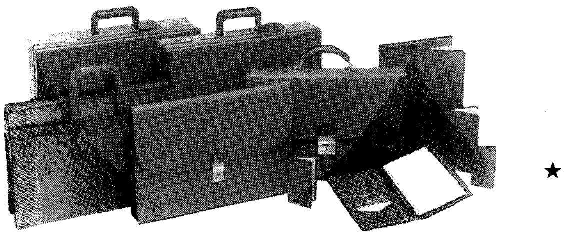

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play, other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright, director Jerry Zaks, and actress Stockard Channing. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. What more do you want? (6/25/90) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

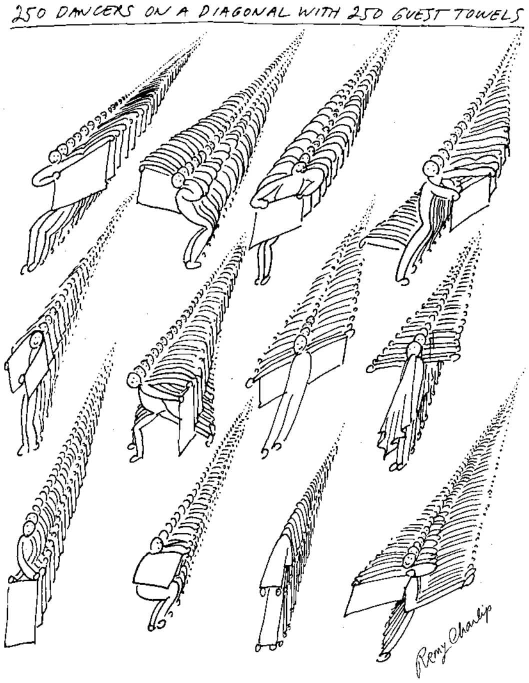
Smoke on the Mountain—A gospel musical comedy conceived and directed by Alan Bailey and written by Connie Ray. With Reathel Bean and Dan Manning. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Closes July 29.)

Spunk—George C. Wolfe has adapted three short stories by Zora Neale Hurston, set in Harlem and the South, to make a gorgeous jazz-and-blues entertainment, giving them a powerful injection of his own mordant humor. Chic Street Man, singer and guitarist, wrote the dynamic score. With Ann Duquesnay (singer), and Victor Mack, Reggie Montgomery, Kevin Jackson, and Danitra Vance (actors). Mr. Wolfe directed. (5/7/90) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

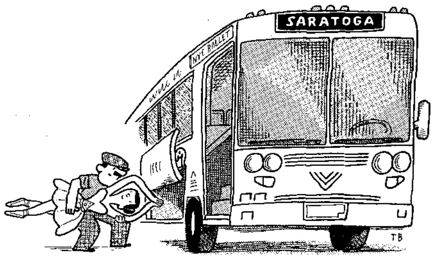
LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while LaVern Baker, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirtieth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom play-writing fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)


250 DANCERS ON A DIAGONAL WITH 250 GUEST TOWELS
Remy Charlip

DANCE

REMY CHARLIP choreographs, dances, paints, designs, writes books for children, directs theatre and film, and travels a lot. For some thirteen years, he has been sending his friends and colleagues "Air Mail Dances" from abroad. These are really provisional texts for dances: he draws a set of key dance positions for a given piece, arranges them on a sheet of paper, and mails them. The recipients figure out their own music, costumes, timings, and transition movements between poses. On July 12 and 14, a group of his pen pals will perform some of these dances across the lush acreage of Wave Hill, in the Bronx (for information about tickets, call 549-3200). Among the performers will be Toby Armour, Sally Hess, Phoebe Neville, Barbara Roan, Lance Westergaard, and young students of Ellen Robbins. Two pieces will be based on Mr. Charlip's text above, which, regardless of its title, "250 Dancers on a Diagonal with 250 Guest Towels," can be executed by a cast of any number.



IN TOWN

Bolshoi Ballet—July 10 at 7 (a benefit) and July 11-12 at 8: "Swan Lake." . . . ¶ July 13 at 8, July 14 at 2 and 8, and July 15 at 2: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ July 17-18 at 8: "Ivan the Terrible." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through July 22.)

OUT OF TOWN

New York City Ballet—July 10 at 8:15: "La Source," "Ecstatic Orange," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ July 11 at 8:15: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Four Gnossiennes," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ July 12 at 2: "Interplay," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Walpurgisnach Ballet," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Jul 12 at 8:15: "La Source," "Ecstatic Orange," and "I'm Old Fashioned." . . . ¶ Jul 13 at 8:15 and July 14 at 2: "Coppélia. . . . ¶ July 14 at 8:15: "Interplay," "Fou Gnossiennes," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet, and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ July 17 a 8:15: "Allegro Brillante," "Songs of th Auvergne," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ July 18 at 8:15: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?" (Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratog Springs. 1-518 587-3330. Through Jul 28.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—The Pau Taylor Dance Company, July 10-14. . . ¶ L'Esquisse, July 10-14. . . . ¶ The American Ballroom Theatre, July 17-21. (Becket Mass. For information about show time and tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

NIGHT LIFE

IN 1988, when U2's popularity ha already torn a hole in the ozon layer, a group of Irish rock critic declared Hothouse Flowers the bes band in Ireland. This turn of event was ironic, to be sure—Bono ha discovered the Flowers when the were still playing on the streets o Dublin and had given them thei first recording contract—but not entirely surprising. Hothouse Flowers who've just released "Home," thei second album, and who'll be performing at the Bottom Line on July 16 and at the Academy Theatre (23 West 43rd Street) on July 17 combin so many influences that they soun like *nothing so much* as themselves The band owes a debt to Springstee and Van Morrison, as well as to traditional Irish music and gospel. Hothouse Flowers' lyrics occasional drown in sixties earnestness—th group's new single, "Give It Up, sounds like it was commissioned b VISTA—but their concerts are euphoric. Aside from the standard-issue roc instruments,the band members are acquainted with bouzoukis, mandolins and the goatskinned drums know as bodhrans. Twenty-four-year-ol singer-pianist Liam O'Maonlai play a rollicking piano and works the crow into such a state that, after two and a half hours, they don't know whethe to say amen or uncle.

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldfac type is used to pick out a few of the mor notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musician and night-club proprietors live complicate lives that are subject to last-minute change it is therefore always advisable to cal *ahead.)*

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A tony cabaret attained by passing through an opulent tapas restaurant, where wicker baskets overflow with fruit and vegetables and a row of Serrano hams hang over the bar; if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. **BETTY,** a three-woman singing group adept at keeping its audience off balance and slightly unnerved, begins a run on July 11. Their show—equal parts performance art, cabaret, satirical funk, and stand-up comedy—moves at an amphetamine pace, and features a fun-house mix of surreal stories, ironic wordplay, and blue humor. Show times are Wednesdays through Saturdays at nine, and Sundays at seven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A jazz club that would be a perfect stop on a bus tour (there's even a souveni shop that sells Kodak). It's a good idea t make a reservation and show up in advance. **RUTH BROWN,** who acquired the nickname Mis Rhythm back in the fifties, when she had a string of R. & B. hits, is appearing July 10-15. **JIMMY** and **JEANNIE CHEATHAM,** a husband

and-wife blues team (he plays trombone, she sings and plays piano), begin an engagement on July 17, with **CHARLES BROWN.** First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A big, pleasant room decorated like the outside of a van. **BUSTER POINDEXTER** leads his **BANSHEES OF BLUE** here on July 10. July 11 belongs to **KARLA BONOFF**—formerly a songwriter for Linda Ronstadt and Bonnie Raitt—and **JOHN GORKA. WAYLON JENNINGS** and **JESSI COLTER** will be on hand on July 12. July 13-14 will feature performances by **KENNEDY ROSE** and the funny, dark, neurotic singer-songwriter **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III.** The **NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND,** who'll perform here July 18, started out in the late sixties, and before long their clean, harmony-heavy country-rock inspired groups like Alabama and the Eagles. In the early seventies, the Dirt Band released an all-star country album called "Will the Circle Be Unbroken?"; the second volume of the album, including performances by John Hiatt, among others, came out recently. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Burgers, fries, and other things to make your heart beat faster.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Bemelmans Bar, **FRANK OWENS,** whose musical tour of duty has included entertaining the troops at Mortimer's and serving as musical director for Johnny Mathis, Petula Clark, and others, can be found at the piano from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Condon's, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—A snug, candlelit catacomb just east of Union Square. The saxophonist, composer, and arranger **BENNY GOLSON**—who came to the fore in Dizzy Gillespie's band in the mid-fifties, and who has penned such standards as "I Remember Clifford" and "Along Came Betty"—leads a quartet July 10-15. **JAMES NEWTON'S** quartet kicks off a week-long stand on July 17. Music after ten.

Continental Divide, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls—and on peak nights there's a take-no-prisoners atmosphere. July 10 belongs to singer-pianist-accordionist **PHOEBE LÉGÈRE.** Ms. Légère's campy, over-the-top shows are part Jerry Lee Lewis and part Edith Piaf. She puts a tiny, yodelling yelp at the end of most lyrics and she flits crazily about the stage like someone dancing alone in the corner of a bar. What's wonderful and surprising about Légère's act, though, is that it's not just for performance-art kicks. When push comes to shove, Légère—whom we last saw wearing a sequinned miniskirt with an American flag sewn into the seat—can really sing and play piano. Also: **KRISTI ROSE & THE MIDNIGHT WALKERS** on July 12; the **WALDOS** and **SYLVAIN SYLVAIN** on July 13; the **NIAGARAS** and others on July 15; **DA WILLY'S** on July 16; and the **SPIN DOCTORS** and others on July 17. Shows Sundays at nine, Mondays and Tuesdays at ten, and Wednesdays and Thursdays at eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish pub in the meat-packing district, not too far from the boondocks. In the front room, barbirds study the TV and growl about one thing or another, and in the back room another crowd listens to Irish folk musicians (on Fridays). Fiddler **BRIAN CONWAY** and pianist **FELIX DOLAN** will be here July 13.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt. This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. **JON FADDIS,** who began his career in New York in the early seventies as a virtuosic Dizzy Gillespie protégé, brings in a quartet July 10-15. When he was a kid, Mr. Faddis collected Dizzy albums the way other kids collected baseball cards. He first saw Mr. Gillespie play when he was thirteen, but had to leave after the first set, because "Dad wouldn't stay for the second." His first meeting with his idol, two years later, has a "King of Comedy" aspect to it: Mr. Faddis whipped out his fifty-odd Dizzy records, and Mr. Gillespie autographed every one of them. The **ABBEY LINCOLN** quartet begins a six-nighter here on July 17. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. The pianists who pass through here are among Gotham's finest. Pianist-singer **FREDDY COLE,** who used to bill himself as "the Cole nobody knows" (he's Nat's younger brother), is in action Tuesdays through Sundays from eight. Some of Cole the Younger's further thoughts on Cole the Elder: "Everything has its own bottom. I sit on mine. Nat sat on his."

J's, 2581 Broadway, at 97th St. (666-3600)—An Upper West Side jazz room, one steep flight up from the hurly-burly. Jazz people are on the premises nightly except Sundays, when a jukebox stocked with sixties rock and soul lights up. Current attractions: the Virg Dzurinko quartet on July 11; the Lynn Bernstein trio on July 12; the Judy Barnett quartet on July 13; Bopera House on July 14; Monteith and Rand on July 15; Dick Hyman on July 16; Joel Forrester on July 17; and Lynn Seaton's trio on July 18. Music from eight Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for free-thinking musicians. Beat and melody are optional, "music" and "noise" relative terms. World Saxophone Quartet man **OLIVER LAKE** performs on July 12, with his group, Jump-Up. **CURLEW,** led by saxophonist **GEORGE CARTWRIGHT** and including the cellist and composer Tom Cora, claims July 13. The **MICROSCOPIC SEPTET** and other bands appear on July 14. Bongwater, Dogbowl, When People Were Shorter and Lived by the Water, and others are here on July 15. Latin-jazz pianist **HILTON RUIZ** comes to work on July 16. Music after nine.

Marquee, 547 W. 21st St., between Tenth and Eleventh Aves. (929-3257)—A Palladium-style venue on what is, at night, a more or less deserted block. Outside, there's an airplane diving into the roof; inside, there's some weird lighting, some weird art, and about as many college kids as live in Boston. The sound system, which seems just right for records, is not so reliable when it comes to live acts. On a recent visit, in fact, the sound was so bad that one would have sworn there was an intern at the mixing board. With the New Music Seminar coming to town—you'll recognize the participants because packs of them swagger around the city wearing nametags—there will be a high turnover of bands here this week. The strange rock collective **TRIP SHAKESPEARE,** who have been known to mount the stage wearing giant dorsal fins, horns, hooves, and purple angel wings, will be here July 16. With them will be **BLUES TRAVELER,** a jam-oriented, guitars-and-harmonica rock band who just released an eponymous record and whose fans have been flooding Wetlands recently. Also this week: **BIG DIPPER** (July 13); **BULLET LA VOLTA** (July 14); and **SOUL ASYLUM** (July 18).

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—The legends of Hoboken are many. Some of the legends are true: Sinatra did grow up here; in certain parts of town, the air does smell of Maxwell House coffee (although not for much longer). Some of the legends are iffy: Was the first game of baseball really played here? Does former Hüsker Dü chieftain Bob Mould actually live in Hoboken? (John Sayles, maybe, but *Bob Mould*?) At Maxwell's—which will carry on even when the Maxwell House factory closes its doors, in 1992—you won't find all the answers, but you will find bands, bands, bands. Sometimes, you'll find as many as five a night. July 13 will feature Green Magnet School, House of Large Sizes, and Hullaballoo, among others. July 14 will feature Das Damen, Christmas, and Earth Pig.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room—putting-green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes, panelled ceiling—has more of a country-club feel. **SID CAESAR** and **IMOGENE COCA** are currently in residence, reliving the halcyon days of "Your

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Show of Shows." Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A great, pricey cabaret in the sky. Some statistics on singer **PATTI PAGE,** who's currently holding sway here: she grew up in Claremore, Oklahoma, with ten brothers and sisters; she had at least one song in *Billboard's* Top One Hundred every year between 1948 and 1982; and her single "Tennessee Waltz" is the second-biggest-selling song of all time (you know the first—it's about Christmas). Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Ritz, 254 W. 54th St. (541-8900)—A rock establishment where the customer is not always right. If you're willing to endure proof-of-drinking-age wristbands, primitive notions of crowd control, and a staff of "I breaka you face" security people, you'll find some of the best rock bands around. **CONCRETE BLONDE** will be here July 12, and **FLOTSAM AND JETSAM** comes in on July 14. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. The Brazilian music boom of the last few years has brought a boatload of talent to these shores, but has yet to unload Marisa Monte, a superb singer whose repertoire extends from classic to contemporary, soul to samba. That situation will be remedied here on July 12, when the performer makes her long-awaited local début.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed sidewalk café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The spare, gentle-toned flugelhorn player **ART FARMER** leads a quintet (featuring **CLIFFORD JORDAN**) here Tuesdays through Sundays. The electrified big band belonging to trumpeter Miles Evans is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The late Max Gordon, who opened this holiest of jazz shrines in 1935, once described the club's early patrons as a mix of "poets, W.P.A. writers, hustlers, broads on the make, and moochers." Mr. Gordon continued to run the place until his death last year, and always weathered the trials of club ownership with equanimity, whether it was Harry Belafonte's exposed navel (Max didn't approve, but the customers did) or the time Charles Mingus tore off the front door. Pianist **DON PULLEN** leads a trio here July 10-15, and the venerable **KENNY BURRELL,** a mellow, lyrical exponent of bop guitar, heads up a quartet as of July 17. A big band formerly led by the late Mel Lewis holds sway on Mondays. Music after ten.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. The garage-rock outfit **FLAT DUO JETS** perform here July 12.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

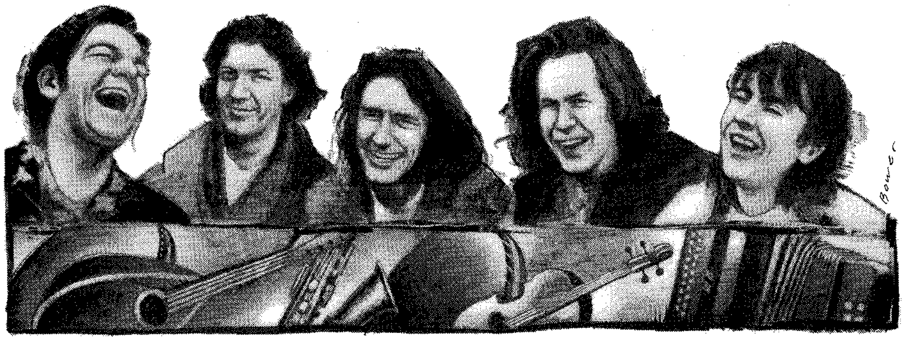
MERCURY was not in retrograde. The moon wasn't full until July 8. Dog days and their nights were still a month away. To borrow Maria's friends' explanation: "It must be the heat, or some rare disease, or too much to eat, or maybe it's fleas." Summer madness had come early.

Brian McNally woke up on Friday, June 22, to phonelinesful of condolences for the demise of 150 Wooster. Only it hadn't closed. But the *Times* said it had. "Until they printed Molly O'Neill's trendy-restaurant article, including us, the following Wednesday," McNally said, "150 was the Twilight Zone. My luck, Friday night I go out to Arquà for dinner, and who do I run into? Bryan Miller."

On June 24, the largest and most political Lesbian and Gay Pride Day parade ever—with ACT UP boasting the most vocal, fastest-growing contingent—emptied into Dance4, a five-hour disco party on the Morton Street pier. And what did Dance4's promoters select to climax the evening? Drag queens doing Judy Garland.

Brian McNally woke up on Friday, June 29, to read an effusive note of apology in the *Times* that included details about McNally's excellent new chef at 150 Wooster, Jeffrey Zakarian, formerly of the Royalton's 44, and about other projects the two men are planning together. Nice, except the chef at 150 Wooster is Chris Gesualdi. "Zakarian and I are working on something together," McNally admitted, "but at this point we're going to let Bryan Miller tell us what to do."

On yet another night last month, we called to double-check that Barry White's concert was on at the pier. "Rain or shine," we were told. At seven-thirty, we and thousands of others, including rock chronicler Lisa Robinson and writer Fran Lebowitz, were told at the entrance that Mr. White had cancelled. Lebowitz did not move. Slowly, Robinson guided her across Twelfth Avenue. "O.K.," Robinson said firmly, "we must adjust." Take heart, Fran. You're not alone.



Hothouse Flowers at the Bottom Line and at the Academy Theatre

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

Serious Fun!—Opening performances of a three-week festival: The performance artist **ANN MAGNUSON** in "You Could Be Home Now." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. July 13 at 7:30 and July 14 at 7:30 and 10.)

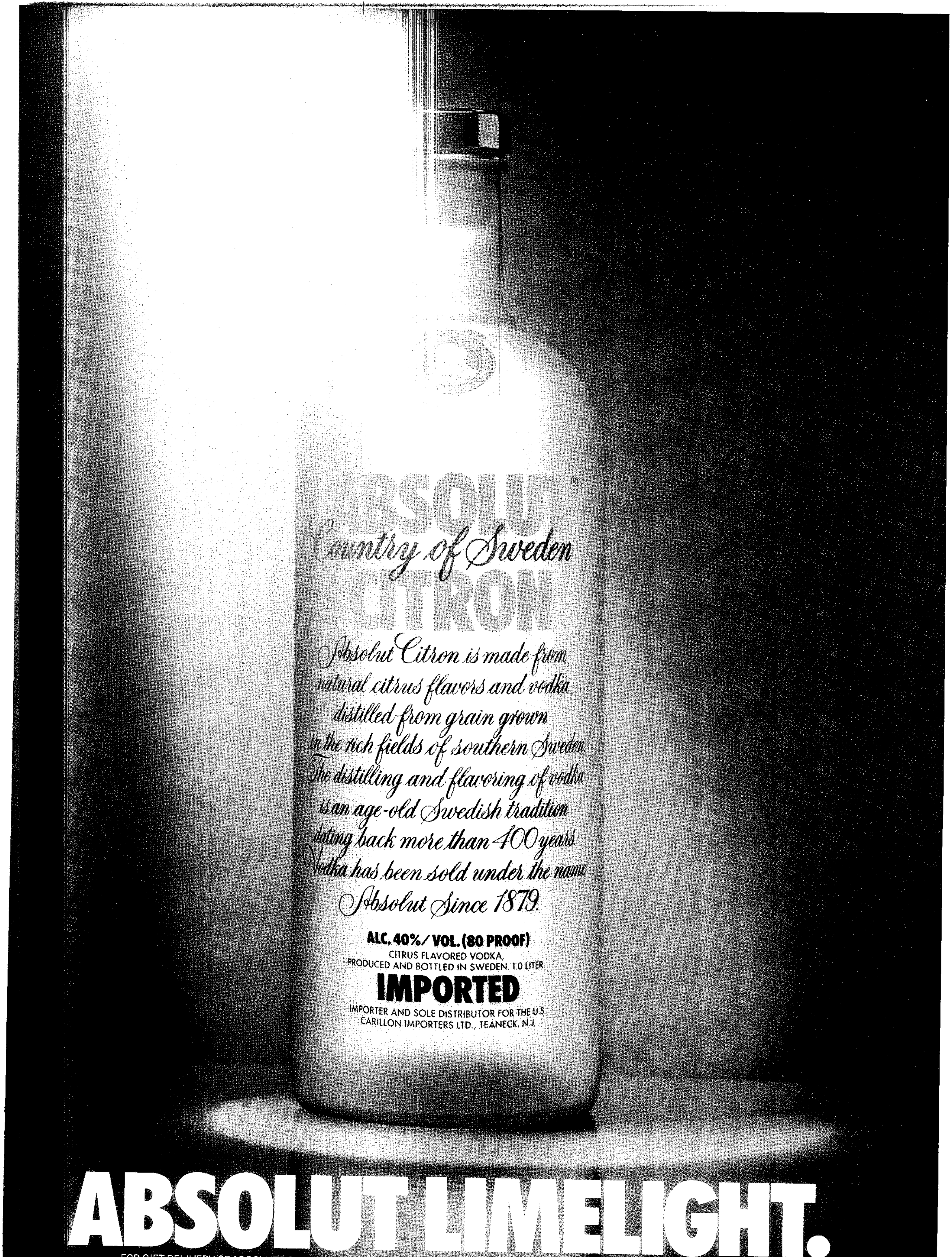
"Father Was a Peculiar Man"—A site-specific performance piece, presented by En Garde Arts and staged in the meat-packing district (Audience members meet at the corner of Ninth Ave. and Little West 12th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 9; through July 21. For information about tickets, call 279-4200.)

P.S. 122—July 12-15 at 8: Penny Arcade in a new work about "the politics of sex and the sex of politics." . . . ¶ July 12-15 at 9:30: Terry Sweeney presents "It's Still My Turn: An Unauthorized Collection of Nancy Reagan's Private Poetry." Through July 22.

ART

THE drawings by David Hockney that are on view at the Pau Kasmin gallery (580 Broadway through July 27) all date from the nineteen-sixties. In fact, most are from the early sixties, when Hockney was in his mid-twenties—and when this Kasmin's father had just begun showing the artist's work in London—but they already have the impromptu almost defiantly modest air that characterizes all work by this enemy of the pompous and overdone. The drawings are childlike but not childish, not childish at all, and Hockney's love of strong color and plain lines, so visible here, also marks his later paintings, as well as his marvellous stage sets—Ravel's "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" among them—his blunt writing style and his own whimsical appearance often noted for such trademark eccentricities as mismatched striped socks studious glasses, school ties, and a bottle-blond schoolboy cut. Indeed Hockney's prose and hairdo recall Andy Warhol's, but the working-class hero from Bradford, in the north of England, has always seemed to be by far the blither child.

Youthful as they are, the early drawings also reveal many of Hockney's most recognizable pictorial themes, including Egyptian figures the stage, Los Angeles, swimming pools, stylized ways of rendering water, downward views of feet, peroxided hair, boys, and Typhoo Tea—his mother's favorite brand. Even as a very young artist, Hockney already knew how to give humble subjects a formal gleam, and how to transform the personal into something more hieratic. Drawings such as "Self-Portrait with Half-Blonde Hair" or the flamboyant and Dubuffet-ish "A Colourful Headdress with Colourful Nose" look totemic and somehow priestly, even as they make campy allusions and anticipate English punk styles of the seventies. It is, however in a portrait from the late sixties of Paul Kasmin as a child that Hockney—the conscientious objector— seems to have realized his ideal alter ego: an impish eight-year-old in a "Sergeant Pepper" Army coat, looking up from a pair of T-strap shoes.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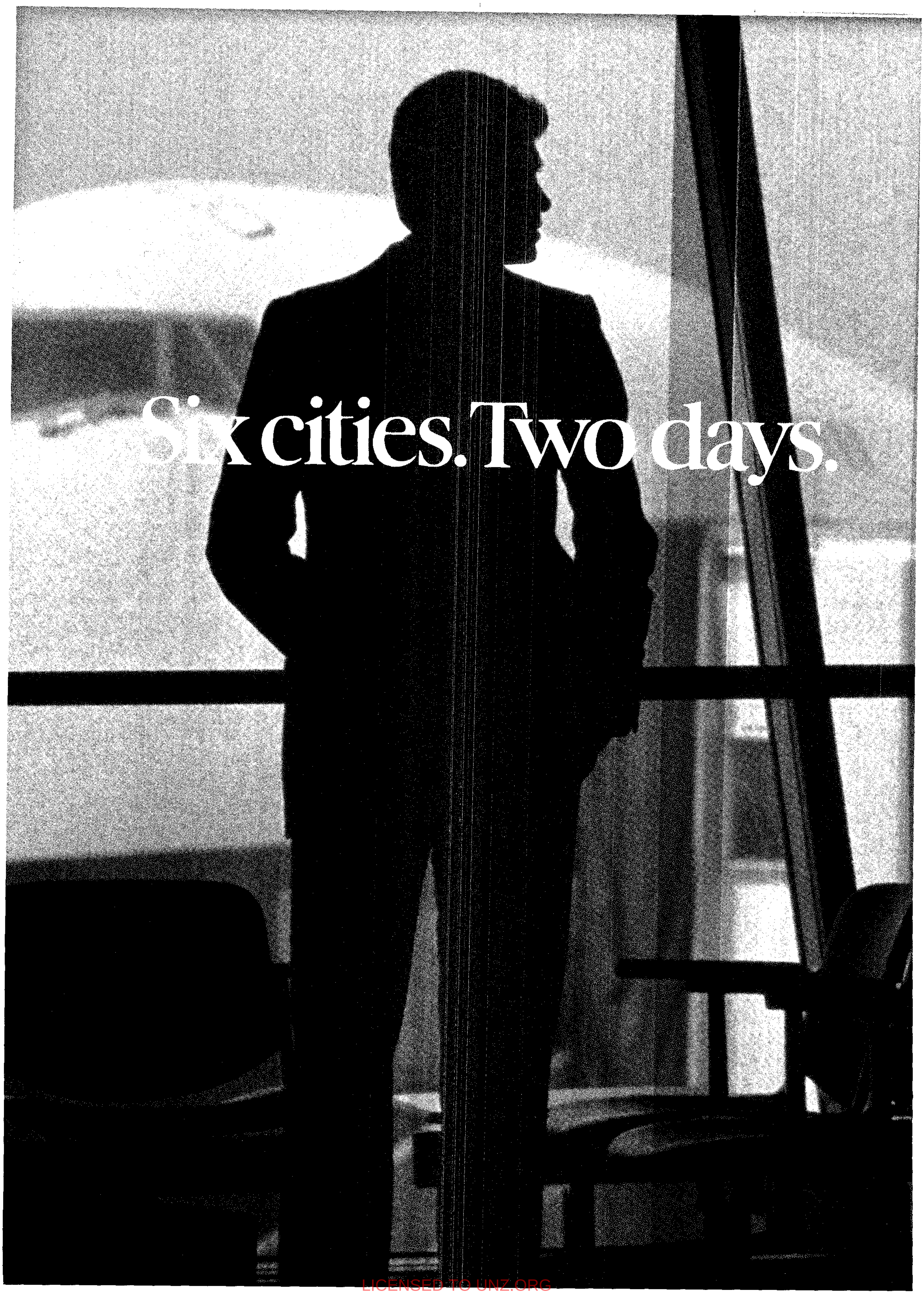
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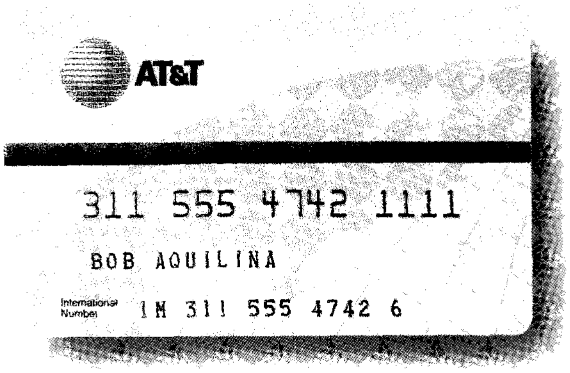

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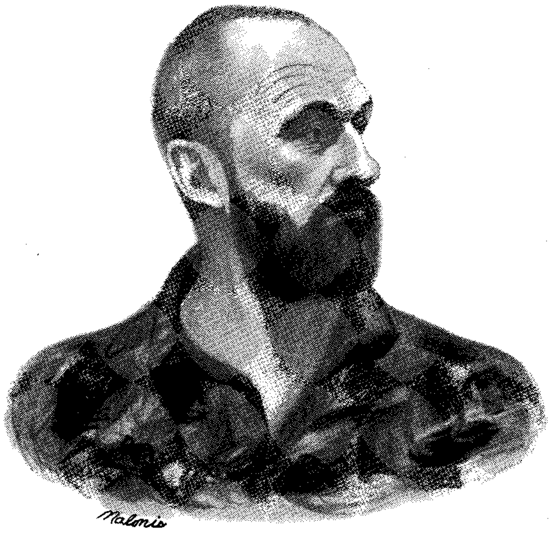
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"From Poussin to Matisse." The Russians seem to have entered the Western world by consuming French culture to the point of fetishization. This show—like so many the museum has mounted recently—celebrates not the great artists whose works are on display but the great amassers of French art, from Catherine the Great, who bought up vast collections whole and founded the Hermitage, to the non-aristocratic industrialists Shchukin and Morozov, who proved to be two of the world's most astute collectors of Post-Impressionist paintings. But the show does include some superb works among its fifty paintings, most notably Poussin's "Tancred and Ermina," Watteau's "The Savoyard," and Fragonard's "The Stolen Kiss." Yet, despite the over-all quality, the pick-hit format is not engaging; the show doesn't really get going until the end, where there is a room of ten glorious Matisses painted between 1908 and 1913, which are among his finest works. Through July 29. . . . ¶ Colorfully glazed Chinese vases, jars, and figures can be seen in an exhibition of ninety-four pieces from the Han dynasty (206 B.C.-A.D. 220) through the Ching (1644-1912). Through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ More than sixty sets of clothing worn by children from the eighteenth century to the twentieth are on view in the Costume Institute. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ When two-thirds of the frames in a show are empty, one knows to pay strict attention to the frames themselves. That is the desired effect of "Italian Renaissance Frames," which includes more than a hundred of the carved and gilded beauties. In a few cases—a Botticelli, an El Greco—paintings enhance what are works of art in themselves. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ Sixty-one nineteenth-century wooden power figures, masks, and royal objects from Central Africa, on loan from the Museum of Anthropology, in Berlin. . . . ¶ "Oasis for the Eye" is a show of thirty-five photographs by Félix Teynard, taken in Egypt in 1851-52. Through Sept. 9. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)



Georg Baselitz

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Matisse in Morocco." The belief is becoming more widespread that Matisse's greatness has been eclipsed by Picasso's because so many of the Frenchman's best works have been hidden away in Soviet museums. The case is persuasively argued in this glorious display of paintings—close to half of them from the Pushkin and the Hermitage—and drawings that Matisse made during two trips to Morocco in 1912 and 1913. The so-called Moroccan Triptych is as sumptuous as painting gets, and all of the works are so rich that it's fortunate the show is lean and concise. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ After Munch and, in a funny way, Hopper, Francis Bacon is the master of the silent scream. Whether his figures are twisted or streaked, boxed in or placed beside hooked meat, he repeatedly portrays the mute isolation of the individual—the trapped, unspoken "No Exit" primal terror that is the modern condition. But the reason for the sacrosanct status of this eighty-one-year-old painter—is there any museum worth its salt without a Bacon of its own?—has always been a bit of a mystery. Unlike an artist such as de Kooning, who has spent almost four decades painting in a very narrow range but has managed to make his work look fresh most of the time, Bacon looks watered-down here. It seems as if little has been gained by mounting a full retrospective that couldn't have been accomplished with a half-dozen works. There's no stylistic development, no real change of expression, no refocussing of content. And there do not appear to be any key works, just good ones and great ones, and, yes, flat ones, and even excessively tricky ones. Perhaps it's time for a critical reassessment. Through Aug. 28. . . . ¶ Several photo-text pieces by Lorna Simpson, dealing with race, gender, and identity. Through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ A show of paintings, sculptures, collages, and photographs selected by Ellsworth Kelly. Included are works by Picabia, Brancusi, Malevich, and Mondrian. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ The Canadian artist Barbara Steinman is showing a site-specific video installation titled "Icon," which incorporates two photographs of a marble Madonna. Through July 31. . . . ¶ "Architectural Drawings of the Russian Avant-Garde." Through Sept. 4. . . . **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—If an artist's value were measured by his influence, Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) would certainly be among the most important of this century: he trained more American young hopefuls than anyone else. But one need only look at MOMA's current "Matisse in Morocco" show to realize that Hofmann was a fine but ultimately minor artist. He certainly knew how to paint, and there are many charmers in this meticulously arranged retrospective, along with a few great paintings—"Memoria in Aeternum" and "Song of the Nightingale" float to the top. But there's also a lot of well-balanced glop. Hofmann represents the beginning of the end for abstract painting, offering vision without ever being a visionary. In the long run he may be best remembered not as the mentor of Burgoyne Diller, Louise Nevelson, Alfred Jensen, and Helen Frankenthaler but as the dean of abstract painting, a teacher who transformed scores of unfocussed artists into competent ones by training them to make "good" compositions that "worked." Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Maurice Prendergast (1858-1924)." A retrospective of more than a hundred paintings by this popular artist and co-organizer of the legendary Armory Show demonstrates his ability to capture some very pretty moments of leisure with decorative mosaics of dabbed paint, but it also shows how he was trivialized by his own redundancy and overdependence upon tame Americana. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ "Signs of Love," a large-scale installation work by Ree Morton (1936-77) that is the magnum opus of this pivotal and shamefully overlooked artist, looks as original and unsettling as it did when it was first exhibited, in the Whitney's 1977 Biennial. Through July 22. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A compare-and-contrast exercise is offered in a show of thirty-three watercolors by Winslow Homer (1836-1910) and John Singer Sargent (1856-1925). Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ "The Intimate Interiors of Édouard Vuillard" includes more than a hundred paintings and works on paper, all completed between 1890 and 1900. Through July 30. . . . ¶ A companion exhibition of prints by the Nabis painters, including works by Vuillard, Bonnard, Maurice Denis, Félix Vallotton, and Ker-Xavier Roussel. Through Sept. 17. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Twenty-four custom-built doghouses by contemporary architects and designers are o view in the museum's garden. There ar doghouses made of bones, rawhide dog chews and, in one case, an old television consol with "Lassie Come Home" stencilled on it empty screen. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesday through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A selection o nearly a hundred and fifty Chinese porcelain wine pots, jars, dishes, and vases made between 1620 and 1683 is on view. Through Aug. 19. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Eighty-two examples of incunabula—books printed before 1501, no more than fifty years after the invention of printing—from the Bibliotheca Philosophica Hermetica, in Amsterdam Through Aug. 24. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two displays of photographic works by the artists Wijnanda Deroo and Hélène Hourmat Through Aug. 2. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—From an exquisite portrait of a woman by Petrus Christus to a delicate watercolor of the Château Noir by Paul Cézanne, this superb exhibition of five centuries of master drawings from the Museum Boymans-van Beuningen (in Rotterdam) is a joy. There is a toe-curling drawing of feet by Dürer, a spellbinding allegory called "Temperance" by Bruegel, a mystifying and exceedingly rare Giorgione, and fine examples by Altdorfer, Grünewald, Rembrandt, Annibale Carracci, Pisanello, and Goya. There are Watteaus that could make you weep, as well as fine works by Ingres, Daumier and Manet. Through Aug. 5. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays 1 to 5.)

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—"The Expressionist Surface." It is doubtful that this show of contemporary art in plaster will result in increased sales of the material. But no matter how silly the exhibition is, it is probably worth a visit if only to see severa superb early George Segal sculptures, from 1958, a clear reminder of his roots in Abstract Expressionism. There are also a few works from the late fifties and early sixties by the Bay Area sculptor Manuel Neri, a fine, underrated artist whose best side is perhaps not so visible here. But most of the work by the fourteen other artists is clearly in the shadow of Segal, lacking the poignant restraint and poetic dignity of the master himself. Their pieces are little more than cheap expressions of creepy emotional realism—the sculptural equivalent of the most obvious sort of expressionistic painting Through Aug. 26. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays noon to 5:30.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Jean-François Guzrany—The first New York show by a young French painter whose style is part Klimt, part Dubuffet, part Hundertwasser. Pleasant, provincial, essentially hors de combat. Through July 14 (Fotouhi, 24 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Group Show—In keeping with the Gagosian gallery's ongoing and often successful campaign to resemble a wing at the Modern, it is now home to a rotating group of textbook classics by Rothko, Newman, de Kooning, Gorky, Franz Klein, Warhol, Rauschenberg, and Lichtenstein. The gallery looks impressive, but with no stylistic surprises to set off this drumroll it seems cold and even staid. Through Aug. 31. (980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Short List—**a. r. penck,** Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (through July 20); **max weber,** Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. (through July 20).

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Gabriele Schnitzenbaumer—Fairly dreadful paintings with apocalyptic themes, pseudo-folkloric figures, and scumbled, professional-looking surfaces. Through July 13. (Ruth Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

"Re-entry Into Painting: 1969-1974"—The crucial role that so-called New Image Painting played in restoring legitimacy to figuration is perfectly clear; the importance of so-called Pattern and Decoration to similar shifts in form and attitude in the seventies is more difficult to discern. By displaying early paintings by Joe Zucker, Brad Davis, Robert Kushner, and Kim McConnell alongside the works of that famed New Image forebear Neil Jenney, this exhibition attempts to trace the influence of decorative artists on later figuration. While the history here may be shaky, the show offers an excellent opportunity to look at some early, and in most cases predecorative, works and to get a fuller sense of some of these artists' often unacknowledged accomplishments. The most eye-opening work is a fierce painting, by Brad Davis, of snakes entwined around a tattoolike dagger and a skull, executed in a crackle style with kaleidoscope colors; it recalls militaristic camouflage patterns and the then ubiquitous countercultural technique of tie-dye. Zucker's cotton-ball painting of an aquarium drenched with color is stunning, hovering between image and abstraction. There are also drawings of costumes from some of Kushner's earliest performances, and his painting on taffeta of pomegranates on the vine. Together, they link the artist's flamboyant Matissean style with that period's rich vein of body art. Through July 31. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"Some Seventies Works"—This interesting variation on the summer gallery group show includes some superb art works. Chief among them is a grand, multipanel painting by Joan Mitchell, who manages to bring muscle to the color pink; an incisive, resonant Pat Steir that is filled with orchids, "X"s, and marginal notations and deals with issues of representation, negation, and conceptual art; a black-and-white Al Held, heavy with countless layers of paint, that is simple yet elusive; and a Milton Resnick that exhibits, quite simply, fine painting. Even the show's minor works are fascinating: an early Robert Mapplethorpe self-portrait has a quietly passionate vulnerability, and an Andy Warhol "Still Life" drawing from the hammer-and-sickle series displays intelligence and complexity. Through July 31. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

"The Urban Landscape"—A show of works tracing city and industrial development in the twentieth century. Most of the contemporary paintings and photographs are quite dull, but there are a few fine Aldo Rossi ink washes from the seventies, as well as cityscape drawings from the teens by Mario Sironi and heroic, futuristic etchings of factories by Guido Balsamo Stella from 1912. Through Aug. 3. (Daverio, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Galerie Lelong**, 20 W. 57th St.: Curated by Burnett Miller, a well-known Los Angeles art dealer, this cool and coherent show documents a resurgence of minimalism, but in a new, more sensuous, mannered mood. Established artists include Ulrich Ruckriem and Wolfgang Laib, but the news has to do with promising younger artists, such as the California-based Sarah Seager—whose influences seem to include Dan Flavin and Robert Ryman—and the Romanian-born Serge Spitzer, now based in Berlin and New York, whose milled-aluminum wall reliefs with rubber matting suggest that Ryman was an inspiration here, too. Through July 27. . . . **Galerie St. Etienne**, 24 W. 57th St.: Recent gallery acquisitions by Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, George Grosz, Max Klinger, Käthe Kollwitz, various Wiener Werkstätte artists, and the redoubtable Sue Coe. Seeing Coe in proximity to Kollwitz is especially interesting. They are nearly exact opposites, though both aim for essentially the same expressionistic, empathic, and incriminating effects. Where Kollwitz distills all sorrows into "universal," quasi-ecclesiastical images—bereft mothers, work-worn hands—Coe hits our collective jugular through the journalistic precision of her slaughterhouse scenes and the fierce theatrics of her allegories, which are always of highly specific evils. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.)

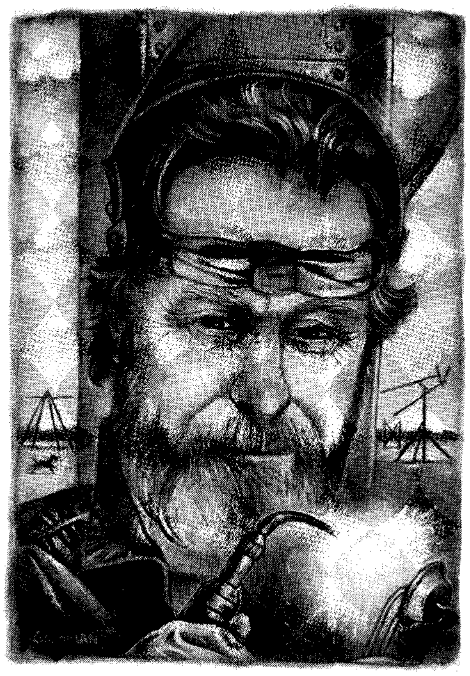
Short List—**Peter Briggs**, Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (through July 13); **William Garbe**, Jason McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (through July 13).

GALLERIES—SoHo

Gilbert & George—In "The New Cosmological Pictures" (1989), we find our Fine Middle-Aged Cannibals taking their own photos again, in their more characteristically cinematic mode—out and about in London, looking variously stern, amused, and engaged. The Gilbert & George London is, of course, not the mid-industrial London of Dickens' "Our Mutual Friend." It is more the polyglot London of Hanif Kureishi's beautiful "Laundrette," and it's a sort of boy's version of the London many of us have seen in transition at that world-in-a-terminal called Heathrow. Through July 27. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 4.)

Jacques Roch—A curious mixture of large and small expressionistic canvases, which have some gorgeous passages. The painter's work follows a satiric line that owes as much to Daumier as it does to graffiti, and Roch seems caught between wanting to make a statement and wanting simply to paint. He pursues each tendency at the other's expense. Through July 14. (Exit Art, 578 Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

Alan Sonfist—Of all the artists working with dirt, from the earth artists onward, Sonfist has perhaps been the most elusive. To judge by the current exhibition, which includes work from the past twenty-five years, this is more a function of exposure than of the art itself. There are delicate, elfin sculptures, described as "Bronze Castings of Potentially Endangered Trees," contemplative mud paintings of California and New York City, and a process-oriented sculpture consisting of huge dirt-covered plaster forms strewn across the floor. An upright plastic box filled with crystals, which have been in a constant state of transformation since the piece was made, in 1966, could provide an excellent history lesson to some of the young science-fair sculptors. Sonfist's most significant work is his public art, represented here by photo-documents of such projects as "Time Landscape," a precolonial forest the artist planted in 1965 at the northeast corner of Houston and LaGuardia, which remains one of New York's most intelligent and resilient public art works. Through July 27. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)



Mark di Suvero at Socrates Sculpture Park

Karsten Wittke—These painterly Pop abstractions in electric colors, which refer to Lichtenstein, Johns, and Krushenick, are cleverly constructed but do not encourage one to linger. Through July 13. (Good, 532 Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At **A/D**, 560 Broadway: "The Garden" is a long-term, evolving, and very pleasant exhibition of decorative and functional outdoor and household objects designed by artists. David Deutsch, for instance, has made a funny and good-looking upright writing desk from the sort of aluminum tubing and vinyl webbing we associate with lawn chairs; April Gornik is represented by a painted prototype for a whimsical and traditional iron gate with animal figures; Andrew Lord shows a group of evocative standing lamps with bronze bases and papier-mâché shades that suggest the melting forms of Art Nouveau and baroque "grotto" styles; McDermott & McGough have produced an edition of sundials. Works by Ian Hamilton Finlay, José María Sicilia, Joel Fisher, Bryan Hunt, Richard Wentworth, Joan Nelson, and Richard Tuttle are around the premises or expected soon. Through July 31. . . . **Cervera**, 470 Broome St.: Titled "The Painter and His Occasion," this straightforward if slightly spacey show, assembled by guest curator Alan Jones, is of works by eleven artists who together make a pretty strong case for the vitality of abstract painting in its more personal, poetic, lyrical, gestural, and illusionistic forms. Lydia Dona, Dennis Ashbaugh, and Taro Suzuki weigh in with the most ambitious, least eccentric works. But "Charlie's Vineyard," a modest and almost impressionistic painting by Charles Di Julio, takes the prize for charm, and Richard Hennessy's "Almost There" is the most ebullient and virtuosic. Through July 27. . . . **Gladstone**, 99 Greene St.: A cool and moody summer exhibition, including a Robert Gober "sink," here looking very Standard, indeed; a big airy stretch of graphic wall scripture—"As If It Had Not"—by the cryptically wise Lawrence Weiner; and a group of large, velvety photographs, melancholic and terribly beautiful, by Craigie Horsfield, a public-schooled Englishman looking downward, leftward, and eastward. Horsfield's pictures have something in common with the films of Alain Tanner—an erotics, perhaps, and a feeling of sensuous alienation. Through July 27. . . . **Gorney**, 100 Greene St.: A summerfest for artist strategists, including Sarah Charlesworth, whose work—art-directed layouts fit for a shelter magazine—runs shallow but wears well. Also, assorted works of varying appeal by Michael Jenkins, Thomas Locher, Peter Nadin, and Haim Steinbach. Through July 27. . . . **Klagsbrun**, 51 Greene St.: This is definitely the strangest group show in town, and the oddest works are by Joe Scanlan, a young Chicago artist. Chief among them are a sculpture consisting of rickety wood bookshelves, some levelled with pennies, and a series of wide, handmade candles with titles like "Pop Tarts" and "Cheerios." In any other context these dorm-room decorations would be too ordinary to mention, but as art they are truly bizarre. Through July 27. . . . **Stux**, 155 Spring St.: The tone here is as consistent as can be: the art is gray or brown, heavily constructed while shunning craft, glib, pseudoconceptual or pseudopainting or pseudo-fill-in-the-blank. The work is emotionally remote, occasionally poignantly so. "Impregnation" (1967), by Gerhard Hoehme, is a funny, somewhat horrific, and somehow beautiful canvas being force-fed paint through plastic tubes. Vik Muniz's new "Early Work" series—Curity diapers stained with mock Rothko, Noland, and Malevich paintings—is also extremely clever. Through July 31.

Short List—**Gary Bandy**, Fawbush, 568 Broadway (through July 19); **Georg Baselitz**, Nolan, 560 Broadway (closed Mondays, through July 20); **Moe Brooker**, Kelly, 591 Broadway (through July 20); **Kang L. Chung**, Staempfli, 415 West Broadway (through July 13); **Michel Goulet**, Shainman, 560 Broadway (open Saturdays, through July 20); **David Hockney**, Kasmin, 580 Broadway (through July 27); **Dmitri Kantorov**, Levy, 415 West Broadway (through July 20); **Ellsworth Kelly**, 65 Thompson Street Gallery (closed Mondays, through July 31); **Jeffrey Rubin**, O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (opens at noon, closed Mondays, through July 13); **Joan Stolz**, Bace, 584 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through July 14); **Morihiro Wada**, Milliken, 98 Prince St. (closed Mondays, through July 20); **Christopher Wool**, Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (through Sept. 12).

OTHER GALLERIES

Karen Finley—A bumpy but important exhibition by the controversial performance artist, who passionately takes on issues of physical, emotional, and psychological violence, and who is the most recent victim of misinformed attempts to censor art. The show consists primarily of long essays about rape, abortion, AIDS and health insurance, and the Catholic Church and homophobia, which are painted directly on baby-pink and Lake Placid-blue

GEORGETOWN
FIRE AND RESCUE

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LARRY ADKINS
Georgetown Fire Chief

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TOYOTA

INVESTING IN THE INDIVIDUAL

colored walls. "It's my body / It's not Pepsi's body / It's not Nancy Reagan's body / It's not Congress's body / It's not the Supreme Court's body," she writes in one particularly potent passage. Most of the work is fuelled by anger, but some is quite poetic and hopeful, *especially a set of drawings of women* embracing children and planting trees, subtitled "Faith," "Hope," and "Charity." Through July 14. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. Opens at noon.)

Socrates Sculpture Park—New York is so short on good public sculpture that one prefers to suspend judgment when passing by the hokey sign at the gate of this gritty riverfront acreage, which reads "Entering Sculpture City (elev. 7 ft., pop. friendly)." Such *restraint, however, proves futile,* because this is a primarily dreary assortment of very big sculpture—in metal, stone, and other big-sculpture materials. The ad-hoc park setting is delightful, and the occasional patches of tall grasses, the rotting barge half-submerged in the East River, and the glorious view of the Upper East Side have *far more character* than most of the amateurish art within, which even includes some huge painted rocks that line the waterfront in a particularly repulsive range of colors. There are a few high points, though, the most polished being a large orange sculpture by Mark di Suvero, part of which rotates with the wind. Beyond it, behind a gate that is sometimes unlocked, is the outdoor studio of the same artist, with several massive steel sculptural components that together *look like a heroic city deserted* in the process of construction. Yet the "city" feels whole in its various stages of completion, down to the large pile of rusting steel beams with grass growing among them. (Broadway at Vernon Blvd., Long Island City. Open daily, 10 to sunset.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

THE *most passionate photography* show in town will run all summer, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but don't get too relaxed about waiting to see it, because you might want to do so more than once. It consists of thirty-five photographs by the French civil engineer Félix Teynard (1817-1892), and this abundance, in itself, is a rare opportunity. Teynard took these primarily architectural views in Egypt in 1851-52, soon after the invention of photography, at a time when each photograph was still an almost miraculous event—a laborious orchestration of all the elements that then went into making a permanent image with the camera. You can feel how everything counted, how nothing about the process was taken for granted. This was a journey, not a junket, and these were sights for hungry eyes. Salted paper—the material that was then being used for photographs in Teynard's homeland and which he too employed to preserve his vision—has a marvellous delicacy compared with today's slicker, thicker papers, and it contributes to the over-all sense of awe and achievement that seeps through these pictures. Teynard's engineering background shows in his photographs, which so successfully captured the structural aspect of his subjects, as well as their surfaces.

For those who enjoy irony, a bonus comes with this show—a modern version of the mountain coming to Muhammad. One of the sights Teynard stopped to record was the Temple of Dendur. Little did he know that one day the real thing would be on view in the same building as his picture of it.

Helen Chadwick—An installation made up of photographic objects and large Polaroids—most of them of raw meat products arranged on backgrounds of various fabrics. The pictures were produced over a period of two days, at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, with museum visitors watching. There are some additional touches, such as *rococo mirrors, rococo candlesticks,* and jars of pimientos, that make the gallery feel like a home environment. Through Aug. 11. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

Short List—**Cecil Beaton,** Danziger, 415 West Broadway (closed Mondays, through July 13); **Marilyn Bridges,** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8, through Sept. 2); **Margaret Courtney-Clarke,** Witkin, 415 West Broadway (closed Mondays, through July 13); **David Greenberg,** Sorkin, 596 Broadway (closed Mondays, through July 13); **Mauricio Herrador,** O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway (opens at noon, closed Mondays, through July 13); **Nina Leen,** SoHo 20, at 459 Broome St. (closed Mondays, *open* Saturdays, *through* July 14); **John Maggiotto,** Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St. (closed Mondays, through July 27); **Linnaeus Tripe** and **Suzanne Opton,** Lowinsky, 584 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through Aug. 18); **Wowe,** Engelhorn, 591 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through July 14).

Mostly Mozart

MUSIC

THE opera world loves a hot new talent, especially a very young one, and Cecilia Bartoli, a mezzo-soprano who has been *making* news in Italy, gives every indication of qualifying. Of her youthful accomplishments there is no doubt, since she first sang in opera at the age of nine. Yes, it was a child's role, but by 1989, when Ms. Bartoli, now twenty-four, made her first major studio recordings (for Decca-London), she had already made grownup débuts in Paris, Zurich, Rome, Cologne, Monte Carlo, and Pesaro. Now it happens that Decca-London has a history of promoting unready operatic talent (Anita *Cerquetti, Elena Suliotis, Sylvia Sass* all started out with splashy recordings on this label), so voice watchers inclined to speculate on such things will be listening closely to Ms. Bartoli for any signs that too much may be coming her way too soon. We ourselves don't hear them; she sounds steady, secure, and eager. We'll have a chance to judge Ms. Bartoli in the flesh when she sings Mozart and Rossini (the two composers with whose music she has been most closely associated) at the Mostly Mozart Festival on July 17 and 18. Jean-Pierre Rampal will also be on the program (and in the pre-concert recital at 7 P.M.), and, in the novelty department, Gerard Schwarz will conduct a symphony of Johann Baptist Vanhal, a prolific Bohemian composer whose works contributed significantly to the musical atmosphere in which Mozart flourished.

IN TOWN

Niedersächsische Staatsorchester Hannover—Guest conductor Peter Tiboris leads the West German ensemble in a program of Barber and Tchaikovsky, plus the New York première of Philip Glass's "The Canyon," excerpted from a theatrical event called "Solid Ashes" and scored for full orchestra with an expanded, eight-member percussion section. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. July 9 at 8.)

Ensemble Incanto—A West German violin, clarinet, and piano trio presents music by Debussy, Brahms, and Bartók. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. July 10 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—*The opening of the* festival's twenty-fourth season, which runs through Aug. 25. July 10-11 at 8: A concert version of Mozart's one-act comic opera, "The Impresario," in an English adaptation by Andrew Porter. Sopranos Sally Wolf and Frances Ginsberg portray the feuding divas, Madame Heartfelt and Mlle. Silverytone; Vinson Cole plays the "primo tenore," Herr Vogelsang; and guest narrator Werner Klemperer is the beleaguered opera impresario, Herr Frank. The program is rounded out by the serenade "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," and the Piano Concerto in C Major, K. 503, rendered by soloist Alicia de Larrocha, the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, and conductor Gerard Schwarz. . . . ¶ July 12 at 8: Itzhak Perlman, violin, and Emanuel Ax, piano, in a recital of sonatas by Mozart and Beethoven. . . . ¶ July 13-14 at 8: The Festival Orchestra, conducted by Gerard Schwarz, performs Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture and Mozart's "Haffner" Symphony. The program also includes Mozart's Piano Concerto in D Minor, K. 466, with Shura Cherkassky, and Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, with Joshua Bell. . . . ¶ July 16 at 8: Flutist Jean-Pierre Rampal, pianist John Steele Ritter, and the Mendelssohn String Quartet, in a program of Haydn, Mozart, Boccherini, and Friedrich Kuhlau. . . . ¶ July 17-18 at 8: Cecilia Bartoli, mezzo-soprano, sings Mozart and Rossini; Mr. Rampal offers a Pleyel concerto; and Gerard Schwarz and the Festival Orchestra perform symphonies by Mozart and Vanhal. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Bargemusic—Christopher O'Riley, piano, performs Beethoven's Sonata No. 32, Op. 111, Chopin's Preludes, Op. 28, and music of Latin-American inspiration by Milhaud, Ginastera, and Villa-Lobos. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. July 12-13 at 7:30 and July 15 at 4.)

Kei Koito—*The* Swiss *concert organist, a noted* champion of contemporary music for her instrument, performs Bach, Cristóbal Halffter, and the United States première of Yuji Takahashi's 1989 five organ preludes. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. July 17 at 7. Admission by contribution.)

Concordia: A Chamber Symphony—The fifty-member chamber orchestra, conducted by Marin Alsop, in a program of music by Haydn, Barber, and Copland. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. July 17 at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Annapolis Brass Quintet—The Maryland-based ensemble, now in its nineteenth year, plays baroque music (Praetorius, Scheidt, Pezel, and Speer), transcriptions of Brahms motets, a Victor Ewald quintet from the early *twentieth century, and* music of our own time, including New York premières of works by Elam Sprenkle, Walter Ross, and Allen Molineux. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. July 18 at 5:45.)

OUT OF TOWN

TANGLEWOOD—July 11 at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet, assisted by clarinettist Richard Stoltzman, in a program of Mozart, Beethoven, and Zemlinsky. . . . ¶ July 13 at 9: Charles Dutoit directs the Montreal Symphony and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus in Ravel's complete "Daphnis et Chloé." The program is rounded out by a Beethoven overture and Prokofiev's Second Violin Concerto, with Cho-Liang Lin. . . . ¶ July 14 at 8:30: A semi-staged production of Tchaikovsky's opera "Pique Dame," in Russian (with English surtitles), featuring soprano Mirella Freni, tenor Vladimir Popov, and mezzo-soprano Maureen Forrester. With the Boston Symphony and Tanglewood Festival Chorus, conducted by Seiji Ozawa. . . . ¶ July 15 at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa and the Boston Symphony will be joined by Benjamin Pasternack, piano, and Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass, in an all-Russian program. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

CARAMOOR MUSIC FESTIVAL—July 12 at 4:15: William Schimmel's "Rhapsody on 10th Avenue/Slaughter in Blue" receives its première from the St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with the composer on the accordion. The program also includes music by Beethoven, Ibert, and Giuliani—the last with classical guitarist Scott Kuney. . . . ¶ July 13 at 9: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble offers music by Johann Sebastian Bach's four musical sons: sinfonie by Wilhelm Friedemann and Johann Christoph Friedrich; an oboe concerto by Carl Philipp Emanuel, with soloist Stephen Taylor; and arias by Johann Christian, with mezzo-soprano Susan Kessler. . . . ¶ July 14 at 8:30: Dennis Russell Davies conducts the Orchestra of St. Luke's in Copland and Mozart symphonies, plus Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, with Itzhak Perlman as the soloist. . . . ¶ July 15 at 5:30: John O'Conor, piano, plays three nocturnes of his compatriot John Field, the Irish romantic composer, as well as music by Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert. (Katonah, N.Y. Buses for Caramoor will be at the Katonah station to meet trains leaving Grand Central on Saturdays at 2:50 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2:50. For information about tickets and trains, call 1-914 232-1252.)

NORFOLK CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL—July 13 at 8:30: The Tokyo String Quartet, with clarinettist Richard Stoltzman, plays an all-Mozart concert. . . . ¶ July 15 at 3: Following opening trumpet fanfares (including one composed for the occasion), the festival's fiftieth-anniversary concert spotlights various artists in music by Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Ponchielli, and Bartók, including operatic excerpts sung by Irene Gubrud, soprano, and Richard McKee, bass. (Route 44, Norfolk, Conn. For information about tickets, call 1-203 542-5537.)

WATERLOO FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA—Guest conductor Bruno Weil leads this week's program of Beethoven and Schumann symphonies, and is joined by violinist Cho-Liang Lin for Glazunov's rarely heard Concerto in A Minor. (Waterloo Village, Stanhope, N.J. 1-201 347-4700. July 14 at 8:30.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK
PERSONAL APPEARANCES

ISLEY BROTHERS—This great juggernaut of a family business is now in its fourth decade, and still going strong. Their first hit, "Shout," from 1959, is one of the monuments of early rock R. & B., and their next hit, "Twist and Shout" (1962), is simply incendiary—it was rocket fuel for the Beatles and a whole generation of musicians. The Isleys have been making smart, soulful moves ever since, such as hiring Jimi Hendrix as a backup guitarist, and releasing songs like "This Old Heart of Mine," which almost out-Smokeys Smokey Robinson; "It's Your Thing," a pinnacle of propulsive funkiness; and "Fight the Power," which could stand toe-to-toe with Public Enemy's track of the same name. Guitarist Ernie Isley has had some fine hits on his own, but it's good to see that this is still a family affair. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. July 13 at 8.)

DAVID BOWIE—Space junkie, glitter queen, modern lover—there's almost an aura of nostalgia around David Bowie, rock's greatest musical chameleon. Finding it increasingly difficult to tote around the skins of his past, Bowie has decided to jettison some of his former selves in a big guitar-mad concert that recalls the basic splendor of his earlier shows. Coinciding with the release of some of his greatest albums (like "Ziggy Stardust") on CD, this could be perceived as an oldies tour, but songs like "Rebel Rebel" and "Suffragette City" are anything but dusty—they scream with life. And there's no dust on Bowie either, when he steps away from the special effects—hell, he *is* a special effect, glamorously half human, half machine. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. July 16 at 8.)

QUEEN LATIFAH—Queen Latifah, a twenty-year-old from New Jersey, and the New York foursome A Tribe Called Quest are members of the new school of rap. There's no posturing here—just hip-hop beats and uptown funk rhythms shouldering an easy, conversational rap delivery that asks for responsibility, for unity, and for all to dance to the music. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. 473-7171. July 16 at 10.)

PETER MURPHY—Followers of Peter Murphy's old band, Bauhaus, will be pleased to learn that the Thin White Duke (second edition) is still writing and singing melodramatic pop dirges you can bop to. He takes his cues from early Lou Reed and later David Bowie, and his deep, resonant voice and sedate stage presence give his concerts a stark, theatrical quality. His full-moon music, with dance-on-your-own-grave flourishes, is something his fans, mostly dressed in black, can really enjoy. (Palladium. July 17 at 10.)

JACKSON BROWNE—Beacon Theatre. July 9-11 at 8.

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH—Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. July 10 at 8.

SHIRLEY BASSEY—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. July 12-14 at 8.

"SPAIN: WHERE NEW MUSIC LIVES"—Camaron, Ketama, Radio Futura, and El Ultimo de la Fila. (Palladium. July 14 at 8.)

PRESERVATION HALL JAZZ BAND—Carnegie Hall. July 17 at 8.

"JAZZ IN JULY"—Opening performances of an annual series, sponsored by the 92nd Street Y, which will run through July 26. July 17 at 8: The 92nd Street Y Stompers (Doc Cheatham, Marty Grosz, Major Holley, and Dick Hyman) and the Jim Cullum Jazz Band. . . . ¶ July 18 at 8: Adam Makowicz, Ralph Sutton, Dick Hyman, Oliver Jones, Butch Miles, Major Holley, and others. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5440.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

METS—On the road until they meet the Atlanta Braves at Shea on July 19.

YANKEES—Vs. the Chicago White Sox, July 12-13 at 7:30, July 14 at 3, and July 15 at 1:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Kansas City Royals, July 16-17 at 7:30, and July 18 at 1.

(Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

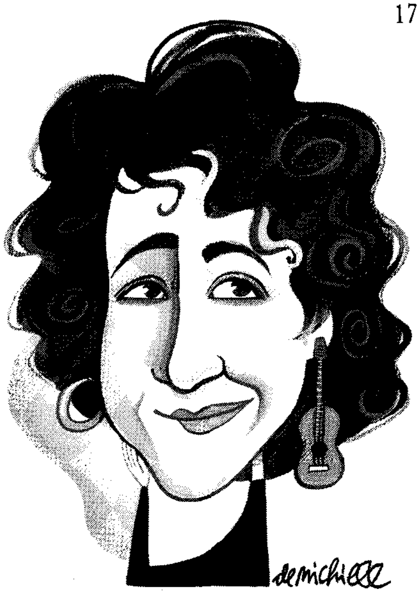
HORSES—At Belmont: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. Through July 30. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. . . . At the Atlantic City Race Course: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:25. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At the Meadowlands: Weeknights at 7:30. Through Aug. 18. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Mondays through Saturdays at 7:45.

CARS—The Marlboro Grand Prix, at the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. Qualifying heats will be held are July 13-14. The race starts July 15 at 1.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

GARGANTUAN ORIGAMI—Those of you standing on the plaza of the World Financial Center around noontime on July 13 may think the summer heat has addled your brain. Trust your truth-telling eyes. The largest paper boat—it took a space the size of a football field to fold it up—is, indeed, being led by tug up the Hudson River into the center's North Cove. George Wyllie, the Scottish sculptor who conceived the boat, will be on board. A gold dinghy will bring him to shore, while he sings a boat song he wrote for the occasion. The boat, called QM (Queen Mary? Question Mark? Questing Mind?), will be berthed until July 17, after which she embarks for Antwerp.

BASTILLE DAY—It's the year after the *bicentenaire*—an anniversary that might go unmarked were it not for the combined efforts of the Gansevoort Street block association and the all-night diner Florent (989-5779), who are setting about to reproduce a Paris street fair of a hundred years ago. On July 14, from 1 P.M. to 10 P.M., an outdoor party will fill part of the meat-packing district. Revellers can witness tableaux vivants, dance, sing, eat, and drink, and a raffle winner will take home a cooked goat for dinner.



Janis Ian at the South Street Seaport

JONES BEACH THEATRE—July 11 at 7:30: Casual Gods, Deborah Harry, the Ramones, and the Tom Tom Club. . . . ¶ July 12 at 8: Whitesnake. . . . ¶ July 13-14 at 8: Crosby, Stills & Nash. . . . ¶ July 15 at 8: Melissa Etheridge. (1-516 221-1000.)

"MIDSUMMER NIGHT SWING"—Evenings of swing dancing by the fountain in Lincoln Center Plaza. July 11: Raul Juarena and Marga Mitchell (with the purchase of a ticket that evening, dance lessons will be offered at 8). . . . ¶ July 12: Pé-De-Boi. . . . ¶ July 13: The Widespread Depression Orchestra. . . . ¶ July 14: Vince Giordano and the Nighthawks. . . . ¶ July 18: The Jim Cullum Jazz Band. (Evenings at 9. Admission at the gate on the nights of the dances.)

CENTRAL PARK SUMMERSTAGE—July 12 at 7:30: Vincent La Selva conducts the New York Grand Opera in a performance of Donizetti's "L'Élisir d'Amore." . . . ¶ July 13 at 8:30: Russell Banks and Joyce Carol Oates read from their own fiction. . . . ¶ July 14 at 3: The instrumental alphabet of funky R. & B. has never been recited with a more powerful punch than on the recordings of James Brown, which is probably why the horn licks of his backup band are just about the most commonly sampled sound in rap music. The Godfather of Soul's brass section—Pee Wee Ellis, Maceo Parker, and Fred Wesley, who are appearing here as the **J.B. ALL STARS**—should be hot enough to scorch the foliage. **MARC RIBOT'S** downtown garage band, the **ROOTLESS COSMOPOLITANS,** specializes in aural Cubism—they can veer from heavy-metal lyricism to a pure-noise attack (one fan calls it "the pet-shop-on-fire sound") and back again in a twinkling. Beware of whiplash. . . . ¶ July 15 at 3: **PAPA WEMBA** is a sharp-dressed Zairian—he favors Gaultier and Yohji Yamamoto—who has been a star of the Afro-pop scene in Paris over the past six years. If you've been resisting the world-music hoopla, this is a good occasion to get hooked. (Rumsey Playground, mid-Park at 72nd St. No tickets necessary. For rain-date information, call 360-2777.)

PAUL MCCARTNEY—Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900. July 9 and July 11 at 8.

STEVE ROSS—Battery Park City Esplanade. July 10 at 6:30. For information about tickets, call 416-5300.

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT—July 12 at 6:30: Buckwheat Zydeco. . . . ¶ July 18 at 6:30: Janis Ian. (Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. No tickets necessary.)

DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA—World Financial Center Plaza, Battery Park City. July 18 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "Jesus of Montreal" (directed by Denys Arcand; in French), with Lothaire Bluteau.
Theatre 2: "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).
Theatre 3: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 4: "Without You I'm Nothing" (John Boskovich), with Sandra Bernhard.
Theatre 5: "How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired" (Jacques W. Benoit; in French), with Isaach De Bankolé.
Theatre 6: Through July 12: "Sleeper" (†); and "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" (1972, Woody Allen), with Allen. From July 13: "Quick Change" (Howard Franklin and Bill Murray), with Murray, Geena Davis, Randy Quaid, and Jason Robards.

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
July 10: (Separate admissions) "The Cassandra Cat" (1963, Vojtech Jasny; a Czech film); "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935, Jean Renoir; in French), with René Lefèvre and Jules Berry; and "The Lower Depths" (1936, Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin and Louis Jouvet.
July 11-12: (Separate admissions) "The Cassandra Cat"; "La Vie Est à Nous" (1939, Jean Renoir) and "Nana" (1926, Renoir; silent).
July 13-14: (Separate admissions) "The Cassandra Cat"; "La Marseillaise" (1938, Jean Renoir; in French), with Pierre Renoir and Louis Jouvet; and "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (†).
July 15 and 17: (Separate admissions) "The Cassandra Cat"; "La Grande Illusion" (1937, Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "The Rules of the Game" (1939, Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor.
From July 18: (Separate admissions) "The Cassandra Cat"; "La Fille de l'Eau" (1924, Jean Renoir; silent), with Catherine Hessling; "Charleston" (1927, Renoir; silent); "A Day in the Country" (†); and "La Chienne" (1931, Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon, Jamie Marèze, and Georges Flamant.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 2: "Days of Thunder" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 10: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†). From July 11: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay, Wayne Newton, Priscilla Presley, and Ed O'Neill.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "Days of Thunder" (†).
Theatre 2: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 12: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell. From July 13: "Ghost" (Jerry Zucker), with Patrick Swayze, Demi Moore, and Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 4: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 5: "Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.
Theatre 6: "Days of Thunder" (†).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Dick Tracy" (†).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through July 12: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, and Tisha Campbell. From July 13: "Ghost" (Jerry Zucker), with Patrick Swayze, Demi Moore, and Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "Days of Thunder" (†).
Theatre 3: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through July 10: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.
From July 11: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay, Wayne Newton, Priscilla Presley, and Ed O'Neill.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Longtime Companion" (†).

Sutton 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "Pretty Woman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through July 10: "The Hunt for Red October" (John McTiernan), with Sean Connery, Alec Baldwin, Scott Glenn, Sam Neill, James Earl Jones, Joss Ackland, and Richard Jordan.
From July 11: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay, Wayne Newton, Priscilla Presley, and Ed O'Neill.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Henry V" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Days of Thunder" (†).
Theatre 2: "Days of Thunder" (†).

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Back to the Future Part III" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.
Theatre 2: "Die Hard 2."

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Dick Tracy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 12: "The Misadventures of Mr. Wilt" (Michael Tuchner), with Mel Smith and Griff Rhys Jones. From July 13: "Quick Change" (Howard Franklin and Bill Murray), with Murray, Geena Davis, Randy Quaid, and Jason Robards.
Theatre 3: Through July 12: "Imported Bridegroom" (Pamela Berger), with Greta Cowan and Avi Hoffman. From July 13 "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Bill Murray in "Quick Change"

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bil Cosby.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill) with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.
Theatre 2: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner) with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302
"Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through July 12: "Cadillac Man" (†). (No performances on July 9 and 11.)
From July 13: "Ghost" (Jerry Zucker), with Patrick Swayze, Demi Moore, and Whoop Goldberg.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Days of Thunder" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: Through July 10: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell. From July 11: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay Wayne Newton, Priscilla Presley, and Ed O'Neill.
Theatre 2: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin) with Bruce Willis.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: Through July 12: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†). From July 13: "Quick Change" (Howard Franklin and Bill Murray), with Murray, Geena Davis, Randy Quaid, and Jason Robards.
Theatre 2: "Dick Tracy" (†).

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Monsieur Hire" (directed by Patrice Leconte; in French), with Michel Blanc and Sandrine Bonnaire.
Theatre 2: (Separate admissions) "Longtime Companion" (†); and "The Big Dis" (Gordon Eriksen and John O'Brien).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through July 12: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell. From July 13: "Ghost" (Jerry Zucker), with Patrick Swayze, Demi Moore, and Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th (674-6515)
"Pretty Woman" (†).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Dick Tracy" (†).
Theatre 2: "Dick Tracy" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 4: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).
Theatre 3: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (†).
Theatre 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.
Theatre 5: "Die Hard 2."
Theatre 6: "Longtime Companion" (†).
Theatre 7: "Through July 12: "Back to the Future Part III" (†). From July 13: "Quick Change" (Howard Franklin and Bill Mur-

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

ray), with Murray, Geena Davis, Randy Quaid, and Jason Robards.

Theatre 8: Through July 10: "Henry V" (†). From July 11: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay, Wayne Newton, Priscilla Presley, and Ed O'Neill.

Theatre 9: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: (Matinées only) "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†); and (evenings only) "My Left Foot" (†).

Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (†).

Theatre 3: "Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through July 12: "Dick Tracy" (†).

From July 13: "Jungle Book" (1967) a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)

Theatre 1: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Theatre 2: Through July 10: "Bird on a Wire" (John Badham), with Mel Gibson and Goldie Hawn. From July 11: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay, Wayne Newton, Priscilla Presley, and Ed O'Neill.

Theatre 3: "Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Theatre 4: "Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.

Theatre 5: (Matinées only) "Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles" (†); and (evenings only) "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†).

Theatre 6: "Without You I'm Nothing" (John Boskovich), with Sandra Bernhard.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Days of Thunder" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"Longtime Companion" (†).

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

Through July 12: "Too Beautiful for You" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Josiane Balasko, and Carole Bouquet.

From July 13: "Last Exit to Brooklyn" (†).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through July 12: "Children of Paradise" (†).

From July 13: "Life Is a Long Quiet River" (Etienne Chatiliez; in French).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through July 12: Theatre closed.

From July 13: "Ghost" (Jerry Zucker), with Patrick Swayze, Demi Moore, and Whoopi Goldberg.

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)

Through July 10: "Pretty Woman" (†).

From July 11: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay, Wayne Newton, Priscilla Presley, and Ed O'Neill.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).

Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Theatre 3: "May Fools" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Total Recall" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Betsy's Wedding" (Alan Alda), with Alda, Madeline Kahn, Joe Pesci, and Molly Ringwald.

Theatre 2: "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.

Theatre 3: "Dick Tracy" (†).

Theatre 4: Through July 12: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†). From July 13: "Quick Change" (Howard Franklin and Bill Murray), with Murray, Geena Davis, Randy Quaid, and Jason Robards.

Theatre 5: "Days of Thunder" (†).

Theatre 6: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: "Jetsons: The Movie" (William Hanna and Joseph Barbera), an animated film.

Theatre 2: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Theatre 2: "Die Hard 2."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Total Recall" (†).

Theatre 2: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

Theatre 3: "Gremlins 2 The New Batch" (†).

Theatre 4: "Die Hard 2" (directed by Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Theatre 5: "Die Hard 2."

Theatre 6: "Total Recall" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

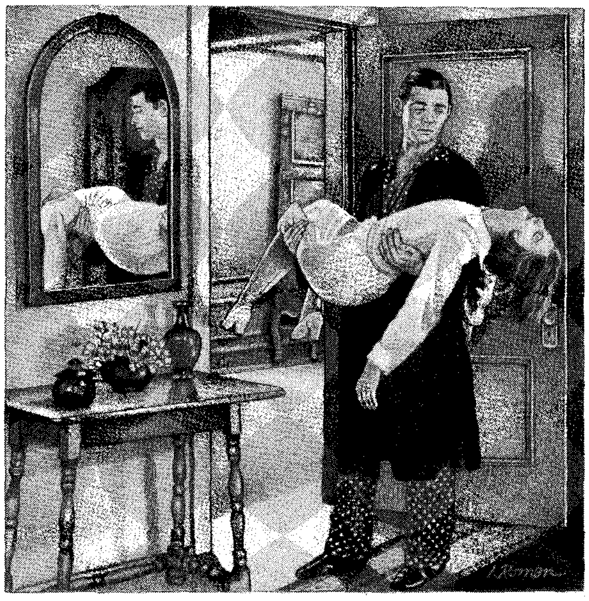
"Dick Tracy" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 2: "RoboCop 2" (Irvin Kershner), with Peter Weller and Nancy Allen.

Theatre 3: "RoboCop 2."

Theatre 4: "RoboCop 2."



Clark Gable and Barbara Stanwyck in "Night Nurse"

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy, Nick Nolte, Brion James, Ed O'Ross, Bernie Casey, and Tisha Campbell.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: Through July 10: "Back to the Future Part III" (†). From July 11: "The Adventures of Ford Fairlane" (Renny Harlin), with Andrew Dice Clay, Wayne Newton, Priscilla Presley, and Ed O'Neill.

Theatre 2: "Ghost Dad" (Sidney Poitier), with Bill Cosby.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: Through July 12: "How to Make Love to a Negro Without Getting Tired" (Jacques W. Benoit), with Isaach De Bankolé. From July 13: "Quick Change" (Howard Franklin and Bill Murray), with Murray, Geena Davis, Randy Quaid, and Jason Robards.

Theatre 2: "Pretty Woman" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

July 9: "Executive Suite" (1954, directed by Robert Wise), with William Holden, June Allyson, Barbara Stanwyck, and Fredric March; and "Golden Boy" (1939, Rouben Mamoulian), with Stanwyck, Holden, Lee J. Cobb, Sam Levene, Joseph Calleia, and Adolphe Menjou.

July 10-11: "Two Weeks in Another Town" (1962, Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas, Edward G. Robinson, Cyd Charisse, and Daliah Lavi; and "The Violent Men" (1955, Rudolph Maté), with Glenn Ford, Barbara Stanwyck, and Robinson.

July 12-14: "No Man of Her Own" (1950, Mitchell Leisen), with Barbara Stanwyck and John Lund; and "Clash by Night" (†).

July 15-16: "Ladies of Leisure" (1930, Frank Capra), with Barbara Stanwyck, Ralph Graves, Marie Prevost, and Lowell Sherman; "Night Nurse" (†); and "Ten Cents a Dance" (†).

July 17-18: "Kid Galahad" (†); and "His Brother's Wife" (1936, W. S. Van Dyke II), with Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, and Jean Hersholt.

Cinema Village, 22 W. 12th. (924-3363)

Through July 10: "Autumn Sonata" (1978, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Bergman and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972, Bergman; in Swedish), with Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

July 11-12: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "El" ("This Strange Passion"; 1952, Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish), with Arturo de Cordova.

July 13-14: "Lonesome Cowboys" (1969, Andy Warhol), with Viva, Joe Dallesandro, and Taylor Mead; and "The Life of Juanita Castro" (1964, Warhol), with Marie Menken.

July 15: "The Damned" (1969, Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger; and "Death in Venice" (1971, Visconti), with Bogarde.

July 16-17: "Dr. No" (1963, Terence Young) and "From Russia with Love" (1964, Young), both with Sean Connery as James Bond.

From July 18: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (1954, Walter Lang), with Ethel Merman, Marilyn Monroe, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor; and "The Seven Year Itch" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Through July 10: "The Phantom Carriage" (1921, Victor Sjöström; silent); and "Nosferatu" (1922, F. W. Murnau; a German silent film), with Max Schreck.

July 11-12: "Repulsion" (1965, Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser; and "The Tenant" (1976, Polanski), with Polanski, Isabelle Adjani, Melvyn Douglas, Jo Van Fleet, and Shelley Winters.

July 13-14: "Heathers" (1989, Michael Lehmann), with Winona Ryder and Christian Slater; and "Pretty Poison" (1968, Noel Black), with Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld.

July 15: "Medea" (1971, Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas; and "The Magic Flute" (1975, Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish).

July 16-17: "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?" (1962, Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis and Joan Crawford; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965, Aldrich), with Davis and Olivia de Havilland.

From July 18: "Wild Strawberries" (†); and "One Summer of Happiness" (1955, Arne Mattsson; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson and Folke Sundquist.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 9: "Doktor Mabuse" (1922, Fritz Lang; silent), with Rudolf Klein-Rogge.

July 10: "Murder Most Foul" (1965, George Pollock) and "Murder She Said" (1962, Pollock), both with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

July 11: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957, Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952, King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Gardner.

July 12: "The Sound and the Fury" (1959, Martin Ritt), with Yul Brynner, Joanne Woodward, and Margaret Leighton; and "Intruder in the Dust" (†).

July 13-14: "The Fountainhead" (1949, King Vidor), with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "The V.I.P.s" (1963, Anthony Asquith), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith,

Orson Welles, Rod Taylor, Margaret Rutherford, and Louis Jourdan.
July 15: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962, Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977, Buñuel), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.
July 16: "L'Atalante" (1934, Jean Vigo; in French), with Michel Simon; and three short films by Vigo, all in French—"Taris" (1931), "Apropos de Nice" (1930), and "Zero for Conduct" (1933).
July 17: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, and Amy Robinson; and "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973, John Hancock), with Michael Moriarty and De Niro.
July 18: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" (1939, Sidney Lanfield) and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939, Alfred L. Werker), both with Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—July 9 at noon: "Rise and Shine" (1941, directed by Allan Dwan), with Jack Oakie, George Murphy, and Linda Darnell. . . . ¶ July 9 at 2:30: "Suez" (1938, Allan Dwan), with Tyrone Power, Loretta Young, and Annabella. . . . ¶ July 9 at 6: "Straight, Place and Show" (1938, David Butler), with the Ritz Brothers, Ethel Merman, and Richard Arlen; and "Think Fast, Mr. Moto" (1937, Norman Foster), with Peter Lorre and Virginia Field. . . . ¶ July 10 at noon: "Man Hunt" (1941, Fritz Lang), with Walter Pidgeon, Joan Bennett, and George Sanders. . . . ¶ July 10 at 3: "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940, John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. . . . ¶ July 10 at 6 and July 12 at noon: "Swamp Water" (1941, Jean Renoir), with Walter Brennan, Dana Andrews, Anne Baxter, and Walter Huston. . . . ¶ July 12 at 3: "How Green Was My Valley" (1941, John Ford), with Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara, and Roddy McDowall. . . . ¶ July 12 at 6: "The Grapes of Wrath." . . . ¶ July 13 at noon: "Orchestra Wives" (1942, Archie Mayo), with George Montgomery, Ann Rutherford, and Glenn Miller and his band. . . . ¶ July 13 at 3: "I Wake Up Screaming" (1942, H. Bruce Humberstone), with Betty Grable, Victor Mature, and Carole Landis. . . . ¶ July 13 at 6: "Springtime in the Rockies" (1943, Irving Cummings), with Betty Grable, John Payne, Carmen Miranda, and Harry James and his band. . . . ¶ July 14 at noon: "Sun Valley Serenade" (1941, H. Bruce Humberstone), with Sonja Henie, John Payne, and the Nicholas Brothers. . . . ¶ July 14 at 2:30: "Man Hunt." . . . ¶ July 14 at 5: "How Green Was My Valley." . . . ¶ July 15 at noon: "Rise and Shine." . . . ¶ July 15 at 2:30: "I Wake Up Screaming." . . . ¶ July 15 at 5: "Roxie Hart" (1942, William A. Wellman), with Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou, and George Montgomery. . . . ¶ July 16 at noon: "Life Begins at 8:30" (1942, Irving Pichel), with Ida Lupino, Monty Woolley, and Cornel Wilde. . . . ¶ July 16 at 3: "Springtime in the Rockies." . . . ¶ July 16 at 6: "Sun Valley Serenade." . . . ¶ July 17 at noon: "This Above All" (1942, Anatole Litvak), with Tyrone Power, Joan Fontaine, and Thomas Mitchell. . . . ¶ July 17 at 3: "Roxie Hart." . . . ¶ July 17 at 6: "Orchestra Wives."

Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St. (752-7684)—"MB Playhouse," dramas shown on television over the past thirty years. July 10-14: Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse's "The Great Sebastians" (1957, NBC), with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. . . . From July 17: Harold Pinter's "No Man's Land" (1980, Granada Television), with John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson. Showings Tuesdays at 3 and 6, Wednesdays through Fridays at 3, and Saturdays at 1. . . . ¶ "The Reiner Moritz Collection." July 10-14: "Picasso" (1986, Didier Baussy), a documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . July 10-14: "Masterworks: Museum of Modern Art" (1989, Reiner E. Moritz). Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:30. . . . From July 17: "Michael Powell" (1986, David Hinton), a documentary. Showings Tuesday at 2 and 6:30 and Wednesday through Saturday at 2. . . . From July 17: "Agnes de Mille" (1983, Alan Benson), a documentary. Showings Tuesday through Saturday at 3:15.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—July 11 at 12:30 and 6: "Ninotchka" (1939, Ernst Lubitsch), with Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas, Ina Clair, and Bela Lugosi. . . . ¶ July 11 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Camille" (1936, George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, and Elizabeth Allan. . . . ¶ July 18 at 12:30 and 6: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935, Jean Renoir; in French), with René Lefèvre, Jules Berry, Florelle, and Nadia Sibirskaïa. . . . ¶ July 18 at 3:15 and 8:45: "Daybreak" (1939, Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean Gabin, Jules Berry, Arletty, and Jacqueline Laurent.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (570-3949)—July 13 at 7: "The Leopard" (1963, Luchino Visconti), with Burt Lancaster, Claudia Cardinale, and Alain Delon. . . . ¶ July 14 at 4 and 6:30: "Zan Boko" (1988, Gaston Kabore; an African film, in More and French). . . . ¶ July 14 at 7: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior"; 1980, Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. (662-2133)—July 11 at 8: "Ben Hur" (1925, Fred Niblo; silent), with Ramon Novarro, Francis X. Bushman, Bette Bronson, and May McAvoy. . . . ¶ July 18 at 8: "Lilac Time" (1928, Jacques Feyder; silent), with Gary Cooper and Colleen Moore. Organ accompaniment written and directed by Lee Erwin.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—July 12-15 at 8: "No Picnic" (1987, Philip Hartman). . . . ¶ July 12-15 at 9:30: "The Ramones" (1990, George Seminara). . . . ¶ July 12-15 at 10:30: "The Great Rock 'n Roll Swindle" (Julian Temple), with the Sex Pistols.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Back to the Future Part III—The last installment of the "Back to the Future" series brings the story of the suburban kid Marty McFly (Michael J. Fox) and the mad inventor Doc Brown (Christopher Lloyd) to a graceful, almost leisurely conclusion. Most of the picture takes place in 1885, in the Old West, where the specially rigged DeLorean that has been whipping Marty and Doc back and forth in time runs out of gas. Stalled in a Western, these time travellers from the manic, jumped-up nineteen-eighties adjust their internal clocks and do what characters in Westerns do: they wait. The movie settles into a deliberate and rather soothing rhythm, as if the filmmakers—director Robert Zemeckis and writer Bob Gale—knew there was no point in getting themselves, and us, all het up. The relaxing light-vaudeville mood is a welcome break from the strenuous time-hopping of the first two installments. (It's poky, and it's also a touch boring.) While Zemeckis and Gale are biding their time, setting things up for their frantic grand finale, they keep us amused with an eccentric romance between Doc and a schoolmarm played by Mary Steenburgen. Lloyd and Steenburgen are hilariously well matched—they have perfectly compatible styles of celestial goofiness—and their moonbeam love story is the movie's one true inspiration. Also with Thomas F. Wilson.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/18/90. (59th Street East Cinema. . . . ¶ National Twin; through July 10. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; through July 12.)

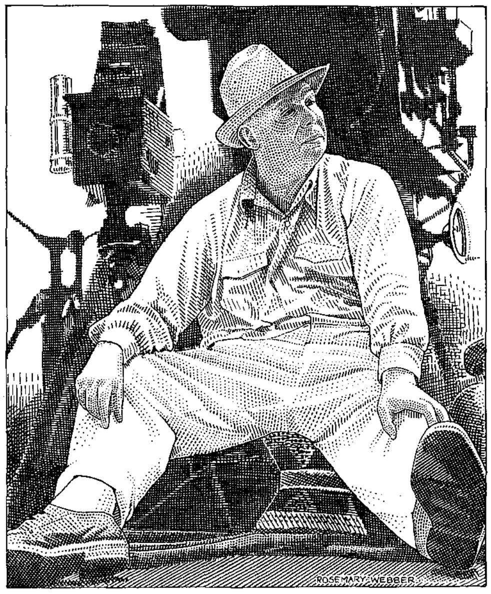
Boudu Saved from Drowning (1931)—Despite the problems of sound recording in 1931, Jean Renoir went out of the studio and shot this film on the streets and along the banks of the Seine, and so it is not only a lovely fable about a bourgeois attempt to reform an early hippie (Michel Simon is the shaggy-bearded tramp who spills wine on the table and wipes his shoes on the bedspread) but a photographic record of an earlier France. It is a beautifully rhythmed film that makes one nostalgic for the period when it was made. Cinematography by Marcel Lucien; with Charles Grandval, Marcelle Hainia, Jean Gehret, Max Dalban, Jean Dasté, and Jacques Becker. Not released in the United States until 1967. In French.—P.K. (Public Theatre; July 13-14.)

Cadillac Man—This shaggy comedy about a Queens auto salesman is full of small, accidental-seeming pleasures—the joys of resourcefulness. It's a movie of bits and pieces, a patchwork of motions and wayward inspirations, and it probably shouldn't work at all. But it's more than funny enough to wear down our resistance. The screenwriter, Ken Friedman, has peopled his story with more than a dozen vivid characters, and the director, Roger Donaldson, has given the actors plenty of room; everyone in this movie makes an impression. As the salesman, Joey O'Brien, Robin Williams is brilliant throughout, and he's surrounded by strong actors in sharply written roles—each one gives him something different to react to. Joey, whose passions are sex and selling, has an ex-wife, a teen-age daughter, and two girlfriends; he owes twenty thousand dollars to a mobster; and he's in danger of losing his job. Fran Drescher is hilarious as one of the girlfriends, Joy: she combines sexy wheedling and flat-out nagging in a completely original way. And Pamela Reed, as Joey's ex-wife, is splendid. Funniest of all is Tim Robbins, who plays Larry, the jealous husband of the dealership's receptionist (Annabella Sciorra); halfway through the picture, he drives his motorcycle through the showroom's plate-glass window and takes everyone hostage. Robbins' acting is explosive—totally unpredictable; watching the way he moves and listening to how he reads his lines, we keep asking ourselves, "Where did *that* come from?" Wherever this performance comes from, it's sensational. Also with Lori Petty, Paul Guilfoyle, Zack Norman, Lauren Tom, and Elaine Stritch.—T.R. (6/4/90) (Loews Tower East; July 10 and 12.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and written by Jacques Prévert, is a one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. It was made during the Occupation, and it is said that the starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could be photographed. With Jean-Louis Barrault as the soulful mime Deburau (the Pierrot—Barrault sucks in his cheeks so much that he sometimes suggests Dietrich); the incomparable Arletty as Garance; Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor Lemaître (the Harlequin); Louis Salou as the count; Marcel Herrand as the philosophical murderer; Pierre Renoir as the ragpicker-informer; and Maria Casarès, who has the unrewarding role of the theatre manager's daughter, who marries Deburau and becomes the mother of an abominable offspring. (The child is pure Hollywood.) In French.—P.K. (Paris; through July 12.)

Clash by Night (1952)—This Fritz Lang version of a Clifford Odets melodrama about jealousy never quite comes together; the stylized Odets dialogue seems bizarrely out of place in the setting of a fishing village. But it's a handsome black-and-white production, and though Barbara Stanwyck (as the adulteress) and Paul Douglas (as the betrayed husband) suffer rather too strenuously, Robert Ryan (as the wife's lover, a projectionist in a movie theatre) is so intensely sexual that the film momentarily achieves real, even if stagey, power. And as a good-natured girl, full of animal high spirits, Marilyn Monroe is appealing in an unmannered style that's very different from her later acting. With Keith Andes and J. Carrol Naish. Adapted by Alfred Hayes; cinematography by Nicholas Musuraca.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; July 12-14.)

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover—A



A Jean Renoir retrospective at the Public Theatre

movie about a crude British thug, Albert Spica (Michael Gambon), whose favorite method of terrorizing people is ramming things down their throats. Albert himself eats only haute cuisine; he and his wife (Helen Mirren) dine every night at a posh restaurant called Le Hollandais. This is an Art Movie, refined and terribly formal; the director, Peter Greenaway (who also wrote the script), places this barbarian smack in the middle of "painterly" compositions and encourages us to see him as a steaming hunk of offal desecrating the beauty of an artist's creation. He looks at Albert with the disdainful stare that the pukka sahib directs at a servant who has inconvenienced him. Greenaway, however, has a lot more in common with his loutish protagonist than he thinks. He obviously regards himself as an aesthetic virtuoso, but he's just a cultural omnivore. (He chews with his mouth open—we can identify almost every piece of art that has fed his imagination.) The only thing in this movie's tidy, hermetic universe that Greenaway is unable to control, or disguise with fancy brushwork, is his loathing of the body. The movie features several gross-out scenes, including a climactic act of cannibalism; the Motion Picture Association of America gave it an X rating. (The distributors released it unrated.) What's offensive about the picture, though, isn't its violence or its visceral shocks but the patrician arrogance, the smug aestheticism, the snobbishness that suffuse every frame. Greenaway is an intellectual bully: he pushes us to the ground and kicks art in our faces. Also with Alan Howard (the Lover) and Richard Bohringer (the Cook). Cinematography by Sacha Vierny.—T.R. (5/7/90) (Angelika Film Center. . . . ¶ Worldwide Cinemas. Evenings only.)

A Day in the Country (1937)—Jean Renoir's thirty-seven-minute film from a Maupassant story is one of the two or three greatest short-story films ever made—a lyric tragedy that ranks with his finest work. Visually, it recaptures the Impressionist period; in tone, it accomplishes a transformation from light nostalgic comedy to despair. In the late eighteen-hundreds, a merchant (Gabriello) takes his family for an outing on the banks of the Marne; there, his wife (Jeanne Marken) and his innocent young daughter (Sylvia Bataille) are seduced—the one delightedly, the other tremblingly, like a captured bird. Renoir himself plays the role of an innkeeper. Cinematography by Claude Renoir and Jean Bourgoin; music by Kosma. Originally this film was part of the three-part picture "Ways of Love." In French.—P.K. (Public Theatre; starting July 18.)

Days of Thunder—With Tom Cruise, directed by Tony Scott. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Manhattan Twin, U. A. East, Ziegfeld, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Dick Tracy—This isn't the kind of crass crowd-pleaser we've become accustomed to; its dullness is of the old-fashioned variety. Everything but the film's bold, striking comic- strip visual design (created by Richard Sylbert and photographed by Vittorio Storaro) is low-key. Warren Beatty directed and plays the title role. His performance is recessive almost to the point of perversity. In Chester Gould's comic strip, Dick Tracy always seemed like a tough, aggressive, no-nonsense guy; Beatty's Tracy is a ditherer. And his tentativeness as an actor here is matched by the dreamy, distracted quality of his direction. The picture has no drive; its style is less "Dick Tracy" than "Classics Illustrated." It's pleasant, lovingly detailed, and eye-filling. It's everything a movie can be except interesting. Some of the actors are fun to watch: Madonna, as Breathless Mahoney, vamps entertainingly; Glenne Headly does an expert spunky-gal turn as Tess Trueheart, the hero's long-suffering girlfriend; and Al Pacino, as a sleazy mobster named Big Boy Caprice, creates a memorable comic grotesque. Also with William Forsythe (Flattop), Dustin Hoffman (Mumbles), Mandy Patinkin (88 Keys), R. G. Armstrong (Pruneface), Paul Sorvino (Lips Manlis), Charlie Korsmo, Charles Durning, Estelle Parsons, Dick Van Dyke, and James Caan. The script is credited to Jim Cash and Jack Epps, Jr. (with the writer Bo Goldman listed as "special consultant"). Score by Danny Elfman; original songs by Stephen Sondheim.—T.R. (7/2/90) (Gramercy, Cinema I, 86th Street East Twin, Quad Cinema, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Guild; through July 12.)

Gremlins 2 The New Batch—The director, Joe Dante, and his team (which includes the screenwriter Charlie Haas and the effects supervisor Rick Baker) have made a multimillion-dollar, special-effects-crammed picture that has the loose, improvisatory feel of the great Warner Brothers cartoons of the forties and fifties. They're fearless and indefatigable gagsters, and the movie is smarter, wilder, and more unfettered than the original "Gremlins" (1984). There's an ideal setting for the gremlins' rampaging consumption: they've been let loose in a state-of-the-art Manhattan office building and mall called the Clamp Centre (after Daniel Clamp, the egotistical developer who built it). This towering steel-and-glass wedge is a monument to the runaway acquisitiveness of the eighties, and by the time the little monsters have chomped and guzzled (and sung and danced) their way through its cheerless offices and boutiques, Dante and his collaborators have trashed—or at least lobbed spitballs at—quite a few of the most unattractive aspects of life in these United States. "Gremlins 2" openly mocks the inane monster-movie premise of the original film, parodies as many other pictures as it has time for, and even has the nerve to poke fun at its own marketing. In its adolescent way, it's almost subversive: a high-spirited combination of Looney Tunes principles and Joe Dante's own manic pop-culture-in-a-blender sensibility. Zach Galligan, Phoebe Cates, Dick Miller, and Jackie Joseph return from the first film. They're joined by John Glover, who plays Clamp as a doltish child; Haviland Morris, who is hilarious as an ambitious, fast-talking businesswoman named Marla; and the horror-movie veteran Christopher Lee, who plays Dr. Catheter, the director of a genetic-engineering laboratory. The animated pre-credit sequence, featuring Daffy Duck and Bugs Bunny, was written and directed by Chuck Jones, who made some of the greatest Warners cartoons.—T.R. (7/2/90) (Sutton, Chelsea Cinemas, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; through July 10. . . . ¶ 86th Street East Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through July 12.)

Henry V—Adapted and directed by its young star, Kenneth Branagh, this fast-paced version isn't exultant, like the one made forty-five years earlier by Laurence Olivier. Branagh emphasizes the price paid for war: the bloodshed. And, in keeping with his generation's supposed disillusion with war, he minimizes the play's glorification of the English fighting man. His conception of how to film the play is to look closely at the conniving, the misgivings, the ego wars. (This epic noir doesn't indicate why the French lost at Agincourt.) Branagh is not an overnight great moviemaker; his attempts at spectacular effects strain his inventiveness. But as an actor he has something of James Cagney's confident Irishness; he's intensely likable, with a beautiful, expressive voice and a straightforwardness that drives the whole film ahead. He and the other performers are so up that you feel their pride in working on true dramatic poetry. It's a company of stars: Paul Scofield as the melancholy French king whose face foretells the doom of his army, Christopher Ravenscroft as the herald Mountjoy, Derek Jacobi as the Chorus, Judi Dench as Mistress Quickly, Robbie Coltrane as Falstaff, Brian Blessed as Exeter, Richard Briers as Bardolph, Richard Easton as the Constable of France, Alec McCowen as Ely, Robert Stephens as Pistol, Emma Thompson as Katherine, Geraldine McEwan as Alice, Christian Bale as Falstaff's boy, and, best of all, perhaps, Ian Holm as the chattering Welshman Fluellen.—P.K. (11/27/89) (Plaza. . . . ¶ Chelsea Cinemas; through July 10.)

Kid Galahad (1937)—By 1937, Bette Davis had earned something better than the role of Fluff, girlfriend to a fight manager (Edward G. Robinson), but the movie was directed by Michael Curtiz, and though it has few dimensions it has pace and "entertainment value." Wayne Morris is the bellhop turned fighter, whom Fluff christens Kid Galahad; Humphrey Bogart is the bad guy; and Jane Bryan plays Robinson's sister. With Harry Carey, the ineffable Veda Ann Borg as the Redhead, and, for the finale, a Warners' operatic shoot-out in which Robinson and Bogart kill each other. (Remade in 1941, as "Wagons Roll at Night," and in 1962, starring Elvis Presley.)—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; July 17-18.)

Last Exit to Brooklyn—A reverent, lugubrious adaptation of the famous 1965 book by Hubert Selby, Jr. Selby's stories about dead-end lives in a working-class Brooklyn neighborhood were presented in the book as discrete vignettes of urban alienation, linked only by their common air of desperation and the nervous bebop rhythms of the prose. The screenwriter, Desmond Nakano, and the director, Uli Edel, have done a cut-and-paste job on the material, so all the sad tales now unfold simultaneously. The movie jumps from one unhappy character to another as they proceed toward their climactic martyrdoms, low-life Christ figures racing each other up Calvary. And although the picture uses Brooklyn locations, it rarely looks as if it were taking place in America: the filmmakers seem to have missed their exit and wound up in some never-never land of romanticized wretchedness—a disenchanted forest. Most of the actors are ground down by the film's maudlin, heavy spirit; only Jennifer Jason Leigh, as a young streetwalker, and Jerry Orbach, in the small role of a union leader, manage to resemble actual human beings. Also with Stephen Lang, Burt Young, and Alexis Arquette.—T.R. (Chelsea Cinemas. . . . ¶ Carnegie Screening Room; starting July 13.)

Longtime Companion—The screenwriter, Craig Lucas, and the director, Norman René, track the effects of AIDS on the lives of eight people: seven gay men and a straight woman who is a lifelong friend of one of the men. The filmmakers focus on one day in each year of the epidemic, from 1981 through 1989, and the mournful progress of the decade is expressed by the gaps between the annual episodes: the cast of characters keeps getting smaller, and at the end only the woman and three of the men are left. The movie is sometimes very effective, but it's often blander and more simplistic than it should be. It seems determined to convey a wholesome, "normal" image of gay life to straight America—so all its characters are pleasant and good-looking, and they're all white, too. The only really interesting characters are a middle-aged couple, David (Bruce Davison) and Sean (Mark Lamos). The natural protagonist of the drama is David, who, when Sean gets sick, cares for him with extraordinary patience and tenderness. Davison's performance (in probably the best role he has ever had) is wonderfully dry and precise. There's a strange reserve in his demeanor even when he's being goofy, so the strength he shows at the bedside of his dying lover is both heartbreaking and absolutely convincing. It's a well-written role, and Davison does a beautiful piece of acting. After he, too, disappears—between episodes—the movie seems to have lost the best part of itself. Also with Campbell Scott, Stephen Caffrey, Patrick Cassidy, Mary-Louise Parker, John Dossett, and Dermot Mulroney.—T.R. (5/21/90)

(Eastside Cinema, Bleecker St. Cinema, Chelsea Cinemas, and Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

May Fools—With Michel Piccoli and Miou-Miou, directed by Louis Malle. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

My Left Foot—The greatness of Daniel Day-Lewis's performance as the Dubliner Christy Brown, a victim of cerebral palsy who became a painter and a writer, is that he pulls you inside Christy's frustration and rage (and his bottomless thirst). There's nothing soft or maudlin about this movie's view of Christy: he's anguished and locked in, yet excitingly insolent. The movie may tear you apart, but it's the story of a triumphantly tough guy who lived it up, and Day-Lewis's interpretation has some of the sexual seductiveness that was so startling in Olivier's Richard III. This is the first film of the Irish playwright-director Jim Sheridan, who wrote the superb screenplay with another Irish playwright, Shane Connaughton. With Brenda Fricker, Ray McAnally, Fiona Shaw, Ruth McCabe, and Hugh O'Conor playing Christy as a child.—P.K. (10/2/89) (23rd St. West Triplex. Evenings only.)

Night Nurse (1931)—There's a memorable moment in this hardboiled early talkie melodrama when a drunken rich woman has passed out on the floor of her home, and Barbara Stanwyck, the nurse who is tending the woman's sick children, stands over her and says disgustedly, "You mother!" William Wellman directed this picture in his fast, unvarnished style; it has a grungy likability. Clark Gable is the sexy villain, a thieving gigolo-chauffeur in a black uniform; his specialty is socking women. Stanwyck gets it right on the jaw. But Wellman knew how to use Stanwyck for her unsentimental strength, and she does some no-nonsense slugging of her own that startled audiences at the time—and helped make her a public favorite. With Joan Blondell, who is funny and vivacious as the heroine's pal, and Ben Lyon, Charles Winninger, Ralf Harolde, Edward Nugent, and Marcia Mae Jones. From a novel by Dora Macy; adapted by Oliver H. P. Garrett, with additional dialogue by Charles Kenyon.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; July 15-16.)

Pretty Woman—The lovers in this romantic comedy, directed by Garry Marshall, are a long-legged, golden-hearted Hollywood Boulevard hooker (Julia Roberts) and a cold, suave corporate raider (Richard Gere). He buys her tasteful (expensive) clothes and shows her how to act "classy"; she opens—in order—his wallet, his fly, and his heart. The ony real distinction of this long and rather uneventful diversion is the radical contrast between the stars' performing styles. Roberts is all ebullience and scattershot charm. The kind word for Gere's style is minimal. He's opaque, stubbornly remote; he seems to have faxed his performance in. At its worst, the movie is just unimaginative; at its best, it's pleasant and competent. It's business-as-usual entertainment. Also with Jason Alexander, Laura San Giacomo, Ralph Bellamy, and Hector Elizondo. The screenplay is by J. F. Lawton.—T.R. (Sutton, 8th St. Playhouse, 23rd St. West Triplex, and West Side Cinema. . . . ¶ 62nd & Broadway; through July 10.)

The Seven Year Itch (1955)—All that most people remember of this labored farce is the sequence with Marilyn Monroe standing on a New York subway grating when a train whooshes by; the air sends her skirt swirling up to her shoulders. The director, Billy Wilder, and George Axelrod reshaped Axelrod's Broadway hit about the summertime flirtation of a shy married man (Tom Ewell) in order to build up Monroe's role. Wilder flails away at such gags as a plumber (Victor Moore) dropping a wrench in a bathtub occupied by Monroe, who has caught her toe in the faucet. With Evelyn Keyes, Sonny Tufts, Robert Strauss, Oscar Homolka, Carolyn Jones, and Doro Merande.—P.K. (Cinema Village; starting July 18.)

Sleeper (1973)—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his early comedies, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier movies can turn you on. With Diane Keaton and John Beck. Written by Allen and Marshall Brickman; cinematography by David M. Walsh; editing by Ralph Rosenblum; costume design by Joel Schumacher. The music is by Woody Allen with the Preservation Hall Jazz Band and the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band.—P.K. (Angelika Film Center; through July 12.)

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles—A tacky, lighthearted parody of crime-wave movies—camp for kiddies. As babies, the four turtles were let loose in radioactive muck; they mutated into hip, English-speaking people-size turtles who live in the dark sewers of New York City and send out for pizza. Their mentor, the wise old rat Splinter, has trained them in the martial arts, and they fight the criminal legions led by the Japanese, Darth Vader-like Shredder. Their human friends are the TV newswoman April O'Neil (Judith Hoag) and the daredevil Casey Jones (Elias Koteas). Everything in the movie has a playful, pop familiarity, and the jokey allusions to other movies are easy for young kids to grasp. The four turtles (stuntmen in getups devised by Jim Henson's Creature Shop) are not as individualized as one might hope, but Splinter has an Alice-in-Wonderland creepiness. The director, Steve Barron, is casual with Hoag and Koteas, who blend in gracefully; he can't do much for the preachy subplot involving a father and son who misunderstand each other. (The flashbacks are the most fun.) The story is based on the comic-book characters devised in 1983 by Peter Laird and Kevin Eastman.—P.K. (23rd St. West Triplex, and Worldwide Cinemas. Matinées only.)

Ten Cents a Dance (1931)—Early talkie sentimentality could be crackling, and even daring, when a good craftsman was in charge, but here the director, Lionel Barrymore, fails to shape the scenes, and the film drags heavily. In the role of a no-nonsense taxi dancer, Barbara Stanwyck fends off sailors and rough guys and raps out her lines believably; she's a miraculously natural actress, but without a director she doesn't show anything like the gifts she demonstrated in this same period in "Ladies of Leisure" and "The Miracle Woman." Here she marries a thieving weakling (Monroe Owsley), and then saves him from prison by borrowing money from a rich (and worthy) gentleman (Ricardo Cortez). When her ungrateful husband turns nasty, she quite sensibly leaves him and goes off to marry the gent. With Sally Blane and Martha Sleeper. Script by Jo Swerling.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; July 15-16.)

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!—Pedro Almodóvar's new movie gets off to a fast start, like a windup toy, but it runs out of momentum early, and Almodóvar can't figure out how to start it up again. The story, about a released mental patient (Antonio Banderas) who follows a sexy actress (Victoria Abril) and then takes her prisoner, seems to tie the director's wild imagination down, and his efforts to keep his (and the audience's) blood circulating betray some desperation. Neither the kidnapper's romantic obsession nor his captive's eventual love for him is especially convincing. And we don't fully enjoy the perverse humor of the situation, either: we've seen the victim subdued by a hard slap, and that image is too strong to forget. The limpness of "Tie Me Up!" suggests that Almodóvar is either a confused director or a tired one—probably a bit of both. It's as if he had made the movie solely to satisfy the public's demand for a new Almodóvar film. Also with Francisco Rabal, Loles Leon, and Lola Cardona. In Spanish.—T.R. (5/7/90) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

Total Recall—This fifty-million-dollar science-fiction thriller is full of relentless action and spectacular effects, and it's no fun at all. It's as heavy-spirited as its star, Arnold Schwarzenegger: imposing and implacable, like the killer robot Arnold played (or embodied) in "The Terminator." The script, by Ronald Shusett, Dan O'Bannon, and Gary Goldman, is based on a story by Philip K. Dick; the plot keeps twisting and turning, but we stop following it before the picture is half over. It's just a frame for meaty action sequences—a skeleton nestled deep inside ballooning muscles. The director, Paul Verhoeven ("RoboCop"), composes striking images, but they're oppressive and completely impersonal: every weird angle, every close-up of a face contorted with pain, every splash of bright-red blood is an effect borrowed from horror comics. The picture itself is a terminator: when it's over, you feel as if the life had been pounded out of you, and you never want to go to the movies again. Also with Sharon Stone, Ronny Cox, and Rachel Ticotin. Cinematography by Jost Vacano.—T.R. (6/18/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Regency, and Criterion Center.)

Wild Strawberries (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's first big popular success in this country. It's a very uneven film: an eminent physician (Victor Sjöström) looks back over his life, which is tricked up with gothic effects and contrasts (there are resemblances to passages in "Dead of Night" and Dreyer's "Vampyr") and with peculiarly unconvincing flashbacks and overexplicit dialogue. It's a very lumpy odyssey, yet who can forget Sjöström's face, or the vicious, bickering couple who rasp at each other in the back seat of a car, or the large-scale mask of the beautiful Ingrid Thulin as the physician's unhappy daughter-in-law? Few movies give us such memorable, emotion-charged images. One can try to forget the irritations: the incredibly callow representative of youth, the "cold" rigid son (Gunnar Björnstrand), the disappointingly vacuous parts assigned Bibi Andersson as the two Saras, the expendable role of Naima Wifstrand as the ancient mother. With Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom, Folke Sundquist, Maud Hansson, Gertrude Fridh, Björn Bjelvenstam, and Åke Fridell. Cinematography by Gunnar Fisher. In Swedish.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; starting July 18.)

Most crowd scenes in movies have bum tickers. But in Clarence Brown's 1949 film of William Faulkner's "Intruder in the Dust" (playing July 12 at Theatre 80 St. Marks), produced on location in Oxford, Mississippi, the director, works on his mob like a pacemaker, priming them with impatience. Scores of country people flock to the town jail, waiting to see what Crawford Gowrie (Charles Kemper) will do to Lucas Beauchamp (Juano Hernández), the "biggity, burr-headed nigger" suspected of killing Crawford's brother Vinson (David Clarke). In one unforgettable shot, the camera moves through a mass of men and women who seem ready for a holiday parade; it stops on a mother, babe in arms, who asks, "Well, Mr. Gowrie—when do you reckon you'll get started?"

Brown's taut, intelligent, brilliantly atmospheric movie centers on Lucas, a proud landowner with a gold toothpick, who carries himself like a cross between a country gentleman and a bailiff. The way Hernández plays him—superbly—in a felt hat, long black coat, white shirt, and waistcoat, there's always something goading and accusatory about his big-shouldered stride. Claude Jarman, Jr., plays Chick, the white teen-ager who once humiliated Lucas by attempting to pay the black man for a good turn; he works off his psychological debt by helping to clear Lucas's name. Even Chick's rational lawyer uncle (David Brian) thinks Lucas is guilty, but Chick, his black friend Aleck (Elzie Emanuel), and the elderly Miss Habersham (Elizabeth Patterson) set out to prove the town wrong—as Lucas says, women and children aren't "cluttered" with "notions." "Intruder in the Dust" is clear-sighted, tough-minded, and compassionate. Lucas might have called it "uncluttered."

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

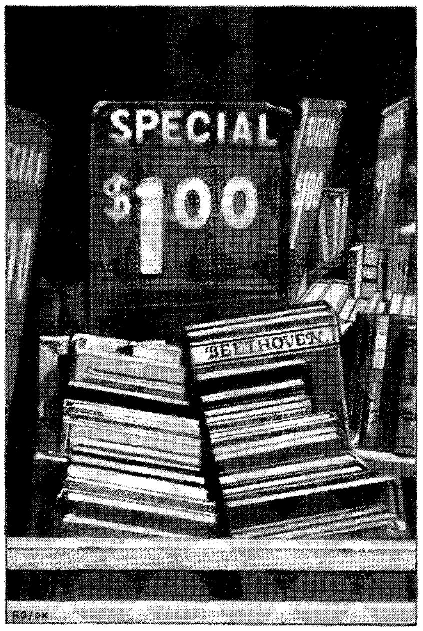
Notes and Comment

JUST past ten on a sunny morning last month in Port-au-Prince, four men carrying automatic weapons, two of whom wore the green uniforms of the Haitian Army, strolled into the garden of the Hotel Santos, where Haiti's Council of State was meeting with union and business leaders, and asked for Dr. Louis Roy. (Roy, an eminent physician, is the president of the Council.) When they were told that Roy was inside, they began firing into the lobby, sending people diving to the floor and behind chairs and couches. After emptying their clips, they walked out of the garden, got into a car parked across the street, and drove away. Soldiers guarding a nearby building pointedly ignored them.

Dr. Roy was unhurt, but Jean-Marie Montés, a well-known union official, was killed, and Emmanuel Mani, a socialist politician, was critically wounded. Serge Villard—a key member of the Council of State, which since March has shared power with Haiti's President—was also hit, and he died three days later, aboard a plane carrying him to Miami for emergency treatment.

Villard was a prominent member of the opposition that has managed to take root since 1986, when the dictator Jean-Claude Duvalier fled Haiti. Like Roy, Villard was one of the principal authors of Haiti's 1987 constitution, and he was credited with writing the famous Article 291, which prohibits Duvalierists from running for office until 1997. That article, along with one that stripped General Henri Namphy's interim military government of the power to hold elections and established an independent Electoral Council for the purpose, was meant to create a "new Haiti"—to help Haitians hack their way free of the political entanglements of "Duvalierism Without Duvalier."

The constitution was extremely popular, in large part because of Villard's anti-Duvalierist article, but a saying in Haiti has it that "constitutions are made of paper, bayonets are made of iron." In November, 1987—eight months after the constitution was adopted—men in civilian clothes attacked Haitians who were waiting in line to vote, and murdered at least thirty-four of them with machetes and automatic weapons. The military, having been deprived of their power to control the elections, did nothing—just as they did nothing a year later, on a specially proclaimed Constitution Day, when Duvalierists attacked a church during Sunday Mass, killing as many as twenty worshippers and burning the building to the ground, and just as they did nothing last week at the Hotel Santos.



Four years have passed since Duvalier left, and Haiti is on its fifth government. After the 1987 massacre, the Reagan Administration cut off almost all United States aid, which had largely funded the Haitian government since Duvalier's departure (a departure that Washington had done much to engineer); the military hastily put together another election, which was widely believed to be rigged, and Leslie F. Manigat, a well-known professor, became President. He held office for four months before General Namphy deposed him. Namphy lasted three months before being deposed by another general, Prosper Avril, who managed to reign for eighteen months, with increasing brutality, before a popular uprising forced him to flee the country. That happened last March; a coalition of civilian opposition leaders then installed as President an obscure Supreme Court Justice, Ertha Pascal Trouillot, and formed the Council of State, made up of respected civilians, to "advise" her as she sought to carry out her brief: to lead the country to elections. But the President and the council have been squabbling, most recently over the President's appointment of a woman with Duvalierist connections as Finance Minister. The council's opposition to that appointment appears to be what led to the attack on the Santos.

"*Duvalier est toujours là*," Haitians say: "Duvalier is still here." The Duvaliers, during their three decades in power, insinuated their supporters into every nook and cranny of Haiti's public administration, into its military, into its national industries, and into its unions, and although today the highest ranks of the government include many independent civilians, some of them well respected, the Duvalier system itself has proved impossible to root out. The Justice Minister, a leading human-rights advocate, has been power-less to pursue those who have taken part in massacres during the last four years, though the names of many of them are generally known. The Minister of National Defense seems unable to control an ill-trained, divided, and suspicious Army, which is obviously no more willing to intervene against political violence than it was three years ago.

The only ray of light, faint but unmistakable, is the emergence of a genuine opposition, including not only several legitimate political parties but a number of respected independent figures, such as Roy, who have established ad-hoc, popular institutions—the Electoral Council, the Council of State—in an attempt to circumvent the Duvalierist system. But the attack on the Hotel Santos, and the brazen manner in which it was carried out, bluntly demonstrated anew that the Duvalierists will not be excluded—that if Haitians are reckless enough to step forward once more to cast their ballots for a "new Haiti" there will be no one to protect them from the guns and machetes. Given what Haitians call the "*climat d'insécurité*," few can be expected to place themselves in the line of fire again.

During the last nine months, Haitians have watched as an exemplary drama of liberation has played itself out in much of the world, unfolding according to a powerfully simple script: crowds of brave, defiant people surge through the streets, the seemingly unassailable dictatorship collapses, a new democracy is born and is proudly christened by the ballot box. But what is to be done when, as in Haiti, the dictator falls and the dictatorship remains? When the would-be democrats are shot down in the streets as they wait to vote, and the brave opposition leaders—articulate, cultured people, Haiti's answer to Walesa and Havel—are murdered in broad daylight on their way to official meetings? When the United States government by law denies a full restoration of aid until Haitians have achieved the "democratic transition" that has so far eluded them? When no one comes to help, and the latest outrages barely make the inside pages of American papers?

There seems little for Haitians to do except to continue to talk hopefully of new elections, which are now expected in November; to murmur vaguely about a United Nations force, which might make them possible; and to reflect once again that their country, as it has shown so often since 1804, when it gained its independence in an unlikely slave rebellion, refuses to fit a simple script. And Haitians have learned by now the fate of places that don't fit: unable to penetrate the darkness, the world's spotlight dims, flickers, and moves on.

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Dead Reckoning

THOSE of us who were children when Neil Armstrong took his one small step for a man and his giant leap for mankind were taught to gape at the technological prowess of the Apollo space flights and to pity the poor, brave, foolhardy sailors of Columbus's time, who set off on the ocean in rickety wooden vessels with no idea where they were going, no maps, no engines, no radios, and no adequate source of vitamin C. But the current exhibition at the New York Public Library, "Portugal-Brazil: The Age of Atlantic Discoveries," proves the pity to have been misplaced. The Portuguese sailors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had all the right stuff. They had the astrolabe, the magnetic compass, and the armillary sphere. They had detailed maps of known coastlines with all available navigational information written densely in; they had specially designed light, oceangoing exploratory vessels, called caravels, which had large, slanted sails that could tack into the wind. And they had some of the finest cartographers in the world—a group of Majorcan Jews who had been expelled from Spain for refusing to become Christians. After a thousand years during which the Western world overlooked or suppressed, or just couldn't be bothered with, three crucial Ptolemaic inventions—latitude and longitude, a means of projecting a picture of the round world onto a flat surface, and a method of figuring the distance between places—the Portuguese had new Latin editions of Ptolemy. They also had Prince Henry the Navigator.

Prince Henry—or one of his brothers—gazes out across the Library's Gottesman Exhibition Hall as if he were looking out to sea. The image is a "pseudo-portrait," because there's some question about the identity of this narrow, humorless, ascetic face, with its pale skin and five-o'clock shadow. It's a face that fits Daniel Boorstin's description of Henry in his history "The Discoverers": "He lived like a monk . . . and it is said that he died a virgin. At his death he was found to be wearing a hair shirt." By 1416, when Henry was twenty-two, he had heard of the rich trade in gold and spices that the Muslims in North Africa were carrying on with tribes in the interior, and he established a seafaring center at Sagres, on Cape St. Vincent, Portugal's southwesternmost point, as a base for exploring the west coast of Africa. The name Sagres is the Portuguese version of Ptolemy's Latin name for this coast: Promentorium Sacrum, or "sacred promontory." Near the entrance to the exhibit is a photograph of today's Sagres, which on January 11, 1990, became a sister city of Cape Canaveral.

Not unlike his fellow-explorers a few hundred years later, Prince Henry was no stranger to delay. In his quest for either an entrance to Africa or a way around it, the first thing he had to do was to get somebody to sail past Cape Bojador, which looks like a slight swelling on the coast of what is now Western Sahara, just south of the Canary Islands, but was then the end of the known world. He sent out fifteen expeditions before one finally made it. The fear of those who turned back was not of falling off the world but of proceeding either too far west, into uncharted waters, or too far south, out of sight of the North Star. All they had with which to orient themselves was latitude; until the seventeen-hundreds, there was no way to figure longitude, the distance from east to west, except by dead reckoning, which is the technical—and not very comforting—term for guessing.

In the center of the exhibition hall, projected onto the stone floor, is a compass rose whose spokes point around the room to the different areas of the exhibit, which has been designed to answer a succession of questions: Where did the Portuguese go and how did they get there? What did they do to whomever and whatever they found? How was what they found described when they got back? The answers are in glass cases all around the room. There is a brass astrolabe that was found in a Portuguese shipwreck, for instance, and an armillary sphere (a globe wrapped with brass strips showing the movement of the planets and the zodiac) that shows New England attached to East Asia, and Tibet next to Mexico. On one wall hangs a portrait of Vasco da Gama, who, according to Boorstin, on October 30, 1502, in an attempt to bully the city of Calicut, on the southwest coast of India, into expelling every Muslim and capitulating to Portuguese rule, "seized a number of traders and fishermen whom he picked up casually in the harbor . . . hanged them at once, then cut up their bodies, and tossed hands, feet, and heads into a boat, which he sent ashore with a message in Arabic suggesting that the Samuri use these pieces of his people to make himself a curry." He doesn't look ruthless. He has a fine silver beard and limpid, wise eyes, and is wearing a black beret, but his left hand is resting on the hilt of a sword.

"I think I've got it—Mandela, the After-Shave."

• •

There is also the Treaty of Tordesillas, which divided the New World between Spain and Portugal on July 2, 1494, and a hand-colored woodblock print of Brazilian natives wearing headdresses and skirts of feathers and eating the limbs of their tribal enemies. The caption—based on Amerigo Vespucci's letter describing the New World, which was published in 1505—states, in part, "No one owns anything, but all things are communal. And the men take for wife those that please them, be it their mothers, sisters or friends, for they make no distinction. They fight among themselves and eat each other, even those they massacre, and hang the flesh over smoke. They live one hundred and fifty years. And they have no government." At the end of the exhibit, there are European responses to the news of such free people: More's "Utopia," Montaigne's "Essais," Voltaire's "Candide," Defoe's "The Life and Strange Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner: Who lived Eight and Twenty Years, all alone in an un-inhabited Island on the Coast of AMERICA, near the Mouth of the Great River of OROONOQUE; Having been cast on Shore by Shipwreck, wherein all the Men perished but himself," and the "Lusiads," the Portuguese epic poem about these discoveries, which its author, Luís de Camões, saved during a shipwreck, supposedly by swimming to safety with one arm while holding the manuscript aloft in the other.

And there is the sad, silent record of the death of Bartholomeu Dias, whose ships rounded the southern tip of Africa, thus providing proof that the continent did not wrap around the world and connect with Asia (as Ptolemy had thought), and opening the way for his ruthless successor, da Gama. Dias himself never made it all the way to India, because on his first, historic voyage his men demanded to return home after rounding Africa. He turned back, according to a Portuguese account, "with as much sorrow and feeling as though he were taking his last leave of a son condemned to exile forever, recalling with what danger to his own person and to all his men they had come such a long distance with this sole aim." His last voyage is depicted in the lower right-hand corner of Exhibit No. 89, a mid-sixteenth-century manuscript. His name is written above the last of the ships painted on its two-page spread, and the ship is sinking, the top sail fluttering free of the rigging, the stern tipped aloft—one of four ships, out of an armada of thirteen, that were lost off the Cape he had named Good Hope.

The similarity of the Portuguese explorers to our own astronauts goes only so far. Mutinies were threatened on the voyages of Dias, da Gama, and Columbus. The men must have been asking themselves something that is rarely asked today—something that the American poet Elizabeth Bishop, who lived in Brazil for sixteen years, asked in her poem "Questions of Travel":

> Should we have stayed at home and thought of here?
> Where should we be today?
> Is *it* right to be watching strangers in a play
> in this strangest of theatres?
> What childishness is it that while there's a breath of life
> in our bodies, we are determined to rush
> to see the sun the other way around?

Least Conspicuous

"I DON'T see how I can go any further," Louis Yelnick said the other day. "I've achieved a certain level of success in my field. I just want to continue being called upon to do it." Mr. Yelnick was reflecting on his accomplishments as a page turner—he turns pages for pianists during public performances. Unlike test pilots or surgeons or steamfitters, Mr. Yelnick never gets to pal around with colleagues and trade shoptalk; as lonely occupations go, his is at the high end of the chart. This fact not only fails to disturb Mr. Yelnick but is a source of deep pride. "I think I'm the only one in the New York area who gets paid," he says. "I'm the only *professional* page turner. They tell me that in Europe a lot of pianists carry their page turners with them, the way they take their own pianos. But not here."

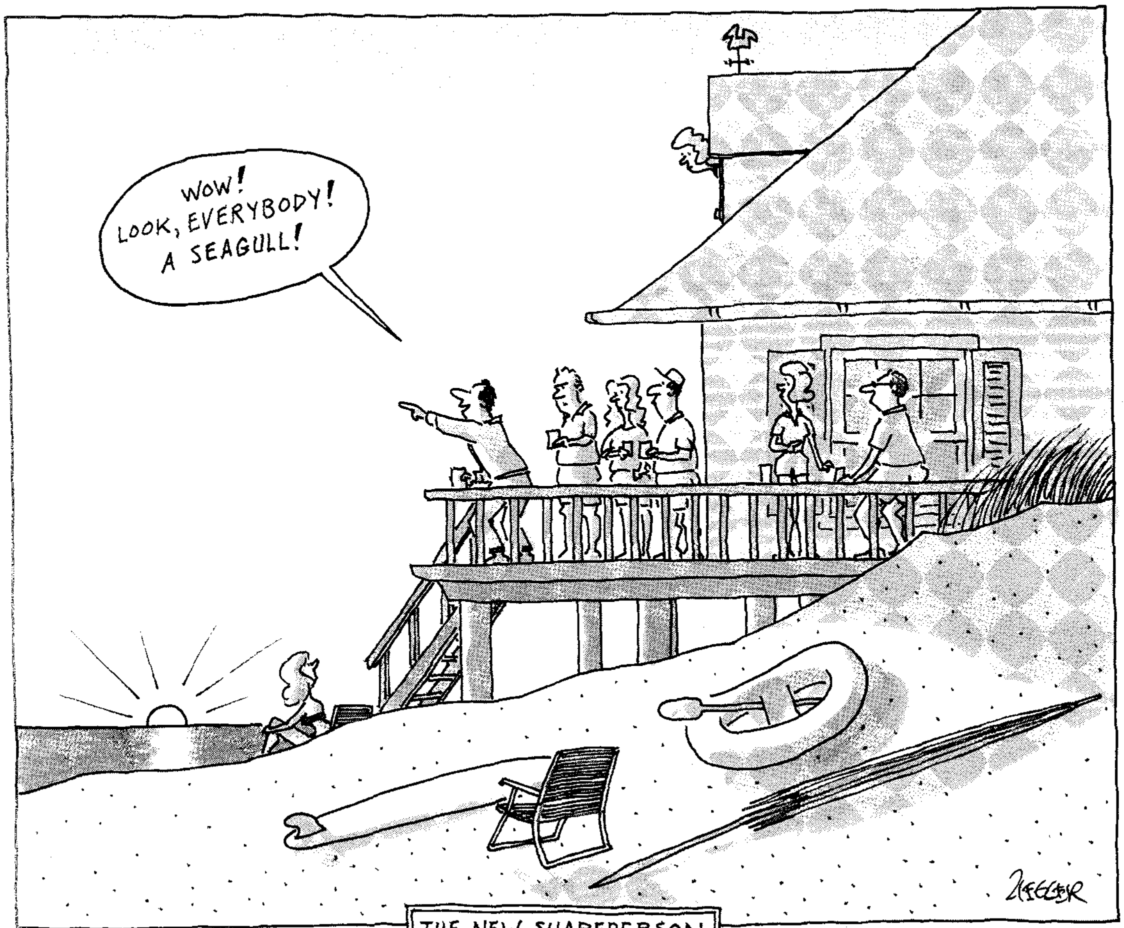
For the past thirty-seven years, Mr. Yelnick has lived in the same house, in Seagate, Brooklyn. For the past six years, he and his wife, Jeanne, have spent winters in Florida, where he gets a page-turning gig about once every three weeks. Because he is away from New York during the height of the concert season, he finds work here less frequently—about once a month. Usually, Mr. Yelnick charges a hundred dollars for his services, but occasions arise when he works for nothing. A few years ago, in Boca Raton, he turned pages for the Beaux Arts Trio. "There's an example of where I *would* have been happy to turn pages without being paid," he said. "Because I felt I was in such good company."

Mr. Yelnick's most recent performance took place a couple of Saturdays ago at the Brooklyn Public Library, where he turned pages for Alice Levinson, the pianist of the Brooklyn Trio. The concert was scheduled for two o'clock in the afternoon. A couple of hours before that, we met Mr. Yelnick at the Stillwell Avenue subway station, in Coney Island, and rode with him to Seagate. There he invited us to sit on his back porch and ask questions. Having been interviewed a few times across the years, Mr. Yelnick has allowed to evolve a multiform account of how he launched his career. One version originates with "musical soirées" in Flatbush, at the home of his sister, Rose Ehrman, who is a piano teacher. ("I got used to turning pages for her in a non-professional way, and—well, I became quite proficient and decided to expand on it.") Another version, more in the great-legends-of-show-biz vein, has him seated in the audience with Rose one day during a concert at Washington Irving High School, in Manhattan. ("It was announced that the regular page turner had failed to show up. So I offered my services, and . . .") His first professional engagement and his Carnegie Hall début seem to have coincided, in 1962, when he turned pages for the Trio da Camera. The high point of his career thus far occurred about five years ago, when he turned for Samuel Sanders, who accompanies Itzhak Perlman. "I was really impressed with Perlman," Mr. Yelnick said. "I was so taken with his musicianship I almost forgot what I was there to do." Other gratifying experiences have included turning pages for the accompanists of the opera singers Beverly Sills, Leontyne Price, and Nikolai Gedda, and for Leon Pommers, who accompanies the violinist Ruggiero Ricci.

STAY
BACK!
TOXIC
ART
D. Reilly

The technique that Mr. Yelnick has developed for turning pages is almost infallible. "When I was starting out, my sister Rose taught me the basics," he said. "I sit to the pianist's left and turn with my left hand to avoid obstructing the pianist's view of the music. I turn the page a measure before the music ends. And I have an agreement that between movements the pianist turns his own pages. I try not to sit too close and I try not to breathe in the pianist's ear, even though the pianists themselves often make snorting noises and breathe heavily. I don't hold myself very important. Someone once described me as 'an important adjunct,' but I like to feel that I'm the least conspicuous person onstage. One thing I do to make things go more smoothly is I'll bend page corners down in advance, to make them easier to grip. There was one episode when I forgot to turn the page and the pianist slapped my wrist and turned the page himself. I had one other experience, a bit of a mishap, where I turned a page so vigorously that the music fell off the stand and onto the floor. Fortunately, the pianist knew the music so well he was able to keep playing and the audience couldn't tell the difference."

The most challenging piece of mu-


WOW! LOOK, EVERYBODY! A SEAGULL!
ZIEGLER

THE NEW SHAREPERSON

sic Mr. Yelnick has ever turned the pages of is Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata. "The fourth movement, a presto movement, is so hectic that to make sure I do that job properly I don't allow myself the luxury of sitting down. I stand the whole time," he said. "I often think the piece should be called Sonata for Violin, Piano, and Page Turner."

In some of his spare time, Mr. Yelnick plays the piano, sings popular tunes, and kibitzes in senior centers around Brooklyn. "I have many dimensions," he said. In 1984, he retired from Macy's, which he had joined as a salesman in 1947. "I started out in housewares and then had a myriad of jobs. At the end, I was in blankets and pillows."

Mr. Yelnick's wife called through an open window that if he planned to get to the concert on time he had better eat some lunch. After lunch—American cheese on toast, and a cup of coffee—the Yelnicks debated whether he should wear a necktie and, if so, whether he should put it on then or carry it in his pocket. They also discussed whether the white stuff on his slacks was powder or grease. When he was finally set to go, a red-purple-and-gray striped necktie was folded inside one of his jacket pockets. In another pocket he carried a pair of clear-framed reading glasses.

After a ten-minute drive, Mr. Yelnick arrived at Alice Levinson's house, in Midwood, and found her waiting at the curb with her husband, Bert. Mrs. Levinson teaches strings and general music to English-as-a-second-language students at I.S. 14, in Sheepshead Bay. Ten years ago, she formed the Brooklyn Trio with David Newman, a violinist, and Jack Yablokoff, a cellist. En route to the library, she and Mr. Yelnick discussed the program: works by Haydn, Beethoven, and Arensky. Most of the music was familiar to him, because the Brooklyn Trio had performed two of the same pieces a year earlier at the Jewish Community House on Bay Parkway, and Mr. Yelnick had turned pages that day. The only tricky spots were the repeat passages in each score, where he would have to page backward instead of forward.

"I've trained Bert to do my page turning since Lou's been going to Florida," Mrs. Levinson told us. "One time, Bert got a little drowsy and was snoring slightly. Over all, though, I'd say he did very well. But Lou's my main man."

Inside the library, we rode the escalator to the second floor, where the concert was being held in a newly renovated community room, equipped with a Knabe grand piano and with seating for about a hundred and fifty people. As the audience drifted in, Mr. Yelnick went through his preparations. Because he prefers to sit slightly higher than the pianist, he stacked two vinyl-and-chrome chairs. He put on his reading glasses, examined Alice Levinson's sheet music, and found it to his liking—well worn along the spine, and therefore apt to lie flat. He tied his necktie. A member of the library staff welcomed everyone and thanked the musicians, and then, with Mr. Yelnick stationed at Mrs. Levinson's side, the music began—Haydn's Trio in E-Flat Major. Two minutes into the first movement, which was allegro moderato, he touched his left thumb and forefinger to his tongue, leaned forward in anticipation, and reached out and gripped the upper right-hand corner of Mrs. Levinson's music. Slowly, he peeled the page corner back until the opening measures of music on the other side of the paper became visible. An instant later, he was out of his chair and in a slight crouch—frozen, like a baseball catcher about to chase a pop-up—and then, with cobralike swiftness, he had turned the page and was smoothing the bottom half of the score. Mrs. Levinson had not missed a beat, and neither had Mr. Yelnick. Now he sat back, serene, expressionless, self-confident, poised, ready, when the time came, to turn another page.

THE GENERAL'S DEPARTURE

JOSÉ PALACIOS, his oldest servant, found the General floating naked with his eyes open in the purifying waters of his bath, and thought he had drowned. He knew this was one of the many ways the General meditated, but the ecstasy in which he lay drifting seemed that of a man no longer of this world. José Palacios did not dare come closer but called to him in a hushed voice, complying with the order to awaken him before five so they could leave at dawn. The General came out of his trance and saw in the half-light the clear-blue eyes, the curly squirrel-colored hair, the impassive dignity of the steward who attended him every day, and who held in his hand a cup of the curative infusion of poppies and gum arabic. The General's hands lacked strength when he grasped the handles of the tub, but he rose from the medicinal waters in a dolphinlike rush that was surprising in so wasted a body. "Let's go," he said, "as fast as we can. No one wants us here."

José Palacios had heard him say this so many times and on so many different occasions that he still did not believe it was true, even though the pack animals were ready in the stables and the members of the official delegation were beginning to assemble. In any event, he helped the General to dry, and draped a square vicuña poncho from the uplands over his naked body, because the trembling of his hands made the cup rattle. Months before, while putting on a pair of chamois trousers he had not worn since his Babylonian nights in Lima, the General discovered that he was losing height as well as weight. Even his nakedness was distinctive, for his body was pale, and his face and hands were burned by exposure to the weather. He had turned forty-six this past July, but his rough Caribbean curls were already ashen, his bones were twisted by premature old age, and he had deteriorated so much he did not seem capable of lasting until the next July. Yet his resolute gestures appeared to be those of a man less damaged by life, and he strode in a circle around nothing without stopping. Avoiding his watery trail along the frayed rush mats on the floor, he drank the tea in five scorching swallows that almost blistered his tongue, and it was as if he had drunk the magic potion of resurrection. But he did not say a word until five o'clock had sounded in the bell tower of the nearby cathedral.

"Saturday, May 8, 1830, the Day of the Blessed Virgin, Mediatrix of all Grace," announced the steward. "It has been raining since three o'clock in the morning."

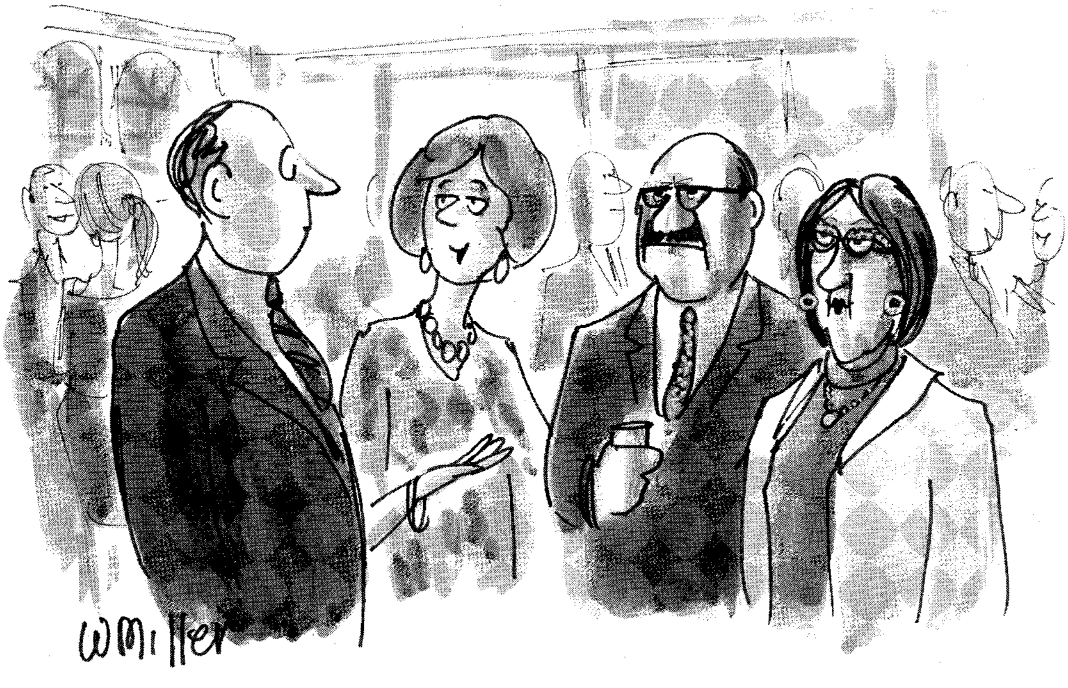
"Since three o'clock in the morning of the seventeenth century," said the General, his voice still shaken by the bitter breath of insomnia. And he added, in all seriousness: "I didn't hear the roosters."

"There are no roosters here," said José Palacios.

"There's nothing here," said the General. "It's the land of the faithless."

For they were in Santa Fe de Bogotá, city of the Holy Faith, two thousand six hundred metres above the level of the distant sea, and the cavernous bedroom, with its bare walls exposed to the icy winds that filtered through ill-fitting windows, was not the most favorable for anyone's health. José Palacios placed the basin of lather on the marble top of the dressing table, along with the red velvet case that held the shaving implements, all of golden metal. He put a small candleholder on a ledge near the mirror so the General would have enough light, and he brought the brazier to warm his feet. Then he handed him the spectacles with squared lenses and thin silver frames that he always carried for the General in his jacket pocket. The General put them on and began to shave, guiding the razor with as much skill in his left hand as in his right, for ambidexterity was natural to him, and he showed astonishing control of the same wrist that minutes before could not hold a cup. He finished shaving by touch, still walking around the room, for he tried to see himself in the mirror as little as possible, so he would not have to look into his own eyes. Then he plucked the hairs in his nose and ears, polished his perfect teeth with charcoal powder on a silver-handled silk brush, trimmed and buffed the nails of his fingers and toes, and at last took off the poncho and poured a large vial of cologne over his entire body, rubbing it in with both hands until the flask was empty. That dawn, he officiated at the daily Mass of his ablutions with more frenetic severity than usual, trying to purge his body and spirit of twenty years of fruitless wars and the disillusionments of power.

The last visitor he had received the night before was Manuela Sáenz, the bold woman from Quito



"Fred and Ginger, but of course not the Fred and Ginger."

who loved him but was not going to follow him to his death. As always, she would remain behind, charged with keeping the General informed of everything that happened in his absence, since for some time he had trusted no one but her. He left in her care some articles whose only value was that they had belonged to him, as well as some of his most prized books and two chests containing his personal archives. The previous day, during their brief formal farewell, he had said to her: "I love you a great deal, but I will love you even more if you show more judgment now than ever before." She understood this as another of the many homages he had paid to her in their eight years of ardent love. Of all the people he knew, she was the only one who believed him: this time it was true that he was leaving. But she was also the only person who had at least one telling reason for expecting him to return.

They had not intended to see each other again before the journey. Nevertheless, the lady of the house wanted to present them with the gift of a final, secret farewell, and she had Manuela, dressed in a cavalry uniform, enter through the main stable doors in order to sidestep the prejudices of the overpious local community. Not because they were clandestine lovers, for they were lovers in the full light of day and with great public scandal, but to preserve at all costs the good name of the house. The General was even more careful, for he ordered José Palacios not to close the door to the adjoining room, which was a necessary passageway for the household servants, and the aides-de-camp on guard duty played cards there until long after the visit was over.

Manuela read to him for two hours. She had been young until a short time ago, when her flesh began to overtake her age. She smoked a sailor's pipe, used the verbena water favored by the military as her perfume, dressed in men's clothing, and spent time with soldiers, but her husky voice still suited the shadows of love. She read by the scant light of a candle, sitting in an armchair that bore the last viceroy's coat of arms, and he listened to her in bed, lying on his back, dressed in the civilian clothes he wore at home and covered by the vicuña poncho. Only the rhythm of his breathing indicated that he was not asleep. The book, by the Peruvian Noé Calzadillas, was entitled "A Reading of News and Gossip Circulating in Lima in the Year of Our Lord 1826," and she read with a theatrical emphasis that matched the author's style very well.

For the next hour her voice was all that could be heard in the sleeping house. But after the last watch a sudden chorus of men's laughter erupted, rousing all the dogs in the courtyard. He opened his eyes, more intrigued than disturbed, and she closed the book in her lap, marking the page with her thumb.

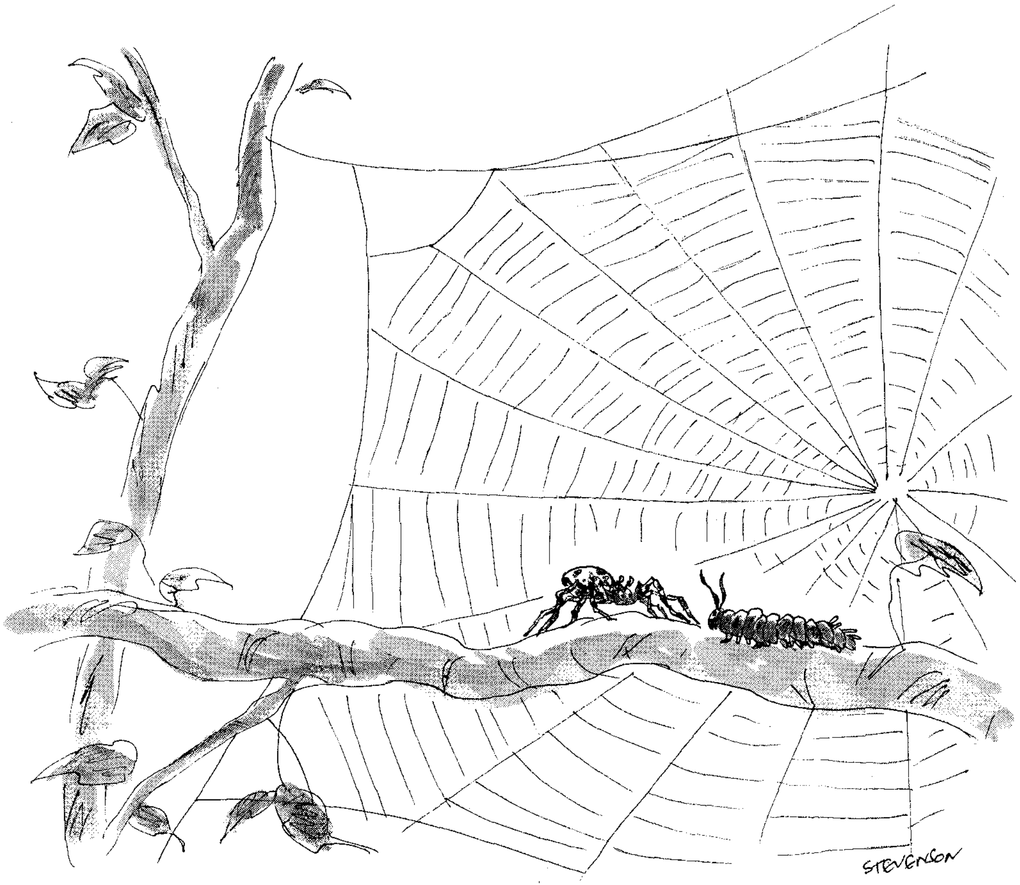
"Those are your friends," she said to him.

"I have no friends," he said. "And if I do have any left it won't be for long."

"Well, there they are outside, standing guard so you won't be killed," she said.

That was how the General learned what the whole city already knew: not one but several assassination plots against him were brewing, and his last supporters were in the house to try to thwart them. The entrance and the corridors around the interior garden were held by hussars and grenadiers, the Venezuelans who would accompany him to the port of Cartagena de Indias, where he was to board a sailing ship to Europe. Two of them had placed their sleeping mats across the main doorway to the bedroom, and the aides-de-camp were in the adjoining room, but, with so many soldiers of uncertain origin and diverse character surrounding the house, this was not the time for feeling safe about anything. He showed no reaction to the bad news, and with a wave of his hand he ordered Manuela to continue reading.

He always considered death an unavoidable professional hazard. He had fought all his wars in the front lines, without suffering a scratch, and he had moved through enemy fire with such thoughtless serenity that even his officers accepted the easy explanation that he thought himself invulnerable. He



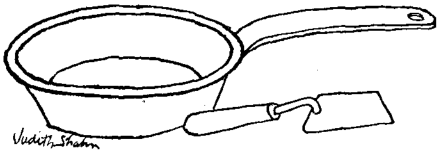
"It's lovely. Did you do it yourself?"

had emerged unharmed from every assassination plot against him, and on several occasions his life had been saved only because he was not sleeping in his own bed. He did not use an escort, and he ate and drank with no concern for what was offered him, or where. Only Manuela knew that his indifference was not fatalism or lack of awareness but, rather, the melancholy certainty that he would die in his bed, poor and naked and without the consolation of public gratitude.

The only noteworthy change he made that night in the ritual of his insomnia was that he did not take a hot bath before getting into bed. José Palacios had prepared it early, steeping medicinal leaves in the water to heal the General's body and facilitate expectoration, and had kept it at a good temperature for whenever he might want it. But he did not want it. He took two laxative pills for his chronic constipation and settled down to doze to the soothing murmur of Lima's gallant gossip. Then, without warning or apparent cause, he was overcome by an attack of coughing that seemed to shake the very foundations of the house. The officers gambling in the adjacent room were stunned. One of them, the Irishman Belford Hinton Wilson, came to the door in case he was needed, and he saw the General lying face down on the bed, trying to vomit up his insides. Manuela was holding his head over a basin. José Palacios, the only man authorized to enter the bedroom without knocking, stood on the alert, next to the bed, until the crisis passed. Then, with his eyes full of tears, the General took a deep breath and pointed to the dressing table. "Those graveyard flowers are to blame," he said.

He always found some unpredictable cause for his misfortunes. Manuela, who knew him better than anyone, made a sign to José Palacios to take away the vase with the morning's withered spikenards. The General stretched out again on the bed and closed his eyes, and she resumed reading in the same tone as before. Only when it seemed to her that he had fallen asleep did she place the book on the night table, kiss his forehead seared with fever, and whisper to José Palacios that after six o'clock that morning she would be waiting for a last goodbye at Cuatro Esquinas, where the King's Highway to Honda began. She wrapped herself in a battle cloak and tiptoed out of the bedroom. Then the General opened his eyes and said to José Palacios in a thin voice: "Tell Wilson to take her home."

The order was carried out against Manuela's will, for she thought she could protect herself better than a squadron of lancers could. José Palacios lit their way to the stables, going around an interior garden with a stone fountain, where the first spikenards of the dawn were beginning to open. The rain had stopped, and the wind no longer whistled through the trees, but there was not a single star in the frozen sky. Colonel Belford Wilson repeated the password as he walked in order to quiet the sentries lying on straw mats in the corridor. When José Palacios passed the window of the principal reception room, he saw the master of the house serving coffee to the group of friends, military and civilian, who had volunteered to stand watch until the moment of departure.



He returned to the bedroom and found the General in the clutches of delirium. He heard him utter disconnected phrases that all fit together into one: "Nobody understood anything." His body burned in a bonfire of fever, and he was farting stony, foul-smelling gas. The next day not even the General would be able to tell if he had been talking in his sleep or raving while awake, and he would not remember anything he said. These were what he called "my crises of dementia." They no longer alarmed anyone, since he had suffered them for

BEHIND THE BEAUX-ARTS

Framing my windows on the outside of the building are:
A pediment hanging in the way of height; two engaged
Columns of a mixed order; beneath them a corbelled sill.

How splendid they seem from the street below! How important
The room that gazes out of these windows, not through but past
All the obviating fussiness of blocked masonry

(For any glance outside the windows flies by the columns,
Disdaining the peaked shawl of the sandstone to claim only
The bright prize of morning sunlight reflected in windows
Opposite, framed in the shadows of their oblong sockets).

And what does the room know of her outward bravery and
Its hard adornment? She would seem to grasp more of herself,
Her place within, air, dust, and light, the strange ways of her
space—

Allowing itself to be occupied, for instance, by
A flat yellow trapezoid of sunlight lying along
The floor, the bed, the chair, the table, falling all over
Themselves to touch the hem of that visiting radiance.

The room would believe herself to be just so filled, just so
Emptied. But about the carved portals of her gaze she does
Not have the airiest idea, the dustiest guesses.

Then do not liken our eyes, straining for their own visions
Of gold, to our windows peering out from under portals:
If they are indeed windows, why, rip them out of their frames!

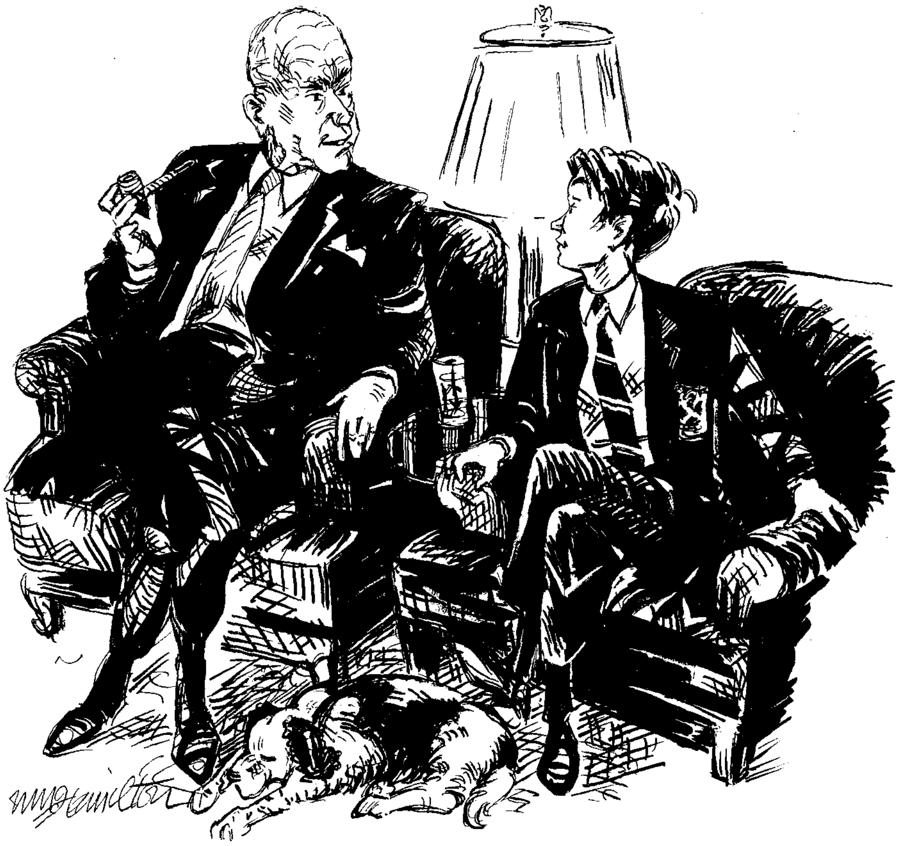
Let the high, mindless wind howl through the whole chamber behind,

That the mind, in its wisdom without eyes, may truly see.

—JOHN HOLLANDER

• •

over four years without any doctor's risking a scientific explanation and the following day would find him risen from the ashes with his reason intact. José Palacios wrapped him in a blanket, left the candle burning on the marble top of the dressing table, and went out without closing the door, so that he could continue watching from the adjoining room. He knew the General would recover sometime at daybreak and immerse himself in the icy waters of the bath in an effort to restore the strength that had been ravaged by the horror of his nightmares.



"And for God's sake stay as far away as you can from the legal system—unless, of course, you're a lawyer."

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IT was the end of a clamorous day. A garrison of seven hundred and eighty-nine hussars and grenadiers had rebelled on the pretext of demanding payment of wages they had not received for the past three months. But the real reason was this: most of them were from Venezuela, and many had fought wars for the liberation of four different nations, but in recent weeks they had been the victims of so much vituperation and provocation on the street that they had cause to fear for their safety after the General left the country. The conflict was settled by payment of their travel expenses and a thousand gold pesos instead of the seventy thousand the insurgents had asked for, and at dusk they had marched away to their native land, followed by a pack of women with their baggage and all their children and domestic animals. The din of the bass drums and the military brass band could not drown out the tumultuous shouting of the mobs that set their dogs on the soldiers and hurled strings of firecrackers at their feet to make them break step, actions they had never taken against enemy troops. Eleven years earlier, after three long centuries of Spanish domination, the brutal viceroy Don Juan Sámano had fled through those same streets disguised as a pilgrim, but his trunks were full of gold statues and uncut emeralds, sacred toucans and brilliant stained-glass butterflies from Muzo, and there was no lack of people to weep for him from their balconies and throw flowers in his path and offer him heartfelt wishes for a calm sea and a prosperous voyage.

Without moving from the house, which had been lent to him by the Minister of the Army and Navy, the General had played a secret part in negotiating the conflict, and in the end he had ordered General José Laurencio Silva, his nephew by marriage and a trusted aide, to leave with the rebellious troops as a guarantee that there would be no new disturbances before they reached the Venezuelan border. He did not see the parade under his balcony, but he had heard the bugles and the drumrolls, and the throngs in the street, whose shouts he could not understand. He attributed so little importance to them that he reviewed back correspondence with his secretaries and dictated a letter to Grand Marshal Don Andrés de Santa Cruz, the President of Bolivia, in which he announced his withdrawal from power but was not very certain whether he would travel abroad. "I won't write another letter for the rest of my life," he said when he had finished. Later, while he was sweating his siesta fever, the sound of distant disturbances penetrated his sleep, and he was startled awake by a series of explosions that could just as well have been insurgency as fireworks. But when he asked about it he was told it was a fiesta. That was all: "It's a fiesta, General." And no one, not even José Palacios, would have dared to explain just what fiesta it was.

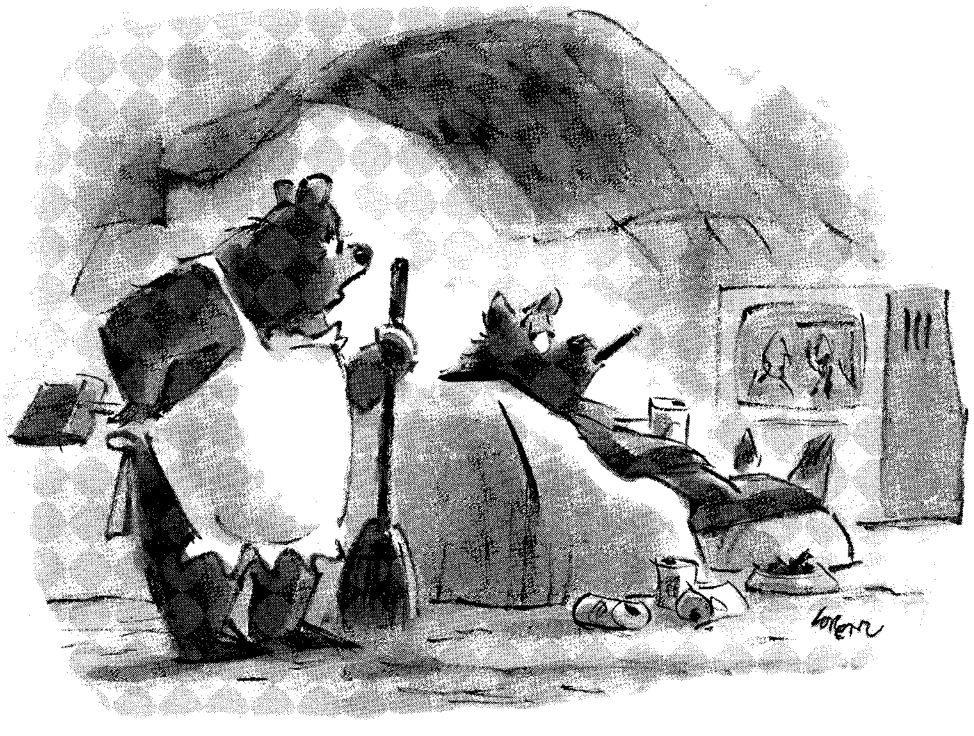
Only when Manuela told him that night during her visit did he learn that it was the followers of his political enemies—the demagogue party, as he called them—who, with the compliance of the police, were roaming the streets and inciting the artisans' guilds against him. It was Friday, market day, which made it easier to create disorder in the main square. A heavier rain than usual, accompanied by thunder and lightning, dispersed the rioters at nightfall. But the damage was done. Students from the Academy of San Bartolomé had assaulted and seized the offices of the Supreme Court in order to force a public trial of the General, and they had slashed with bayonets and then hurled down from the balcony his life-size portrait painted in oils by a veteran of the liberating army. The mobs, drunk on corn liquor, had looted the shops along the Calle Real as well as the bars in the poor suburbs which had not closed down in time, and in the main square they shot a general stuffed with sawdust; it did not need the long blue tunic with gold buttons for everyone to know who it was. They accused him of secretly instigating the military uprising in a belated effort to regain the power that he had exercised for twelve uninterrupted years and that the Congress had taken away from him by unanimous vote. They accused him of wanting to be President for life so that he could appoint a European prince as his successor. They accused him of pretending to travel abroad when in reality he was going to the Venezuelan border and planned to return at the head of the insurgent troops. Public walls were plastered with *papeluchas* (the popular name for the abusive broadsides printed against him), and his best-known followers remained in hiding in other people's houses until passions cooled. The press devoted to General Francisco de Paula Santander, his principal enemy, had taken to its bosom the rumor that the General's mysterious and very well-publicized illness, and the tiresome, ostentatious show he made of leaving, were mere political ruses to make people beg him to stay. That night, while Manuela Sáenz recounted details of the perilous day, the soldiers of the Interim President were trying to wipe away a sentence scrawled in charcoal on the wall of the Episcopal Palace: "He won't leave and he won't die." The General sighed. "Things must be very bad," he said, "and getting even worse for me if this could happen only a block from here and they could make me think it was a fiesta."

The truth was that even his most intimate friends did not believe he was abandoning either power or the country. The city was too small and his own people too punctilious not to know the two great flaws in his dubious departure: he did not have enough money to go anywhere with such a large entourage, and, having been President of the Republic, he could not leave the country without the permission of the government before a year had passed, and he had not even had the guile to request it. The order to pack, which he gave in an obvious manner so that anyone who wanted to could hear it, was not taken as decisive proof even by José Palacios, for on other occasions he had gone to the extreme of leaving a house empty in order to feign his departure, and it had always been a clever political maneuver. His military aides felt that the symptoms of disenchantment had been too evident during the last year. Nevertheless, the same thing had occurred before, and when they least expected it they had seen him awaken with new spirit and take up the thread of his life again with more enthusiasm than ever. José Palacios, who always followed these unpredictable changes at close range, said it in his own way: "Only my master knows what my master is thinking."

His repeated renunciations of power had been incorporated into popular song, beginning with the first one, an ambiguous statement in the very speech with which he had assumed the Presidency: "My first day of peace will be my last one in power." In the years that followed, his renunciations were reiterated so many times, and in such dissimilar circumstances, that no one ever knew again which to believe. The most sensational of all had occurred two years earlier, on the night of September 25th, when he escaped unharmed from an attempt to assassinate him right in the bedroom of Government House. The congressional delegation that visited him at dawn, after he had spent six hours under a bridge, exposed to the weather, found him wrapped in a woollen blanket, with his feet in a basin of hot water, but shaken not as much by fever as by disillusionment. He announced that the conspiracy would not be investigated, that no one would be prosecuted, and that the Congress designated for the coming year would meet without delay to elect another President of the Republic. "After that," he concluded, "I will leave Colombia forever."

Nevertheless, the investigation took place, the guilty were judged with an iron hand, and fourteen were shot in the main square. The Constituent Congress did not meet for another sixteen months, and no one spoke again of his resignation. But during that time there was no foreign visitor or chance companion or casual acquaintance to whom he did not say, "I will go where I am wanted."

The public announcements of his fatal disease were also not taken as valid evidence of his departure. No one doubted that he was ill. On the contrary, since his last return from the southern wars everyone who had seen him pass beneath the floral arches was struck by the astounding



"I'd like to hear less talk about animal rights and more talk about animal responsibilities."

idea that he had returned only to die. Instead of Palomo Blanco, his historic horse, he came back riding a poor bald mule with trappings of straw; his hair had turned gray and his forehead was furrowed by passing storm clouds, and he wore a dirty tunic with a torn sleeve. The glory had left his body. At the gloomy reception held for him that night at Government House he was morose and uncommunicative, and no one ever knew if it was political perversity or simple distraction that made him greet one of his ministers by another's name.

Not even his moribund appearance was enough to make anyone believe he was leaving—for six years they had said he was dying, and still he preserved intact his desire to rule. The first report had been brought by a British naval officer who chanced to see him in the Pativilca Desert, north of Lima, at the height of the war for the liberation of the south. He found the General lying on the floor of a miserable hut that served as an improvised headquarters, wrapped in a barracan cloak with a rag tied around his head because he could not bear the cold in his bones during the hellish noonday heat, and too weak even to chase away the hens pecking the ground around him. After an awkward conversation interrupted by outbursts of dementia, he said goodbye to his visitor with dramatic pathos: "Go and tell the world how you saw me die covered with chicken shit on these inhospitable sands."

Victoria Roberts

Chanel Bags at Dawn

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They said his illness was a kind of madness caused by the mercurial desert sun. Then they said he was dying in Guayaquil, and, later, in Quito, of a gastric fever whose most alarming symptom was a lack of interest in the world and an absolute spiritual calm. No one ever learned the scientific basis for these reports, for he had always been opposed to medical science, and he diagnosed and treated himself according to Donostierre's "La Médecine à Votre Manière," a French manual of home remedies that José Palacios carried wherever he went as an oracle for understanding and curing any disturbance of body or soul.

In any case, there had never been a death agony more fruitful than his. For while they thought he was dying in Pativilca he crossed the Andean peaks again, conquered at Junín, completed the liberation of all of Spanish America with the final victory at Ayacucho, created the Republic of Bolivia, and was happier in Lima and more intoxicated with glory than he had ever been before or would ever be again. As a consequence, the repeated announcements that he at last was leaving power and country because of illness, and the formal public ceremonies that seemed to confirm the announcements, were no more than idle repetitions of a drama too often seen to be believed.

A FEW days after his return, at the end of a bitter meeting of the Council of State, the General took Field Marshal Antonio José de Sucre by the arm. "Stay with me," he said. He led him to his private office, where he received only a select few, and he almost forced him to sit in his personal armchair. "That place is more yours now than mine," he said.

The Field Marshal of Ayacucho, his intimate friend, was well aware of the state of the nation, but the General gave him a detailed accounting before he came to the point. In a few days, the Constituent Congress would meet to elect the President of the Republic and approve a new constitution in a belated effort to save the golden dream of continental unity. Peru, dominated by a reactionary aristocracy, seemed irretrievable. General Andrés de Santa Cruz was leading Bolivia by the nose down a path of his own making. Venezuela, under the imperious rule of General José Antonio Páez, had just proclaimed its autonomy. General Juan José Flores, Prefect General in the south, had united Guayaquil and Quito to create the independent Republic of Ecuador. The Republic of Colombia, the embryo of an immense, unified nation, had been reduced to the size of the former Vice-Regency of New Granada. Sixteen million Americans who had just begun their life of freedom were at the mercy of local tyrants. "In short," the General concluded, "everything we created with our hands is being trampled on by others."

"It's destiny's joke," said Field Marshal Sucre. "It seems we planted the ideal of independence so deep that now these countries are trying to win their independence from each other."

The General's response was spirited. "Don't repeat the enemy's vile remarks," he said, "even when they're as accurate as that one."

Field Marshal Sucre apologized. He was intelligent, methodical, shy, and superstitious, and he had a sweetness in his face that old smallpox scars could not diminish. The General, who loved him so well, had said of him that he feigned a modesty he did not possess. He was a hero at Pichincha, Tumusla, and Tarqui, and not long after his twenty-ninth birthday he had commanded the glorious battle of Ayacucho that destroyed the last Spanish stronghold in South America. But, more than for these achievements, he was notable for the goodness of his heart in victory and for his talent as a statesman. At that moment he had renounced his offices, used no military markings of any kind, and wore a black wool greatcoat that reached down to his ankles and always had its collar turned up to protect him against the stabbing glacial winds from the nearby hills. His only involvement with the nation, and he desired it to be his last, was participating in the Constituent Congress as a deputy from Quito. He was thirty-five years old, as healthy as a rock, and mad with love for Doña Mariana Carcelén, the Marquise of Solanda, a beautiful and vivacious Quito woman just out of adolescence whom he had married by proxy two years earlier and with whom he had a six-month-old daughter.

The General could not imagine anyone better qualified to succeed him as President of the Republic. He knew Sucre was five years too young for the office, according to a constitutional limitation imposed by General Rafael Urdaneta in order to block Sucre's way. Nevertheless, the General was taking secret steps to amend the amendment. "Accept," he said to him, "and I will stay on as Generalissimo, circling the government like a bull round a herd of cows."

His appearance was feeble but his determination was powerful. Nevertheless, the Field Marshal had known for some time that the General's seat would never be his. A short while ago, when the possibility of becoming President was first suggested to him, he had said he would never govern a nation whose structure and future direction were growing more and more hazardous. In his opinion, the first step toward correction was to distance the military from power, and—perhaps with the intention of blocking Urdaneta's way—he wanted to propose to the Congress that no general could become President for the next four years. But the strongest opponents of this amendment would be the strongest men of all: the generals themselves.

"I am too tired to work without a compass," said Sucre. "Besides, Your Excellency knows as well as I do that what will be needed here is not a President but a breaker of insurrections."

He would attend the Constituent Congress, of course, and he would even accept the honor of presiding if it was offered to him. But nothing more. Fourteen years of wars had taught him there was no greater victory than being alive. The Presidency of Bolivia, that vast, unexplored country which he had founded and governed with a wise hand, had taught him the capriciousness of power. The wisdom of his heart had taught him the vanity of glory. "And therefore no, Excellency," he concluded. On June 13th, the Feast of Saint Anthony, he would be in Quito with his wife and daughter to celebrate with them not only that saint's day but all the others the future might hold in store for him. His determination to live for them and only for them, in the joy of love, had been made this past Christmas. "It is all I ask of life," he said.

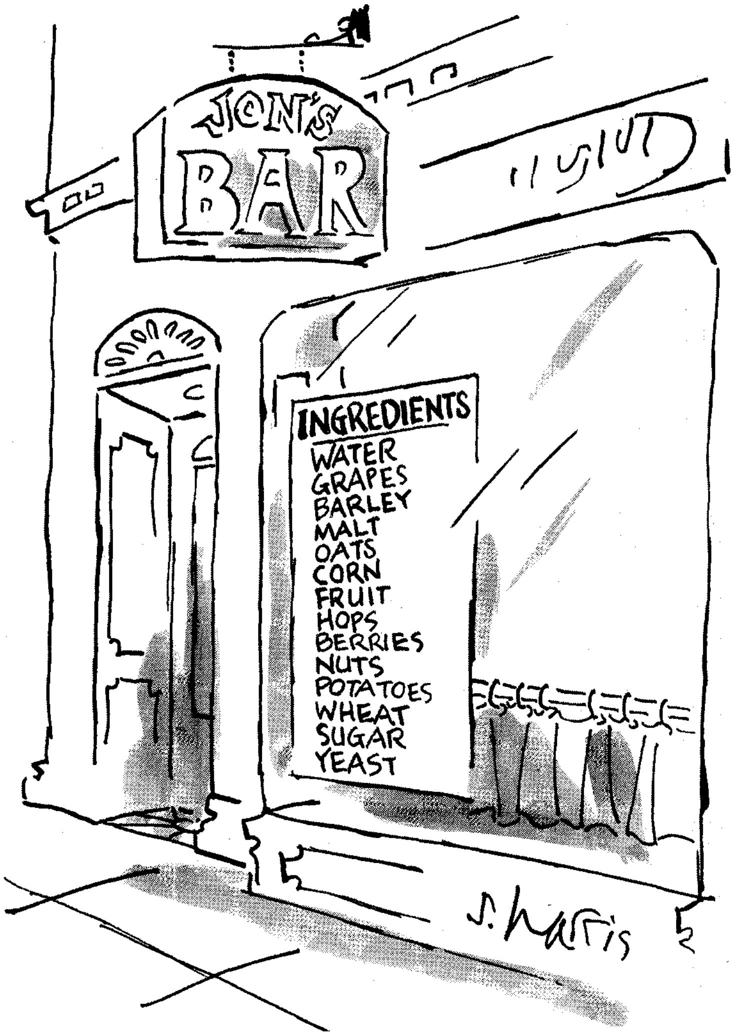
The General was livid. "I thought nothing could surprise me anymore," he said. And he looked into his eyes. "Is this your last word?"

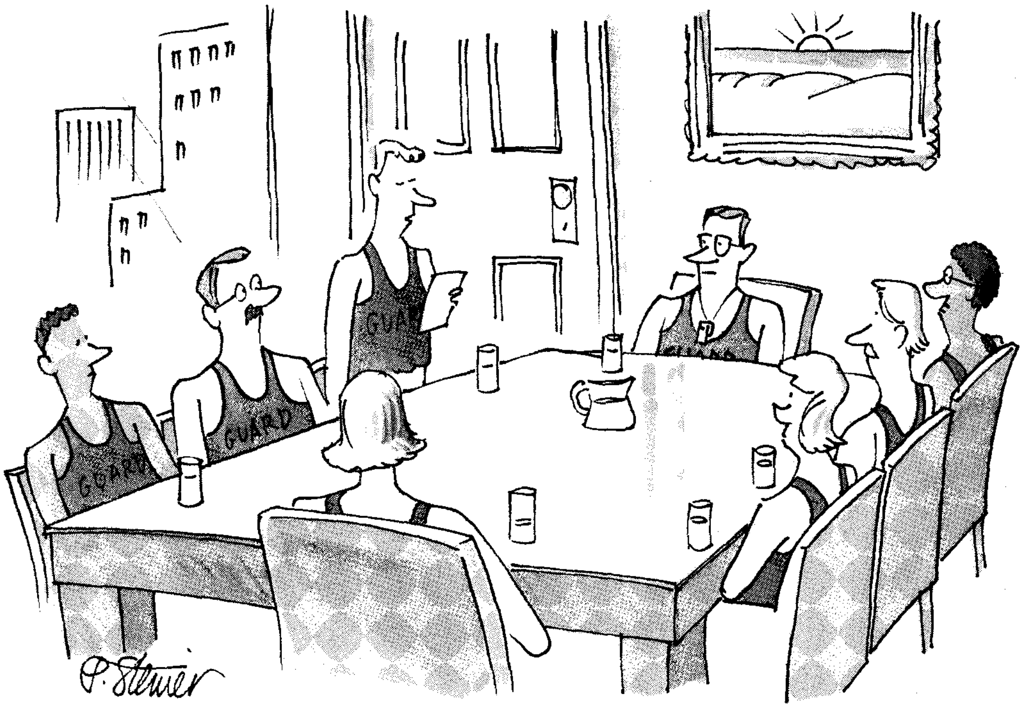
"The next to the last," said Sucre. "My last word is my eternal gratitude for all Your Excellency's kindness."

The General slapped his own thigh to wake himself out of an irredeemable dream.

"Good," he said. "You have just made the last decision of my life for me."

That night he composed his resignation under the demoralizing effect of an emetic prescribed by a chance physician to calm his biliousness. On January 20th he opened the Constituent Congress with a farewell address in which he praised its president, Field Marshal Sucre, as the worthiest of generals. The praise drew an ovation from the Congress, but a deputy who was near Urdaneta whispered in his ear: "That means there's a general worthier than you." The General's remark and the deputy's malice were like two burning nails in the heart of General Rafael Urdaneta. And with reason. Even if Urdaneta did not enjoy Sucre's immense military achievements or his great powers to charm, there was no cause to think he was any less worthy. His presence of mind and his constancy had been extolled by the General himself, his fidelity and his love for him had been proved many times





"Under new business: Peterson, at Hammond Point Beach, reports that a person in the water is flailing about and calling for help. Peterson wants to know what action, if any, he should take."

over, and he was one of the few men in this world who dared tell him to his face the truths he was afraid to hear. Conscious of his mistake, the General tried to make amends in the galley proofs, and in his own hand he changed "the worthiest of generals" to read "one of the worthiest." The correction did not mitigate Urdaneta's rancor.

Days later, at a meeting of the General and loyal deputies, Urdaneta accused him of pretending to leave while secretly trying to be reëlected. Three years earlier General José Antonio Páez had seized power in the Department of Venezuela in a first attempt at separation from Colombia. The General went to Caracas and effected a reconciliation with Páez in a public embrace amid hymns of jubilation and ringing bells, and he created a special, made-to-measure regime for Páez that allowed him to rule however he pleased. "That's where the disaster began," said Urdaneta. For not only had the accommodation led to poisoned relations with the New Granadans but also infected them with the germ of separatism. Now, Urdaneta concluded, the greatest service the General could render the nation would be to renounce without delay the habit of command and leave the country. The General replied with comparable vehemence. But Urdaneta was an upright man who spoke with skill and passion, and he left everyone with the impression that they had witnessed the ruin of a deep, long-standing friendship.

The General repeated his resignation and designated Don Domingo Caycedo Interim President until Congress elected a permanent leader. On March 1st he left Government House by the service entrance in order to avoid the guests who were toasting his successor with champagne, and he drove in a borrowed carriage to Fucha Manor, an idyllic retreat on the outskirts of the city, which the provisional President had lent to him. The simple knowledge that he was no more than an ordinary citizen intensified the devastating effects of the emetic. He was half awake when he asked José Palacios to prepare the materials he would need to write his memoirs. José Palacios brought him ink and enough paper for forty years of memories, and he advised Fernando, the General's nephew and secretary, to be ready to offer his services on the following Monday at four o'clock in the morning, which was the General's best time for thinking, with all his rancor fresh and raw. According to what he had often told his nephew, he wanted to begin with his oldest memory, a dream he had on the Hacienda San Mateo, in Venezuela, not long after his third birthday. He dreamed that a black mule with gold teeth had come inside and gone through the house from the principal reception room to the pantries, eating without haste everything in its path while the family and slaves were taking their siestas, until at last it had eaten the curtains, the rugs, the lamps, the vases, the table service and linen in the dining room, the saints on the altars, the wardrobes and chests, with all their contents, the pots in the kitchens, the doors and windows, with their hinges and bolts, and all the furniture from the portico to the bedrooms, and the only thing left intact was the oval of his mother's dressing-table mirror, floating in its own space.

But he felt so content in the house at Fucha, and the air was so soft under a sky of hurrying clouds, that he did not mention his memoirs again but used the dawns to walk the fragrant paths of the savanna. Those who visited him in the days that followed had the impression that he had recuperated, and the officers above all, his most loyal friends, urged him to remain in the Presidency even if by military coup. He discouraged them with the argument that power obtained by force was unworthy of his glory, but he did not seem to reject altogether the hope of being confirmed by a legitimate decision of Congress. José Palacios repeated: "Only my master knows what my master is thinking."

MANUELA continued to live a few steps from San Carlos Palace, the presidential residence, with her ear tuned to the talk in the streets. She came to Fucha two or three times a week, more often if she had urgent news, bringing marzipan and sweets fresh from the convents, and bars of chocolate with cinnamon for their four-o'clock tea. She almost never brought the newspapers, because the General had become so susceptible to criticism that any trivial misgiving could unhinge him. On the other hand she reported intrigues in infinite detail, the betrayals in the salons and the prognostications of the rumor mills, and he had to listen to these with his insides in a knot, even when they were critical of him, because she was the only person permitted to tell him the truth. When they did not have a great deal to say to each other, they reviewed his correspondence, or she read to him, or they played cards with the aides-de-camp, but they always had lunch alone.

They had met in Quito eight years before at a gala ball to celebrate the liberation when she was still the wife of Dr. James Thorne, an English gentleman who had become established among the aristocrats of Lima during the final days of the Vice-Regency. In addition to being the last woman with whom the General maintained a long-term liaison after the death of his wife, twenty-seven years earlier, she was also his confidante, the guardian of his archives, his most impassioned reader, and a member of his staff, with the rank of colonel. The days were long past when she had been ready to bite off his ear during a jealous quarrel, but their most trivial conversations still tended to end with the explosions of hatred and the tender reconciliations of a great love affair. Manuela did not sleep at the manor house. She left early enough so that darkness would not take her by surprise en route, above all during that season of brief twilights.

In contrast with what had occurred at La Magdalena Manor, in Lima, where he had to invent pretexts for keeping her at a distance while he took his pleasure with ladies who were highborn and with others who were less so, at Fucha Manor he showed signs of not being able to live without her. He would watch the road she had to travel, he plagued José Palacios, asking him the time every few seconds, requesting that he change the placement of his armchair, that he stir up the fire, that he put it out, that he light it again, and he was impatient and ill-humored until he saw her coach appear from behind the hills and light up his life. But he showed signs of the same agitation when her visit lasted longer than expected. When it was time for siesta they would get into bed without closing the door, without undressing, without sleeping, and more than once they made the mistake of attempting one final lovemaking, for he refused to admit that he no longer had enough bodily substance to gratify her soul.

During this time his tenacious insomnia showed signs of disruption. He would fall asleep at any hour, in the middle of a sentence while dictating a letter, or during a card game, and even he was not really certain if he was having sudden bursts of sleep or brief fainting spells, but as soon as he lay down he felt overcome by a crisis of lucidity. He would just slip into a mire of half-sleep at daybreak, until he was awakened again by the wind of peace in the trees. Then he did not resist the temptation to put off dictating his memoirs for yet another morning in order to take a solitary walk that sometimes lasted until lunchtime.

He would go without an escort, without the two faithful dogs that had accompanied him even on the battlefield, without any of his epic horses, which had already been sold to the battalion of hussars to increase his travel funds. Protected from the icy savanna winds by the vicuña poncho, and wearing boots lined with raw wool and the green silk cap he used to wear only for sleeping, he would walk to the nearby river over the blanket of decayed leaves on the interminable tree-lined paths. He would sit for a long while meditating in the shade of the weeping willows, facing the narrow, loose-planked bridge and absorbed in the river currents, which he had once compared to the destiny of men, in a rhetorical simile worthy of his childhood tutor, Don Simón Rodríguez. One of his guards would follow him, unseen, until he returned soaked with dew and with a thread of breath almost too thin to let him climb the steps to the portico, haggard and dazed but with the eyes of a happy madman. He felt so content during those evasive walks that the hidden guards would hear him through the trees, singing the soldiers' songs he used to sing in the years of his legendary glories and his Homeric defeats. Those who knew him best asked them-

FILM NOIR

Just the washing of the floors
under him was cause for hope. If there was a flaw
in something precious, it meant one or more persons
had been inducted already. When they heard about it
it would come to seem as though the rich background
was you, your space. It lent you
a furious dignity that you breezed right through.
No more apples on the dashboard,
this is cheating the real thing, earnest
with life and self-assurance. And when you died
they remembered you chiefly. It was two
lights on a rowboat, a half mile offshore
as the evening breeze drew nigh, cementing relationships.
And it seemed as though they always heard you, loud you,
that otherwise nobody remembered except conveniently.

When the inevitable abrupt change arrived
I looked to you for reflected confirmation of what
was happening to me, and unfortunately got it.
The afternoon windows released their secrets in a flood
as though no one had ever had any. In the downpour
distinct noses and Adam's apples could be determined
in a mounting hush of congratulation soon to be
shattered by a train's ear-piercing whistle:
the doors slid shut, there was nothing to do except wait
for another train, yet this one still stayed at the platform.
Too bad suicide is discouraged
in certain modern climates and situations, it makes
for such a neat ending; nevertheless we will brush on,
clinging to separate ideas as though they made a pattern.
And all shall be insulted

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at the end where the going gets sticky
beyond any apology, beyond dried beans and casual sex, beyond even
the neighbor's girl in a schoolyard, half a century ago
when things still seemed pretty modern
and underlying motives were the same
though not the dark, intricate working out of them.
Say we just landed, like strangers in a hole:
what manner of manners is to be cut out of us, what sails
trimmed for the descent
into the matter of the sun?
Are Americans sexier, she breathed, or what is it
that gives their nudes a subliminal variation
on this often rehearsed enterprise, until we can see
into it, arranging differences? And that moan
you heard was just idle gossip, someone running around
to instruct the clerks of our compassion
in rules, rhetoric, or some other telltale destiny
if we are about to get it right again.

But on the curb of the residential street
where wind thrives and the locals
shrug off any connection to the scenery, back where it was bad,
the same dichotomy obtains. We and they.
It's not much more simple than that.
And as I approach the master switch
for instructions, there are little smiles of recognition
everywhere, in the curdled clouds, on the reluctant shore,
to tell us it's safe to go home.

I hope they can come.
They can sleep under my bed.

—John Ashbery

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selves the reason for his high spirits when Manuela herself doubted he would be confirmed another time as President of the Republic by a Constituent Congress even he had described as admirable.

On the day of the election, during his morning walk, he saw a greyhound without its owner chasing quail through the hedges. He called to it with a street-corner whistle, and the animal made an abrupt stop, looked for him with ears erect, and found him with his poncho almost dragging on the ground, his cap worthy of a Florentine pontiff, forsaken by God between the swift-moving clouds and the immense plain. The dog smelled him with painstaking care while he caressed its coat with his fingertips, but then it leaped away in a sudden rush, looked into his eyes with its golden eyes, growled with suspicion, and fled in fear. He followed an unfamiliar path that ended in a poor suburb of muddy narrow streets and red-roofed adobe houses from whose patios rose the smell of milking. He heard the shout: "Skinny Shanks!"

He did not have time to dodge the cow manure that was hurled at him from a stable and that smashed into the middle of his chest and spattered his face. But it was the words more than the explosion of dung that woke him from the stupor in which he had lived since leaving the presidential residence. He knew the nickname the New Granadans had given him: it was the name of a madman famous for his theatrical uniforms. Even one of the senators who called themselves liberals had used the name in Congress in his absence, and only two men had stood up to protest. But he had never heard it in person. He began to wipe his face with the edge of the poncho, and had not yet finished when the unseen guard who was following him ran out from between the trees with his sword drawn to punish the insult. The General turned on him in a burning flash of anger. "And what the hell are you doing here?" he asked.

The officer snapped to attention. "I'm following orders, Excellency."

"I'm not your excellency," he replied.

He stripped him of his rank and title with so much rage that the officer considered himself fortunate that the General no longer had the strength for a more savage reprisal. Even José Palacios, who understood the General so well, found it difficult to understand his severity.

It was a disastrous day. He spent the morning walking around the house, as distraught as when he was waiting for Manuela, but he concealed from no one that this time his longing was not for her but for news from the Congress. Minute by minute he attempted to calculate the detailed progress of the session. When José Palacios answered that it was ten o'clock, he said: "No matter how the demagogues want to go on braying, they must have begun voting by now." Then, after a long period of reflection, he wondered aloud: "Who can know what a man like Urdaneta is thinking?" José Palacios knew that the General knew, because Urdaneta was still proclaiming far and wide the cause and extent of his resentment. Once, as José Palacios happened to be walking past, the General asked in an offhand manner: "Whom do you think Sucre will vote for?" José Palacios knew as well as he that Field Marshal Sucre could not vote because he was on a congressional mission to Venezuela with the Bishop of Santa Marta, Monsignor José Maria Estévez, to negotiate the terms of that country's separation. And so he did not stop when he answered: "You know that better than anyone, Señor." The General smiled for the first time since he had returned from his abominable walk.

Despite his erratic appetite, he almost always sat at the table before eleven o'clock to eat a boiled egg with a glass of port, or to pick at a wedge of cheese, but that day he watched the road from the terrace while the others had lunch, and he was so absorbed that not even José Palacios dared to disturb him. It was past three o'clock when he heard the sound of the mules' hooves and then saw Manuela's carriage coming over the hills, and he leaped from the chair. He ran to receive her, he opened the door to help her down, and from the moment he saw her face he knew. Don Joaquín Mosquera, the oldest son of an illustrious family from Popayán, had been elected President of the Republic by unanimous vote.

His reaction was not so much anger or disillusion as astonishment, for he himself had suggested the name of Don Joaquín Mosquera to the Congress in the certainty that he would not accept. He sank into deep thought, and he did not speak again until tea. "Not a single vote for me?" he asked. Not a single one. The official delegation of devoted deputies who visited him later explained that his followers had agreed to make the vote unanimous so he would not appear to be the loser in a bitter contest. He was so irritated that he did not seem to appreciate the subtlety of that gallant maneuver. He thought, instead, that it would have been worthier of his glory if they had accepted his resignation the first time he offered it.

"The long and short of it is," he said, sighing, "that the demagogues have won again, and twice over."

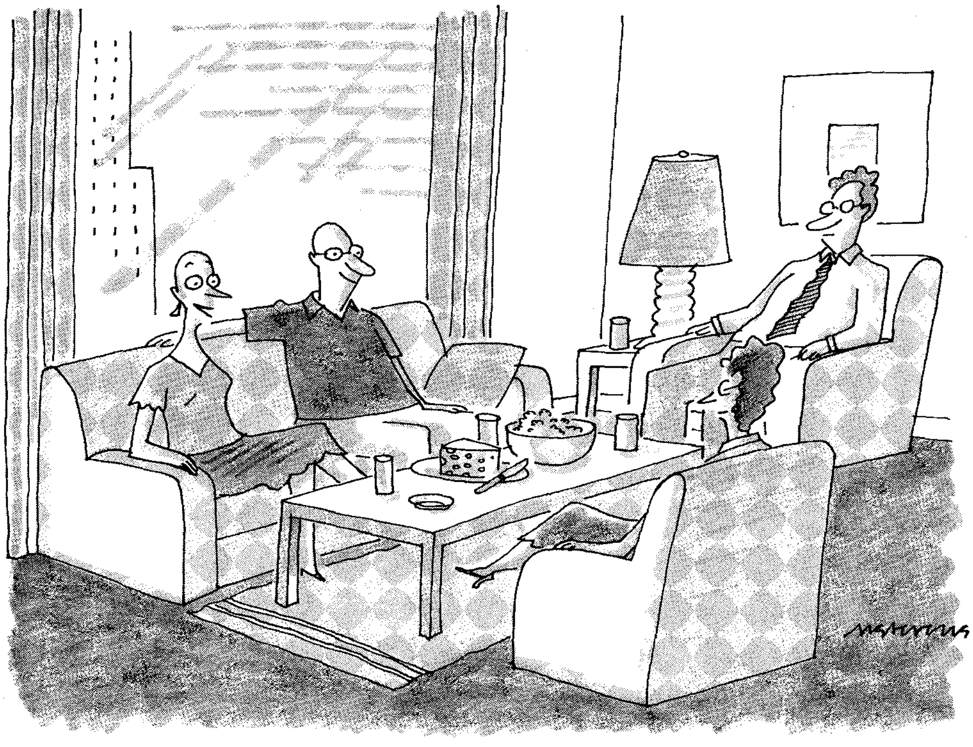
Nevertheless, he was very careful to hide his consternation until he said goodbye to the deputies on the portico. But their coaches had not been lost from view when he was struck down by a crisis of coughing that kept the manor house in a state of alarm until nightfall. One of the members of the official delegation had said that the decision of the Congress had been so prudent that it had saved the Republic. He ignored the remark, but that night, while Manuela was obliging him to drink a cup of broth, he said to her: "No congress ever saved a republic." Before going to bed he assembled his aides and servants, and with the solemnity that was customary in his dubious renunciations he announced: "Tomorrow I leave the country."

It was not tomorrow, but four days later. In the meantime he had recovered his lost equanimity, dictated a farewell proclamation in which he did not betray the wounds to his heart, and returned to the city to prepare for the journey. General Pedro Alcántar Herrán, Minister of the Army and Navy in the new government, brought him to his house on Calle La Enseñanza, not so much to offer hospitality as to protect him from the death threats that were becoming more and more alarming.

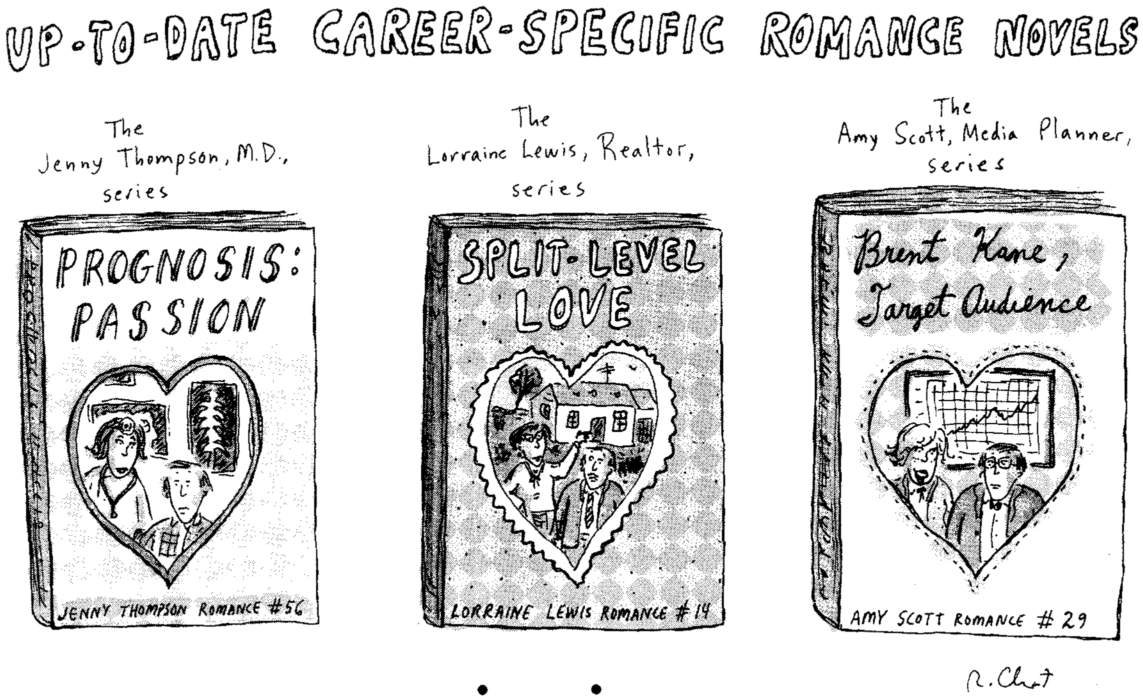
Before leaving Santa Fe de Bogotá, he liquidated the little of value he still owned in order to increase his treasury. In addition to the horses, he sold a silver service dating back to the lavish days of Potosí, which was appraised at two thousand five hundred pesos by the Mint for the simple value of the metal, without taking into account the beauty of its workmanship or its historic importance. When the final reckoning was made, he had seventeen thousand six hundred pesos and sixty centavos in cash, a draft for eight thousand pesos drawn on the public treasury of Cartagena, a pension for life granted him by the Congress, and a little over six hundred ounces of gold distributed among various trunks. This was the woeful remnant of a personal fortune that on the day of his birth had been considered among the greatest in the Americas.

On the morning of their departure, in the bags that José Palacios packed without haste while the General finished dressing there were only two well-worn sets of underclothing, two changes of shirts, the battle tunic with a double row of buttons that were supposed to have been made from the gold of Atahualpa, the silk cap for sleeping, and a red hood that Field Marshal Sucre had brought him from Bolivia. His footwear consisted of his house slippers and the patent-leather boots he would be wearing. In his personal trunks José Palacios was carrying, along with the chest of medicines and a few other articles of value, Rousseau's "Social Contract" and "The Military Art," by the Italian general Raimondo Montecuccoli, two bibliographical treasures that had belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte and had been given to him by Sir Robert Wilson, the father of his aide-de-camp. There was so little else that it all fit into a soldier's knapsack. He saw it as he was about to go to the room where the official delegation was waiting, and he said: "We never would have believed, my dear José, that so much glory could fit into a shoe."

His seven pack mules, however, were carrying chests full of medals and gold tableware and numerous objects of a certain value, ten trunks of private papers, two of books he had read, and at least five of clothing, and several chests with all manner of good and bad things that no one had the patience to tally. All of this, however, was not even a shadow of the baggage he had brought with him on his return from Lima three years earlier, when he was invested with triple power as President of Bolivia and Colombia and Dictator of Peru: a drove of pack animals carrying seventy-two trunks and over four



"Then one day we decided 'To hell with hair!'"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hundred chests, with countless objects whose value had not been established. On that occasion he had left more than six hundred books in Quito, which he never attempted to recover.

It was almost six o'clock. The millenarian drizzle had stopped for a moment, but the world was still cloudy and cold, and the house, taken over by the troops, had begun to emit a foul barracks smell. The hussars and the grenadiers scrambled to their feet when they saw the taciturn General approaching from the end of the corridor, surrounded by his aides-de-camp and looking green in the light of dawn, his poncho thrown across his shoulder and his broad-brimmed hat making the shadows of his face even deeper. Following an old Andean superstition he covered his mouth with a handkerchief soaked in cologne as a protection against harmful drafts. He did not wear any insignia of his rank, and there was no trace left of the immense authority he had once possessed, but the magic halo of power distinguished him from the noisy retinue of officers. He walked toward the drawing room at an unhurried pace along the corridor, lined with straw matting, which encircled the interior garden, indifferent to the soldiers of the guard, who snapped to attention as he passed. Before entering the drawing room, he tucked the handkerchief into his cuff, as only clerics did now, and handed his hat to one of the aides-de-camp.

In addition to those who had kept watch in the house, other civilians and soldiers had been arriving since dawn. They were drinking coffee in scattered groups, and their sombre clothing and hushed voices had rarefied the atmosphere with a mournful solemnity. The sudden sharp voice of a diplomat rose above the whispers: "This looks like a funeral."

No sooner had he spoken than he sensed the cloud of cologne saturating the air in the room behind him. Then he turned, holding the cup of steaming coffee between his thumb and forefinger, and he was disturbed by the thought that the phantom who had just walked in might have heard his impertinence. But no: although the General's last visit to Europe had been twenty-four years earlier, when he was very young, his fond European memories were sharper than his resentment. And so the diplomat was the first he approached, and he greeted him with the extreme courtesy he believed the English deserved. "I hope there is not much fog this fall in Hyde Park," he said.

The diplomat experienced a moment's hesitation, for in recent days he had heard that the General was going to three different places, and none of them was London. But he recovered in an instant. "We will try to have the sun shining night and day for Your Excellency," he said.

The new President was not there, for the Congress had elected him in absentia and he would need more than a month to arrive from Popayán. In his stead was General Domingo Caycedo, the Vice-President-elect, of whom it had been said that any office in the Republic was too restrictive for him, because he had the bearing and distinction of a king. The General greeted him with great deference and said in jest: "Do you know I don't have permission to leave the country?"

Everyone greeted his statement with laughter, although everyone knew it was not a joke. General Caycedo promised he would send a valid passport to Honda by the next post.

The official delegation was composed of the Archbishop of the city and other notable men and high-ranking officials with their wives. The civilians wore chaps and the military wore riding boots, for their intention was to accompany the illustrious exile for several leagues. The General kissed the Archbishop's ring and the ladies' hands, and shook the gentlemen's hands without effusiveness, an absolute master of well-bred ceremony but a total stranger to the kind favored in that ambiguous city, about which he had said on more than one occasion: "This isn't my theatre." He greeted them all in turn as he walked through the room, and for each he had a phrase learned with all due deliberation from the manuals of etiquette, but he looked no one in the eye. His voice was metallic and cracked with fever, and his Caribbean accent, which so many years of travels and the tribulations of war had not softened, sounded even harsher compared to the lush diction of the Andeans.

When the General had completed his greetings, the Interim President handed him a paper signed by numerous distinguished New Granadans expressing the nation's gratitude for so many years of service. In yet another tribute to local formality, he pretended to read it before the silent company, for he could not have seen it without spec-

TELEVISION IN THE PARK
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tacles unless the handwriting had been larger. And when he pretended to have finished he directed a few brief words of gratitude to the delegation, which were so appropriate to the occasion that no one could have said he had not read the document. Then he looked around the room, and without hiding a certain amount of concern he asked: "Didn't Urdaneta come?"

The Interim President informed him that General Rafael Urdaneta had left with the rebel troops in support of General José Laurencio Silva's precautionary mission. Then someone let his voice be heard above the others: "Sucre didn't come either."

He could not ignore the malicious intention of that unsolicited report. His eyes, which had been dimmed and aloof until that moment, flashed with feverish intensity, and he replied, not knowing to whom: "The Field Marshal of Ayacucho was not informed of the time of our departure, so as not to interfere with his mission."

It was apparent he did not know that Field Marshal Sucre had returned two days earlier from his failed mission to Venezuela, which he had not been allowed to enter although it was his own country. No one had told him the General was leaving, perhaps because it had not occurred to anyone that he had not been the first to know. José Palacios learned this at a difficult moment, and then he forgot it in the confusion of their final days. He did not discount, of course, the dreadful idea that Field Marshal Sucre might feel resentful at not being informed.

In the adjoining dining room the table was laid with a splendid American breakfast: tamales in corn husks, blood sausage with rice, eggs scrambled in casserole, a rich variety of pastries on lace cloths, and pots of hot chocolate as thick as perfumed paste. The hosts had delayed breakfast in case he agreed to preside over the table, although they knew that in the morning he took nothing but the infusion of poppies and gum arabic. In any case, the lady of the house fulfilled her obligations by inviting him to sit in the armchair reserved for him at the head of the table, but he declined the honor and addressed everyone with a formal smile. "My road is a long one," he said. "Enjoy your meal."

He stood on tiptoe to take his leave of the Interim President, who responded with an enormous embrace that allowed everyone to see how small the General's body was, how forsaken and defenseless he looked when it was time for farewells. Then he shook all the gentlemen's hands again and again kissed the ladies' hands. Someone attempted to detain him until the weather cleared, although everyone knew it would not clear for the rest of the century. Moreover, his desire to leave without delay was so evident that attempting to keep him seemed an impertinence. The master of the house walked with him to the stables through the invisible drizzle in the garden. He had tried to assist the General by holding his arm with his fingertips, as if it were made of glass, and he was amazed at the energy coursing beneath his skin like a secret torrent that bore no relationship to the impoverishment of his body. Representatives of the government, the diplomatic corps, and the armed forces, with mud up to their ankles and their cloaks soaked with rain, were waiting to accompany him on the first stage of his journey. No one was certain, however, who was there for the sake of friendship, who in order to protect him, and who to be sure that he was in fact leaving.

The mule reserved for him was the best of a pack of a hundred presented to the government by a Spanish merchant in exchange for cancelling his indictment as a horse thief. The General already had his boot in the stirrup a groom was holding for him when the Minister of the Army and Navy called to him: "Excellency." He stood motionless, his foot still in the stirrup and both hands holding the saddle.

"Stay," said the Minister, "and make one final sacrifice to save our country."

"No, Herrán," he replied, "I no longer have a country to sacrifice for."

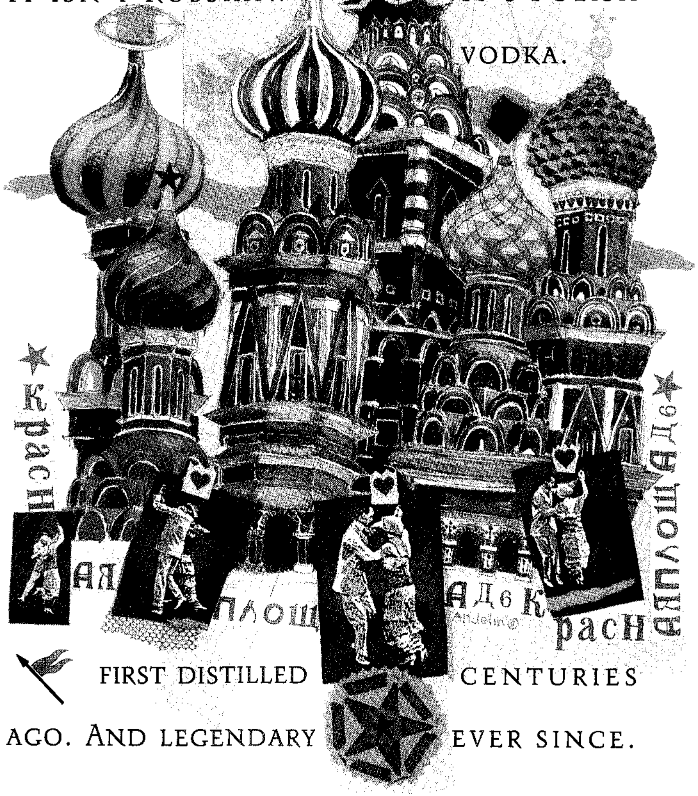
It was the end. General Simón José Antonio de la Santísima Trinidad Bolívar y Palacios was leaving forever. He had wrested from Spanish domination an empire five times more vast than all of Europe, he had led twenty years of wars to keep it free and united, and he had governed it with a firm hand until the week before, but when it was time to leave he did not even take away with him the consolation that anyone believed in his departure. The only man with enough lucidity to know he really was going, and where he was going to, was the English diplomat, who wrote in an official report to his government: "The time he has left will hardly be enough for him to reach his grave."

—Gabriel García Márquez

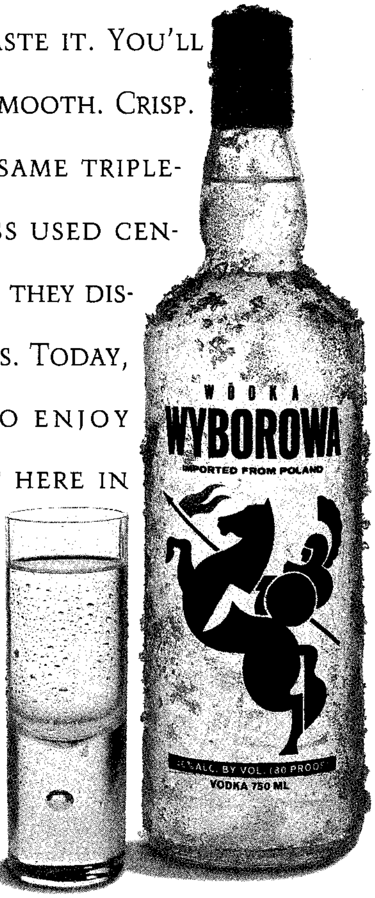
(Translated, from the Spanish, by Edith Grossman.)

WHITE RABBITS, MOSCOW AND POLISH VODKA.

NICE TOWN, MOSCOW. RED SQUARE, ANCIENT SPIRES, FUR HATS, CAPITALISTS . . . AND A VERITABLE MONOPOLY ON THE WORLD'S GREAT VODKAS. WHICH BRINGS US TO AN INTERESTING PIECE OF TRIVIA ABOUT WHAT IS ARGUABLY THE FINEST VODKA IN ALL OF RUSSIA. WYBOROWA (VEE-BA-ROVA). IT ISN'T RUSSIAN. IT'S POLISH VODKA.



FIRST DISTILLED CENTURIES AGO. AND LEGENDARY EVER SINCE. SO LEGENDARY THAT THE RUSSIANS DID WHAT ANY COUNTRY OF 140,000,000 VODKA FANATICS WOULD DO. THEY IMPORTED IT. BUT THEN, WYBOROWA HAS ALWAYS HAD A SLIGHTLY ECCENTRIC HISTORY. THERE WERE ALWAYS, FOR INSTANCE, RACCOONS, LAYING HENS AND WHITE POLISH RABBITS ON THE GROUNDS OF ITS DISTILLERY. WHY HAS WYBOROWA SURVIVED FOR CENTURIES? TASTE IT. YOU'LL FIND IT INEFFABLY SMOOTH. CRISP. A RESULT OF THE SAME TRIPLE-DISTILLING PROCESS USED CENTURIES AGO. BEFORE THEY DISCOVERED SHORTCUTS. TODAY, IT IS POSSIBLE TO ENJOY WYBOROWA RIGHT HERE IN AMERICA. WHAT BETTER WAY TO TOAST THE END OF THE COLD WAR.



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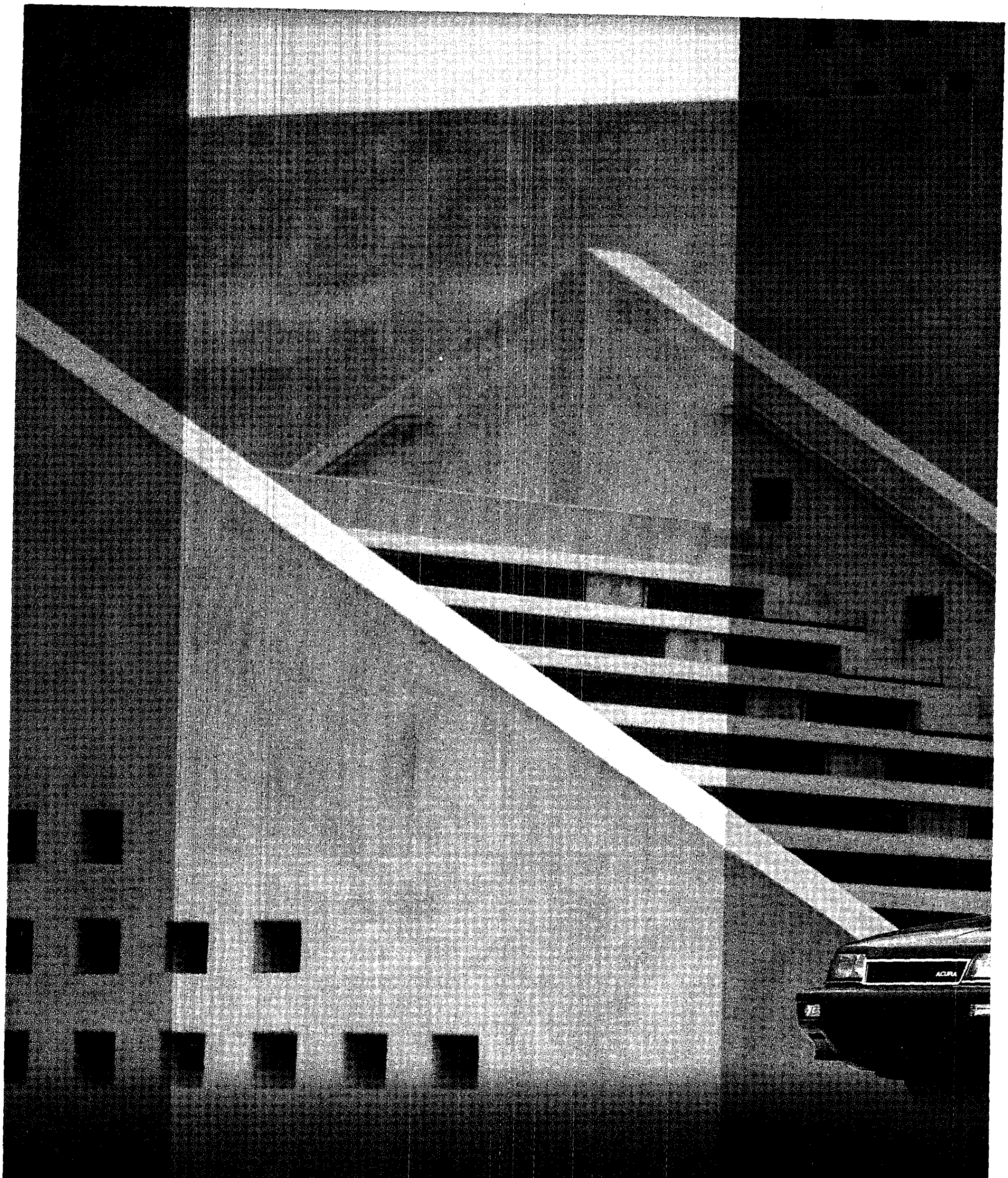

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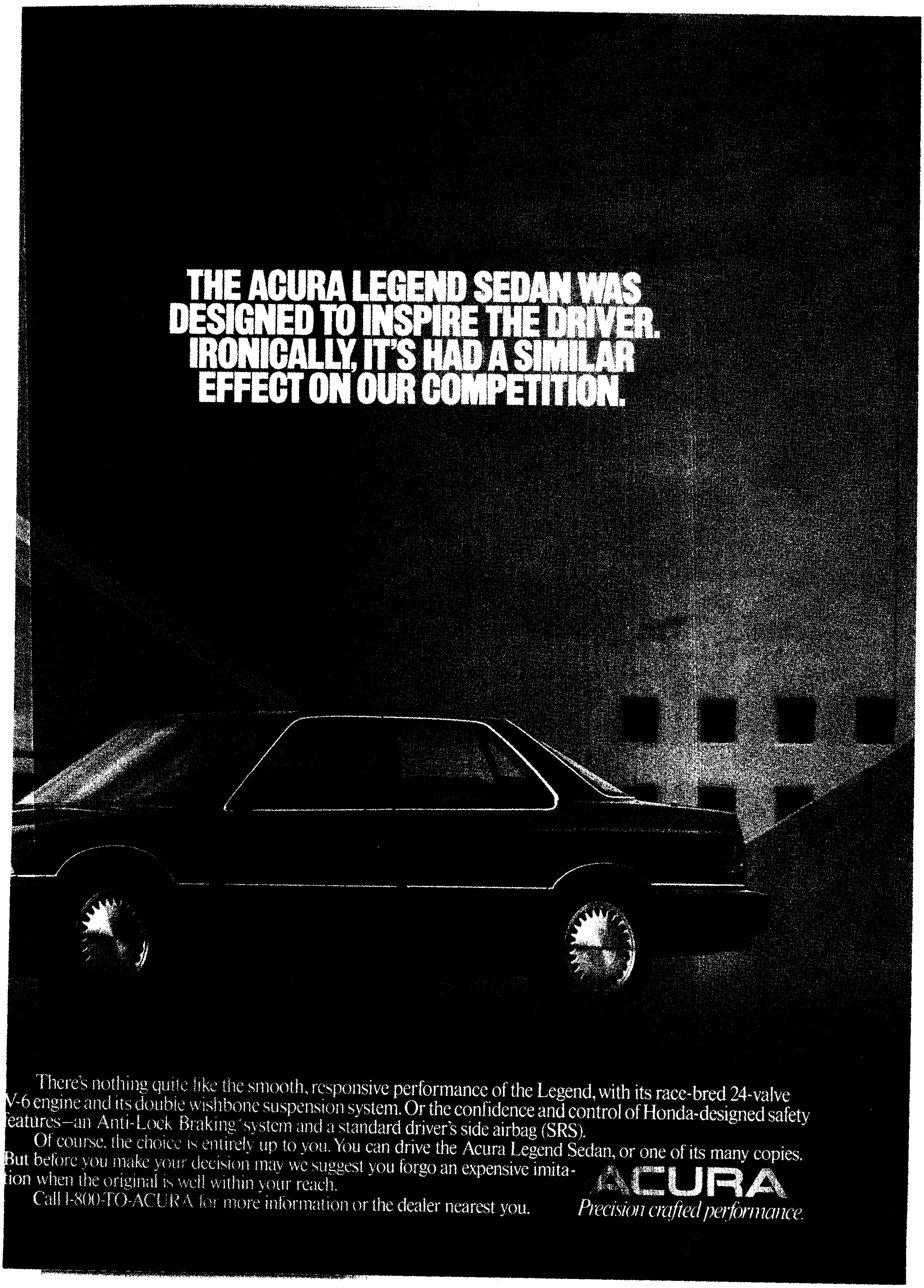
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DEFINING THE MOMENT

FOR more than forty years, the United States has maintained steel file cabinets by the thousand filled with secret contingency plans for fighting the Cold War, but they contained no plans for the astounding victory. The revolution of 1989 has left leaders almost everywhere reeling. The collapse of Communism in Eastern Europe, the radical reforms signalling the end of Marxism-Leninism in the Soviet Union itself, and the rapid emergence of Japan and a reunited Germany as the most dynamic players in a new global game are transforming world politics. But into what?

The only thing that is clear about this new world is the disappearance of familiar landmarks. The Berlin Wall is down, and the Federal Republic of Germany concludes an economic union with the soon-to-disappear German Democratic Republic. Communist bureaucrats in the former Soviet bloc extol the market economy and feverishly try to figure out how to organize one. Conservatives triumph in free elections in East Germany and Hungary; not only are the Communists defeated but the reformers who spearheaded the revolution are trounced. The pace and sweep of these events no one predicted.

The political movement that for so long cast its huge shadow on the twentieth century, the Bolshevik Revolution of 1917, has abruptly ended, undermined by contradictions sharper than the ones that Lenin and his successors predicted would destroy capitalism. Why this happened will be long debated. Both Party diehards in the Soviet Union and Cold War strategists in the United States have an interest in ascribing the collapse of Communism to the containment policies of the capitalist nations—from the expeditionary forces sent to Russia in 1918 to the gauntlet thrown down by the nearly two-trillion-dollar United States arms buildup of the nineteen-eighties. All this had some effect in hastening the decomposition of the Soviet bloc (although the hostility of the West also had the opposite effect, of legitimatizing Stalinist rule against "capitalist encirclement"). But the principal contradictions were internal—the growing gap between the socialist dream and the reality of a stubbornly underdeveloped economy mismanaged by a repressive state. Despite spurts of progress in raising living standards in the nineteen-sixties, nowhere in the Soviet Union or in Eastern Europe were Party bosses able to establish a stable, legitimate order or to meet the popular expectations that their triumphal slogans aroused.

As the Cold War ends, the military power of the Soviet Union to destroy the United States remains intact. But the triumph of capitalism in its long ideological battle with Soviet state planning is clear. Predictably, there has been a certain amount of self-congratulation in the West. Yet in the United States the euphoria has been brief. The "end of history" lasted only about six weeks, and apprehension about the post-Cold War world is growing. The nation has not yet counted its casualties in fighting the long conflict: the distorting effects on the industrial economy of the forty-five-year mobilization that many now fear to bring to an end; the loss of its competitive position in the world economy; the secrecy and deception practiced by government in the name of national security; the weakening of the political parties and the cheapening of the political process; the siphoning of investment funds and creative energy from the nation's cities and from the education of its people; the destructive effects of nuclear-weapons production and testing on the bodies of two generations of Americans, and the impact of Cold War hysteria and nuclear anxieties on their spirits. Unlike V-J Day, when the Second World War came to an end, today there is little sense in the United States that the victory makes great dreams possible, or that, as Tom Paine put it at the nation's birth, we have it in our power to begin the world over again.

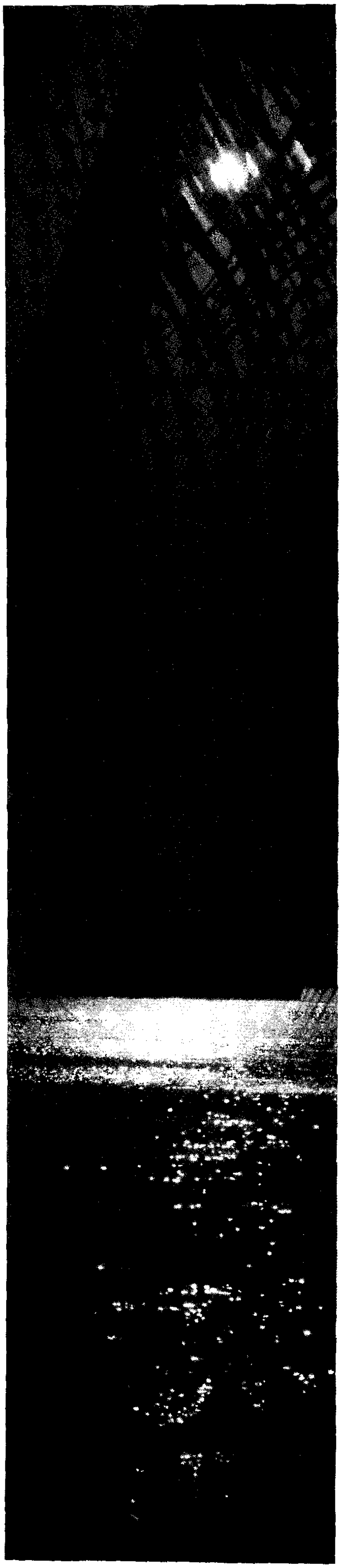
The collapse of the ideological enemy is forcing attention to the problems of American capitalism—falling standards of living, inadequate education and health care, shameful poverty amid glitzy affluence, crime, addiction, the shadow of environmental catastrophe, and the seeming paralysis of the political system in responding to these multiple challenges. Only one global socioeconomic faith remains, but just what it is and just where it is going are unclear. The great industrial giants of

"Oh, boy, hard-core sugar!"

North America, Europe, and Asia have organized their economies and social structures in quite dissimilar ways. Private property is sacred to all of them—in varying degrees—but there is no book of common prayer.

FOR the United States, the moment is especially puzzling, because American policies, foreign and domestic, have been defined by the Cold War more than those of any other nation. The United States is losing not only its familiar enemy but an organizing principle on which it has depended for making sense of the world. The loss is especially telling because for the first time in our two-hundred-year history no Manifest Destiny beckons. American foreign policy has always had an irresistible inner logic. In the earliest years of the Republic, Washington and Adams understood that survival depended upon steering clear of Europe's wars. In the nineteenth century, when the pioneers swept across the plains to the Pacific, challenging Mexico, Indian nations, and the great powers of Europe for their possession, Americans were responding to what they took to be nature's invitation—a magnificent expanse "empty" of all but "uncivilized" natives. In the twentieth century, the United States assumed Britain's historic role as the keeper of the balance of power in Europe; and the giant of the Western Hemisphere fought two great wars to keep the continent of Europe from falling under the sway of Germany. Then, when the Second World War was over, the United States modelled its strategy on Britain's role as the No. 1 nation and took over its "responsibilities" as peacekeeper. There is no lack of great challenges—a global mission to save the environment or to end hunger or to usher in a world rule of law. But it seems that neither the money nor the energy is there for another crusade.

Germany and Japan will emerge from the struggles of the twentieth century curiously vindicated—in the end, strengthened by the wars they lost. Both are far more powerful in an economic sense than the Soviet Union ever was, and far more so than when Fascism and militarism were at their height, in the early years of the Second World War, and both are once again formidable military powers. Each has the technological capacity to acquire nuclear weapons within months,



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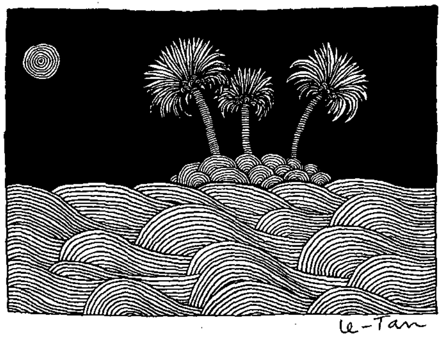
though each is forbidden by treaty to do so. Japan has serious vulnerabilities—its lack of natural resources, its small territory, its dependence on a web of external relations that it does not control. As the new economic superpower, it faces immense challenges: meeting the demand for higher consumption at home without loosening the discipline that has achieved its phenomenal growth; forging a global political role to support its economic reach without triggering fear and hostility from the United States, Europe, and its Second World War victims in Asia.

If Europe can be successfully integrated, and especially if the integration extends from the Atlantic to the Urals, it will be the largest market in the world and a most impressive power. But the revolution of 1989 raises many questions. Integration may prove more difficult than it did in the days of the Cold War, not only because of new political concerns about Germany and the existence of more economies to integrate but because the disparities among them are much greater than they were when "Europe" meant just half the Continent. Austerity measures and "structural adjustment" reforms like the ones that have been urged upon failing Third World economies go down reasonably well with the new leaders of post-Communist regimes east of the Elbe: they are eager to "privatize" inefficient and corrupt state enterprises, and introduce market prices as a cure for empty shelves in stores. But—unlike most Africans, Asians, and Latin Americans—two generations of Poles, Czechs, Hungarians, Germans, and Russians have grown up with high expectations of social security, medical care, affordable housing, and job security. The clash between the principles of market economics and the socialist expectations that are certain to survive socialism will not be easily resolved. The problems and opportunities facing every center of power in the world are new, and no nation-state or combination of nations has yet emerged to carry on the global hegemonic role that Britain and the United States have played over the last hundred years.

WHERE there is no vision, the people perish. President Bush appears to be unimpressed by the Biblical warning and turns aside talk of vision as the "vision thing." Modesty is a safe course for a politician these days—especially one with a seventy-per-cent-approval rate in the public-opinion polls. On the world stage, events seem to be moving in ways that vindicate major policies of the past, and so there is little pressure to rethink the basic world view of the United States. Nonetheless, it is not possible to devise sensible policies for a new historical moment without making some assumptions about the new political relationships now emerging in the post-Cold War world. We cannot expect to achieve "stability"—the only goal of United States foreign policy which the President has articulated to replace the eradication of Communism—without a deeper understanding of what stability means and a clearer consensus of what this nation hopes to accomplish in a radically changing planet. The world now taking shape is not only new but new in entirely new ways. Something is happening to the nation-state itself. Governments everywhere, irrespective of ideology, appear inadequate to the new challenges, and voters in such places as Peru, Lithuania, and Czechoslovakia respond by electing an engineer, a musicologist, and a playwright—anybody but a politician. The old models, old categories, old ambitions, and old benchmarks for assessing a nation's success or failure do not fit the moment.

The great challenge is to define the moment. Consciously or unconsciously, leaders see the future as replays of their most formative historical experience. As the Cold War strategy was largely influenced by the "lessons" of Munich, Pearl Harbor, and Hiroshima, so the new strategy will be shaped by the particular historical dramas in which present-day world leaders see themselves playing their hour upon the stage. The historical drama in the forefront of people's minds now is the Cold War. There are strong emotional, political, and bureaucratic reasons for resisting any basic change in the story line of the post-Second World War years; the central struggle of those forty-five years has served so many powerful interests so well for so long in so many different ways—in the United States, in the Soviet Union, and among leaders in the Third World. (To give just one example, a hundred and thirty-eight congressional districts are heavily dependent on military contracts.) Despite budgetary pressures and the eagerness of the American public for a "peace dividend," the first post-Cold War military budget represents less of a cut than the ones that were quietly effected over the previous four years, when the Cold War was still considered a fixture of the age. The military budget is slowly reflecting a fundamental shift in the assessment of the Soviet threat, and arms levels will be further influenced by the outcome of the multiple negotiations on arms control, the future of Germany, and the new security arrangements in Europe which are to take place in coming months.



Meanwhile, Pentagon planners are becoming increasingly inventive in discovering new post-Cold War threats and new missions to keep existing forces alive, if not busy. Earlier this year, a Pentagon "guidance document," directly contradicting C.I.A. intelligence estimates, predicted a continuing confrontation with the Soviet Union in the Third World. The Bush Administration is sending military assistance to Peru and has built a base there to fight "narco-guerrillas." The President has identified "instability" as the new enemy in Europe. And, indeed, not only is the world created by the Second World War settlements—principally, the division of Europe—coming to an end but the First World War territorial agreements, too, are coming unstuck. The fate of Bessarabia, Herzegovina, and other beneficiaries and victims of Woodrow Wilson's map-making efforts more than seventy years ago is once again in doubt. As civil unrest erupts, we can expect growing nostalgia in a number of countries—but especially in the United States and the Soviet Union—for the order and predictability that characterized the Cold War regime.

The most obvious candidate to play the part of chief enemy in a new Cold War is the old enemy. If Mikhail Gorbachev, now having amassed great personal power under a new Soviet political system, should once again increase the pressure on Lithuania, Estonia, and other national and ethnic groups bent on seceding from the deeply troubled union, he would evoke memories of his brutal predecessors and confirm suspicions still harbored by some national-security bureaucrats that *perestroika* and *glasnost* were nothing but a plot to lull the West into lowering its guard. Having made astonishing military and strategic concessions—notably the abandonment of the Warsaw Pact security bloc—Gorbachev is under increasing pressure from the Soviet military not to abandon what remains of Soviet security doctrine or to renounce the long-standing claim of the Soviet Union to be a European power. It is no longer implausible that the Soviet Union, beset by economic crisis and multiple secession movements, could dissolve into anarchy as ultranationalist, right-wing, anti-Semitic, and xenophobic forces fill the vacuum left by the waning of Communist authority.

In either case, United States-Soviet relations would obviously deteriorate, but the result would not be a revival of the Cold War. The events in Germany and in Eastern Europe are irreversible: the staging area in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary necessary for posing a military threat to the West is gone; no Soviet general can plan for an invasion when the supply lines run through a thousand miles of openly hostile territory. The Warsaw Pact has already collapsed. The economic crisis of the Soviet Union, the reluctance of the Soviet military to engage in foreign adventures at the behest of confused politicians—an "Afghanistan syndrome" as palpable as the "Vietnam syndrome" in the Pentagon—make it wildly improbable that a Gorbachev successor, of whatever ideology, could revert to the politico-military strategy or the diplomatic style of the pre-Gorbachev era.

If the Baltic states break away and Georgia, and even the Ukraine, follows suit, or if long-suppressed ethnic conflicts such as have already erupted between Azerbaijan and Armenia become widespread, an unprecedented danger would arise. For the first time in history, a nuclear power would find itself in an advanced state of decomposition. Gorbachev encouraged these separatist forces by the candor of his criticism of the prevailing system. Having attacked the very legitimacy of

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Communist rule, he dissolved the ideological glue that had been important in keeping the union together. More than twenty-five thousand nuclear weapons are now deployed or stored on Soviet territory. Soviet leaders have been zealous in their efforts to maintain tight political control of these weapons, but in the event of widespread civil war why should the leadership be able to keep control of them any more successfully than it has kept control of the political forces it has unleashed? Military planners worry about such nightmares but tend to discount them. In public, at least, they treat the risk that nuclear weapons could become involved in civil strife inside the Soviet Union more as the stuff of war games and bad movies than of real-world politics.

THE spectre haunting Europe at the moment is Hitler's Third Reich. After entering two world wars to prevent German dominance over Europe, the United States now faces a Europe in which a united Germany will unquestionably be the leading economic and military power. Helmut Kohl's waffling on whether the present German-Polish border should be considered settled sent chills throughout the world, and suggested at a minimum that ultranationalist, revanchist forces are sufficiently strong in Germany to make a Chancellor seeking reëlection think that he has to play to them even at the risk of alarming his nation's neighbors and allies. (This is the same Chancellor who insisted that an American President meet him at Bitburg, in a cemetery that had become world-famous as a final resting place for members of the S.S.)

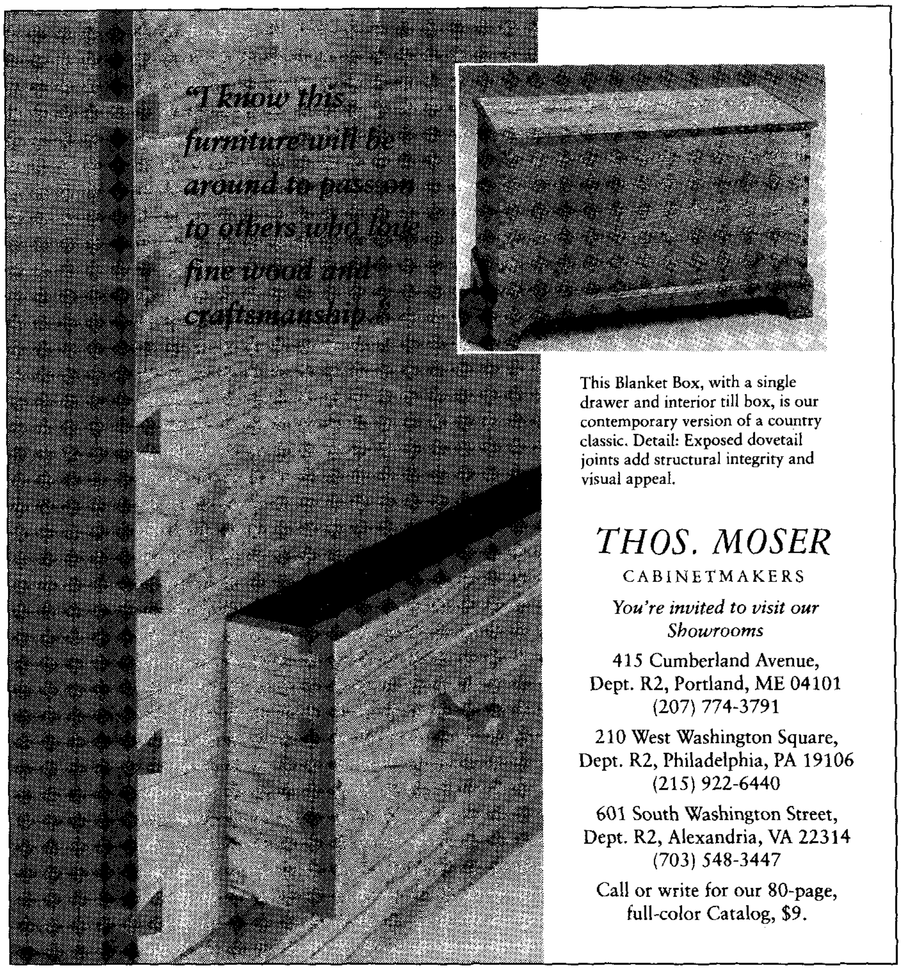
Public opinion in both Europe and the United States regards the reunification of Germany with relative equanimity, largely because it seems inevitable. Germany's potential as the ranking military and economic power on the Continent is greater than that which called into being the alliances against Kaiser Wilhelm II and Adolf Hitler, but Germany itself—that is, the dominant, western chunk—is plainly different. The Federal Republic is as successful a democracy as any other on the Continent, and its prevailing political consciousness is European, not nationalist. Its biggest economic problems now stem from its obligation to absorb its own people; the cost of integrating East Germany into the Federal Republic is estimated to be hundreds of billions of dollars. There is no rational argument for further territorial acquisition, especially since Germany achieved its present power by industry and commerce, not by strong-arm diplomacy or by war. Yet concerns about Germany are growing as the moment of reunification nears. Relations with Mrs. Thatcher's Britain, never warm, have deteriorated, and François Mitterrand, who just a few years ago was an ardent partner of the Federal Republic, is noticeably cooler toward his dramatically transformed neighbor. In the age of Khomeini, conscientious leaders take seriously the power of the irrational. They dare not forget that less than sixty years ago Germany—then, too, a leader in scientific and industrial achievement—harnessed its technology to the most destructively irrational political movement of the modern age.

As the world for which the military alliances were created disappears, and with one of the alliances existing in name only, the question of how to stabilize a new security arrangement for Europe has become the central concern. Any new security arrangement must address fears both of the Soviet Union, still a nuclear superpower, and of a resurgent Germany. As a consequence of the dramatic developments of the last year, the continued involvement of the United States in Europe is welcomed by virtually every government there. Seen as an aging superpower, no longer able to wield the economic power that once obsessed Charles de Gaulle, the United States is widely expected to play the role of a benign guarantor of the post-Cold War security system. At the moment, nowhere on the Continent do governments or popular majorities want the United States out of Europe. The Soviet Union, for its own reasons—chiefly the legitimation of the lingering presence of its own troops on foreign soil—wants some American contingents to stay. American public opinion shows isolationist leanings, but there is no ground swell to bring all the troops home immediately. Major cuts in numbers of troops are contemplated; eventually, the United States contingents may shrink to the levels once proposed by Dwight Eisenhower after he left office—a symbolic force of a division or two. Since perhaps sixty per cent of the United States military budget is attributable to the NATO mission, a call to make significant cuts in United States weapons deployments and troop levels in Europe has already been sounded by the influential chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Senator Sam Nunn. Such pressures will mount.

However, there are in both the United States and the Soviet Union powerful economic and political pressures to avoid a rapid demobilization—especially a precipitous reduction of troop levels in Germany. In the United States, unions and arms manufacturers are joining forces to lobby for keeping arms plants going, and without the NATO mission the task will be considerably harder. As the Soviet Union moves closer to a market system, unemployment is no longer a state secret, and integrating hundreds of thousands of former soldiers into an already shaky economy is a daunting project. United States officials are beset by the same fears. The prospect of reabsorbing three hundred thousand servicemen into American society evokes little of the elation of 1945. After V-J Day, fathers and sons returned to families of every class and race, but the soldiers of today's Army run the risk of being seen as mercenaries and strangers.

Such domestic fears of the consequences of peace are not the only pressures to keep the essentials of the present security arrangements undisturbed. The United States has a strong interest in emphasizing the security dimension of its relationship with Europe, for its role as security guarantor has provided much of the leverage it exerts on its allies in economic and commercial matters. The United States is now the world's largest debtor nation, but during the Cold War years, by virtue of its role as defender of the West, it was able to secure more advantageous terms in monetary and trade arrangements than its economic bargaining power alone would have yielded. The security role has become much less important as a result of the relative prosperity of Europe and the waning of the Soviet threat, but United States officials, concerned about mounting economic conflicts with its allies and chief competitors, are eager to preserve as much of that role as they can.

Bureaucratic inertia and self-protection are playing their customary role in slowing the processes of change. Most of the technocrats drawing up plans for the next century have comfortable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niches in the present security system. They see no reason to dismantle it, especially since an argument can be made that it brought victory. Thus the present United States negotiating position is that NATO should be retained, and that as the German Democratic Republic is absorbed into the Federal Republic of Germany the former Soviet satellite should automatically come under the NATO umbrella. The Soviet Union has repeatedly rejected the proposition that a reunited Germany be incorporated into the anti-Soviet alliance, but United States officials say they are confident that Gorbachev will eventually have to agree.

IT is not obvious that the retention of an alliance system originally intended for a radically different world is either a sensible policy or a cautious one. The stated purpose of NATO was to force the integration of Europe and end the bloc system. There are two main arguments for keeping NATO now that these welcome events are occurring. The first is that only the stationing of United States troops in Europe will keep United States public opinion from forcing the government into an isolationist posture. The second is that a refurbished NATO can contain German power.

Walking away from Europe is no longer a serious option for the United States, and there is little discernible sentiment for such a course. Public-opinion polls do not reflect it. American-based corporations and banks are thoroughly involved with Europe. The nations of Europe, singly and collectively, are essential negotiating partners on every major issue—not only on military security but on the management of the world economy, development, and the global environment. The permanent stationing of United States troop contingents in Europe for a substantial portion of the next century may or may not be a good idea, depending upon the context, but there is something musty about the notion that a few thousand American troops are needed to symbolize the inescapable connection between North America and Europe.

It is by no means clear that in three or four years German public opinion will still support the stationing of foreign troops on its soil—especially if it is no secret that a major purpose of retaining the obsolete anti-Soviet alliance is to contain Germany. The idea that remnants of NATO will serve to restrain or "anchor" a reunited Germany is a dubious proposition, containing the seeds of future conflict. It is more likely that the permanent presence of troops of the two superpowers would have the opposite effect on German public opinion, reinforcing nationalist sentiments rooted in resentment at Germany's status as a semi-occupied power.

The rapid decline of the Soviet Union as a political force in Europe further strengthens the position of Germany. Unable to prevent the reunification of Germany and the collapse of its own security system in Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union has lost its principal levers of power in European affairs. The containment and rollback of Soviet power has been a fundamental aim of United States foreign policy ever since the Bolshevik Revolution. It still appears to be American policy to deny the Soviet Union membership in what Gorbachev calls the "Common European House" until that distant day when the vast Soviet expanse has become a confederation of stable democracies. The insistence on retaining the symbolism of NATO now that the original purposes of the alliance have been achieved is a natural extension of that policy.

The primary interest of the United States is to prevent another war over Europe. The best way to allay fears of Soviet militarism or German militarism is to move rapidly toward radical reduction of nuclear and conventional armaments all across the Continent. The changed political and military situation now opens up the possibility of making much deeper cuts than are now on the table. It has been more than forty years since basic assumptions about what nuclear weapons are and what they can do have been seriously examined by governments. It is time, as former Under-Secretary of Defense Fred C. Iklé puts it, to adopt an alternative strategy "to enable America and Russia to overcome their nuclear confrontation, not to perpetuate it at lower levels." The issue is not the survival of NATO. It will be transformed in any event, and the permanent stationing of foreign troops on German soil is improbable. The issue is the character of the new European security system and the relationship of the United States to the new European power in the making.

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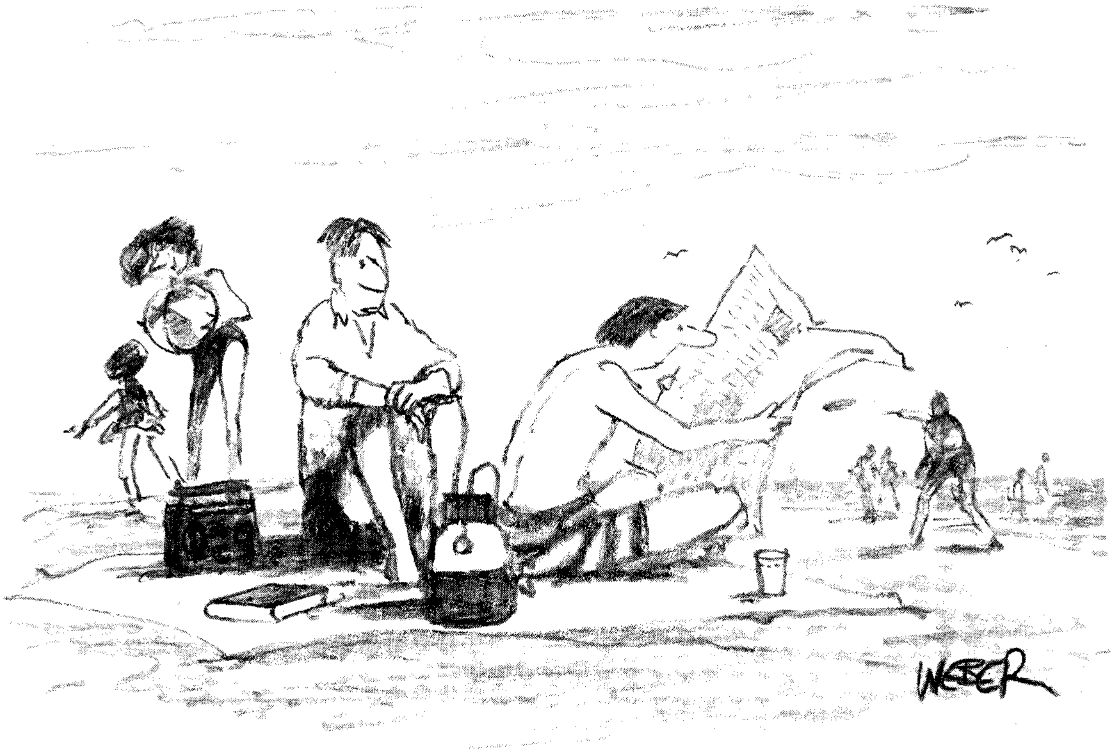
Economic and political integration of Germany into a European security system with substantially lower levels of armaments offers the most credible strategy for containing any future German threat to world peace. Clearly, any stable security arrangement will not come about overnight. But it will not come about at all unless the participating nations agree on some desired end point. The thirty-five-nation Conference on Security and Coöperation in Europe, which was established at Helsinki in 1975, provides a more promising framework on which to build a new security order than does NATO, the quintessential Cold War institution. New possibilities and new dangers call for new symbols and new institutions.

In no event would NATO and the now mythic Warsaw Pact disappear tomorrow. But, with a clear alternative security arrangement in mind, negotiators could take immediate steps to increase communication between rival military forces and move toward a genuinely defensive defense. The Continent would then be set on a course of irreversible transformation. Eventually, contingents of inspectors from small countries or from a revived United Nations might be enough to assure all parties that the new military balance, at low levels, was being maintained. Such confidence would spring from a decline in the traditional threats of military aggression and nuclear blackmail which have preoccupied NATO for so long, and from the changes in perception that actual experience in Europe-wide coöperation would bring.

The most effective way to deter a war in Europe is to increase every nation's economic and political stake in preserving peace. By the same token, the only way to address the two greatest dangers facing the Continent is by removing most of the nuclear weapons from the region and downgrading their role as symbols of power and instruments of policy. One of those dangers is the risk already mentioned of nuclear weapons' becoming involved in civil strife within the Soviet Union. The other is the growing threat of proliferation—primarily among underdeveloped countries—not only of nuclear weapons but of biological and chemical weapons of mass destruction as well. It is hard at this point to foresee the elimination of all nuclear weapons, but the creation of the moral and political climate in which they are stigmatized and forsworn, as chemical weapons once were, is not a utopian objective. The irony is that unless this happens the few remaining political and moral constraints on the more easily available chemical weapons will be lost. The acquisition of mass-destruction weaponry by small nations with large grievances or large ambitions—a dangerous trend of which Iraq has become the prime symbol but by no means the only example—can destabilize any post-Cold War settlement.

The early nineteen-nineties appear to be as critical a turning point in the struggle to control nuclear energy as was 1946, when the United States proposed the ill-fated Baruch Plan. This is the most favorable opportunity since that lost moment to devalue nuclear weapons as the currency of power in world politics and to move with speed and collective commitment to halt the rapidly growing global trade in conventional weapons. The difficulties are enormous—especially since so many nations are dependent on exporting guns, tanks, rockets, and planes to earn foreign exchange. (The economic pressures to sell off rather than destroy NATO and Warsaw Pact weapons will be considerable.) And each year the task becomes harder. The most cautious course would be a bold attack on the old thinking about genocidal weapons which has created both the incentives and the opportunities for countries, rich and poor alike, to acquire the technology of mass destruction.



"I'm afraid if I fell in love I'd lose my competitive edge."

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THE players in the last act of the Cold War share the stage with those of a new drama in the making. In the nineteen-eighties, great energies were invested in the development of the European Community, a Japanese "Pacific partnership," and the beginnings of a North American trading bloc that has already been extended to Canada, northern Mexico, and the Caribbean Basin. In the United States, which ever since the end of the Second World War has been the most open of the large world markets, protectionism has been growing in recent years. In 1986, the secretariat of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) declared that the United States, despite the free-market ideology of the Reagan Administration, had that year adopted more protectionist measures than any other trading nation. In the Reagan years, the share of imports coming in under quotas doubled. At the same time, the United States adopted new trade legislation—what Carla Hills, the United States Trade Representative, calls "the crowbar"—to pry open foreign markets for American goods.

Every world leader, of course, is conscious of the catastrophic cycle of the nineteen-twenties and early nineteen-thirties—tariff wars, depression, mass unemployment, totalitarianism, and war—and all are determined not to repeat it. There are, nonetheless, disturbing signs that domestic political and economic pressures reminiscent of the nineteen-thirties may push each of the three economic power centers toward a three-way confrontation. In dealing with the two other emerging blocs, the United States, as the world's largest economy, the No. 1 military power, and the printer of the world's reserve currency, enjoys certain obvious advantages over its competitors. However, it also labors under unique disadvantages. It has had the most invested in the Cold War. Its economy is more dependent on military production than the economies of other industrial countries. But the projection of military power, for which the United States has been more willing to sacrifice investment in its industrial base or its public infrastructure than either Japan or the nations of Europe, is no longer easily translated into influence. Foreign bases, rapid-deployment forces, and small wars produce more deficits than political payoffs. (Ironically, the invasion of Panama, far from convincing the other industrial nations that the United

States was back, standing tall, struck a number of leaders well disposed toward the United States as a piece of domestic political theatre and an expensive mistake.) As the fear of the Soviet Union fades, the United States will, of course, find it harder to use its role as defender of the West to exact political or economic concessions from its principal allies, who are also its chief competitors.

IN the years of the Pax Americana, free-trade ideology was embraced in Congress by overwhelming majorities of both political parties. The No. 1 nation in economic power, confident that its own corporations could compete successfully in the home market without having to resort to anything more than a modest shield, embraced free-trade ideology as a sword. Meanwhile, Germany and Japan achieved increasing influence in world politics as successful trading nations. Under the protection of the United States, each became a formidable military power but was careful to limit its military expenditures (this was especially true of Japan) and to put its primary resources into its industrial base. Years of trade surpluses have enabled both to build great financial power. It is precisely the variety of quite different state-market relationships in such places as the United States, Japan, Austria, France, and Germany and the differences in their industrial culture which are exacerbating the conflicts among so-called capitalist nations now that the free world has expanded to embrace former enemies.

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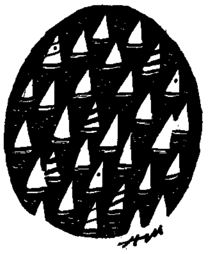
The United States is increasingly dependent upon exporting goods and importing capital, even as its ability to exert control over the world economy is declining. The symbol of this new state of affairs is the United States-Japanese relationship, which has become a major domestic political issue in both countries. Tensions are high, because the bilateral United States-Japan trade deficit has been hovering around fifty billion dollars a year despite devaluation of the dollar and the measures that Japan has taken to reduce the trade imbalance. The dramatic Japanese economic ascendancy has had a shock effect in the United States which has stimulated racist and xenophobic feelings. Japanese ownership of highly visible real-estate and commercial assets in the United States—but not the far larger British holdings—elicits outraged speeches, indignant editorials, and bitter jokes. Running for office against Japan is as much a temptation for some American politicians today as running against the King of England used to be in mayoral races in Chicago. America-bashing in Japan is growing, and the contempt for United States mismanagement of its economy which is reflected in the celebrated book "The Japan That Can Say No," by Shintaro Ishihara and Akio Morita, is widely shared. The fact that important parts of this blunderbuss critique of American failures are by no means frivolous makes it all the more offensive.

Increasingly, the United States and Japan assign responsibility for their deepening conflict to each other's internal policies and cultural traditions. The ideological differences between the United States and the Japanese systems were overshadowed in the Cold War by the global geopolitical contest. Now Japan accuses the United States of being profligate and of having neglected its industrial and educational base. The United States accuses Japan of using its industrial and financial might as a weapon of war, conquering markets by subjecting its hardworking population to an artificially low standard of living. Japanese politicians and commentators attack the United States as a bully in decline, and a fat and lazy one at that; the once confident nation, they say, is lashing out at Japan because of economic failures of its own making. In the eyes of the Japanese, the United States is seizing upon their country as the new enemy nation in order to avoid confronting its own problems—principally its inability to effect the necessary changes in its educational, industrial, and governmental systems which would make the country competitive.

United States observers offer explanations for Japan's economic success which look like a mirror image of the Japanese analysis of American failure. Japan practices an aggressive brand of capitalism, they say, wielding its economic power as if in a military campaign, refusing to play by internationally accepted rules of trade; and while its relentless pursuit of economic power is designed to achieve political domination it has no design for a global order beyond its own aggrandizement. A former United States trade negotiator, Clyde Prestowitz, warns that the economic giant of the Far East has become "the undisputed world economic champion," usurping America's rightful place as the No. 1 nation. He agrees with the Japanese criticism that to a great extent the problem of the United States is its own system—its inability to deal with its budget deficit, and its failure to invest in productive assets and in education and essential infrastructure. But the basic problem, he insists, is America's "willful disregard of reality," its "self-delusion"—the failure to recognize that, while the United States conducts its trade as if it were playing baseball, Japan is playing football, a much rougher game.

The rhetoric on both sides is escalating, despite efforts of top officials in both countries to defuse it. The commanding general of the United States Marines in Japan recently declared that United States forces should remain there to prevent our Pacific ally from turning into "a rearmed, resurgent Japan." (The idea that the serious erosion of the United States' economic influence in Asia can be arrested by a show of military power is a tempting illusion for underemployed war planners.) The Japanese use military metaphors to describe trade issues: corporate executives delivering pep talks to workers tell them to "conquer" this or that market, and the highly protected farmers of Japan gird their loins for "grapefruit wars" and "beef wars." Media in the United States have responded in kind. "JAPAN INVADES HOLLYWOOD" was the headline of a *Newsweek* cover story on Sony's purchase of Columbia Pictures. *Fortune* ran a cover story entitled "WHERE JAPAN WILL STRIKE NEXT."

Nevertheless, the United States and Japan have an overriding common interest in containing their growing economic and technological rivalry. Each is peculiarly dependent on the other, and that reality inflames passions and dictates caution simultaneously. The United States depends upon Japan's purchase of treasury bills to finance its budget deficit. If the Japanese shifted out of dollar-denominated assets, other investors, including American investors, would probably follow suit, and the result for the United States could be ruinous. But Japan, the world's largest creditor nation, has a strong interest in supporting the United States, by far the largest debtor nation, because thirty-four per cent of Japan's exports end up in the United States market. Japan has bought United States securities to accommodate the American need for international credit. It is in Japan's interest to bolster its best customer by opening up its market to United States goods, and it has taken more steps in that direction than many critics in the United States admit. Japan is also reassessing its global role, preparing to become more active in world development and environmental issues. In part because of pressure from its former mentor, in part because foreign aid is an effective wedge for entry into foreign markets, Japan now distributes more development assistance than the United States or any other nation.



Still, the logic of United States-Japanese coöperation could be overwhelmed by rising chauvinist sentiment in both countries, a throwback to a time when industrial nations could afford enemies. The two nations could end up acting against their own economic interests because their political systems were unable to cope with the stress of major cultural and economic changes. In Japan, old values, such as the primacy of the group over the individual, are being eroded by capitalist success. The idea that Japan should be a rich nation of hardworking poor people no longer commands uncritical acceptance, and the Japanese increasingly resent the bias against consumers in their domestic economic policies.

Business and government leaders in the United States are rethinking trendy notions of the nineteen-eighties. It is no longer taken for granted that the United States is fated to "mature" into a "post-industrial economy," letting its civilian manufacturing base decline as it diverts its engineering talent into military production, or that it will prosper as a supplier of software, agricultural products, entertainment, and business-related services to the rest of the world. (United States corporations have no more of a lock on these sectors of the world economy than they once had on automobiles or television sets.) It is becoming fashionable to lament the deplorable state of education in the United States compared with Japanese education, and to note the serious impact that this failure has had on the competitive position of American industry. So there are modest moves toward convergence in both societies which could help to alleviate United States-Japanese economic conflicts. But Japan is far ahead in mobilizing its resources for industrial competition. (In 1989, Japan allocated more than seven hundred and fifty billion dollars, or about twenty-four per cent of its gross national product, to its industrial machine, mainly to increase productivity and to develop new products; the United States allocated more than five hundred billion dollars, or about ten per cent of its G.N.P.) Despite some liberalization, Japan still maintains an economy considerably less open to foreign goods than the economies of other major industrial countries, and there are limits to what direct pressure from the United States and Europe can do to open it further. To pin hopes for the United States economy, as some politicians and writers do, on pushing the Japanese to abandon the Benjamin Franklin virtues they have used so successfully against those who have forgotten them is likely to prove disappointing.

A better approach to avoiding an economic Cold War with Japan is to restore genuine confidence in the adaptive powers of the American system. The pride that Ronald Reagan managed to instill among Americans in the nineteen-eighties, mostly by acting as if it were "morning in America" even as the sun was setting on major American industries, farm communities, and distressed cities, has proved ephemeral. It is becoming clearer that as the nation celebrated the prosperity of that decade, based largely on the final spurt of Cold War military spending and an orgy of speculation, more than a little of which was criminal in character, important sources of the nation's future economic strength were ebbing away. The fading of the Cold War offers a unique opportunity for stirring genuine pride by engaging the imagination and energies of the American people in rebuilding the nation's industry, schools, af-

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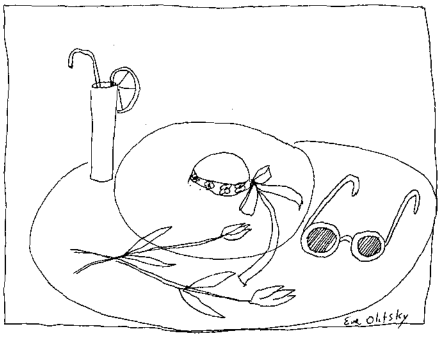
fordable housing, and decent child-care and community health-care facilities; in conserving and renewing its natural resources; and in recovering that sense of community which was once prevalent in American society but is fast disappearing as urban life acquires more and more of a Hobbesian cast.

IT appears that the major powers now have a greater chance for achieving peace based on coöperation instead of threat than at any time since the Congress of Vienna, in 1815. Understandably, their attention is fixed on avoiding a repetition of wars that have already happened, but the greater challenges are likely to be conflicts of an entirely new kind. Whether the United States and Japan increasingly resort to political muscle to solve their economic problems depends ultimately on how each manages its integration into the world economy. The worldwide tension between mobile economic actors and territorially bound political communities is becoming the central drama of our time.

It is now commonplace to acknowledge the march of "globalization." All countries, including former autarchies like China, are increasingly drawn into the world economic system. It was the allure of the world market that impelled Gorbachev to start down the road to *perestroika*. Globalization takes many forms. Corporations are now astonishingly free of the constraints of time and space. With the punch of a key they move huge amounts of capital all over the world. They trade "around the clock and around the globe," and by their investment decisions they are in a better position than governments to determine the fate of local communities. Finance, production, advertising, and marketing of everything from automobiles and TV programs to legal opinions on how to survive in such a world are now carried out on a global scale, and in every corner of the globe—even in once fanatically isolationist Albania—producers and consumers are being sucked further into the world economy.

These processes are transforming nation-states. Governments, having lost the power to defend their borders against missiles, have also lost the power to manage stable economies within their frontiers, because national economies have for all practical purposes ceased to exist. The integration of national economies into the world economy, it turns out, is almost always accompanied by manifestations of social and political disintegration. That is because only a relatively small proportion of the total population is integrated into the world economy on favorable terms. There is a growing gap between those regions, cities, and blocks which are flourishing as beneficiaries of economic integration and those which either have not been touched at all by globalization or have been affected unfavorably by it. This worldwide process is a major factor in the rise of separatist movements almost everywhere—not only in the Soviet Union but in India, the Middle East, and Latin America, and on the fringes of Europe. In the United States, despite the flag worship of the nineteen-eighties, the bonds of nationhood are fraying as conflicts among the older industrial regions, the Farm Belt, and centers of new industry become sharper, and the disparity all across the country between prosperous neighborhoods and collapsing neighborhoods grows. (Among the many indications of the decline of national allegiance are that nearly two-thirds of the electorate does not vote in midterm elections, that increasing numbers of people refuse to participate in the census, and that even larger numbers are evading taxes in record amounts.)

The nineteen-eighties witnessed a worldwide crisis of ideology. Marxist socialism was not the only light that failed. Thatcherism, Reaganism, social democracy, and authoritarian military regimes all generated hopes they could not fulfill, and each failure left disastrous side effects. At some level, government always fails, but in the last two decades national governments almost everywhere have been particularly lacking in practical strategies for achieving growth without risking alarming social and environmental consequences. An important reason is that the nation-state is becoming less able to harness the economic power of its home-based corporations in the service of national policy. (Japan is better able than the United States to do this, but the Japanese government is facing similar problems.)



THE strange new world now emerging defies traditional ways of thinking. Corporations that fly the American flag prosper, but their prosperity, largely based on overseas operations, increasingly fails to produce tangible benefits for the society symbolized by the flag. They employ foreign workers and pay taxes to other countries, and growing numbers of their shares are held by non-Americans. United States multinational companies have maintained the same share of world trade that they had in 1966—about seventeen per cent—but the share of their exports from the United States has fallen, and the effect on this country's industrial job market has been considerable. At the same time, American citizens are buying more and more foreign securities. (In a recent survey pension-fund managers in the United States predicted that a quarter of their funds would be invested in foreign-owned companies within ten years.) Japanese, Dutch, and British companies are reviving industries on American soil. Color-television sets were first produced commercially in the United States, but there was a time not so long ago when only a few were being produced on American soil. Now, thanks to non-American companies (and Zenith, the sole United States-based producer), they are being manufactured here once again by the million.

It is not exactly news that United States-based corporations have been shifting their production facilities to low-wage areas of the world. That has been going on in a substantial way since the nineteen-sixties. But only in the nineteen-eighties did American companies begin to employ so many foreigners abroad relative to their work force in the United States and to carry on so much of their sophisticated research and marketing activities outside the continental limits that what it means to be an "American corporation" became uncertain. According to Robert B. Reich, a lecturer in public policy at the John F. Kennedy School of Government, at Harvard University, forty per cent of I.B.M.'s employees are non-Americans, and the percentage

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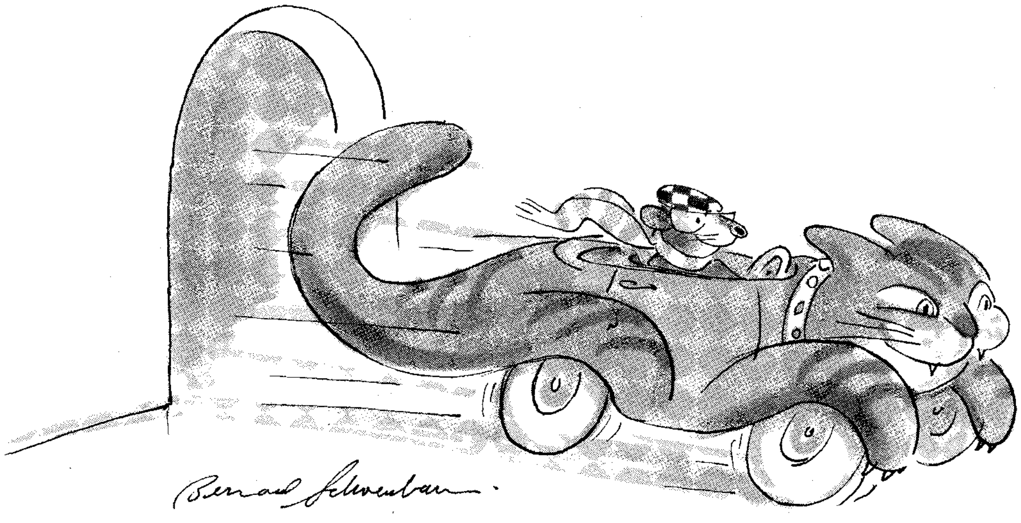

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is rising; Whirlpool cut its employees in the United States by ten per cent, and now employs forty-three thousand five hundred people in forty-five countries, most of them non-Americans; United States corporations employ eleven per cent of the industrial work force of Northern Ireland; and United States companies employ more than a hundred thousand workers in Singapore. Reich says, "Taiwan counts AT&T, RCA, and Texas Instruments among its largest exporters. In fact, more than one-third of Taiwan's notorious trade surplus with the United States comes from U.S. corporations making or buying things there, then selling or using them back in the United States." Given this reality, he asks, "Who is us?" His answer is that companies that employ and train American workers and locate their research-and-development operations in the United States are "us" more than companies that fly the Stars and Stripes at their Connecticut or New Jersey headquarters but are increasingly invested in the economies of other countries.

Patriotism has never been a prime value for corporations. "Merchants have no country," Thomas Jefferson observed. "The mere spot they stand on does not constitute so strong an attachment as that from which they draw their gain." Corporations respond to their own interests, symbolized by the balance sheet; the loyalty they profess is to their stockholders, not to their government. In the globalized economy, it is hard to see why an American company that invests in non-Americans furthers the national interest more than, say, a Japanese company that invests in American workers, managers, scientists, and engineers. There are some differences, however. Japanese companies, on the whole, tend to import more components and supplies than United States-based companies, and so the multiplier effect of such production on the American economy is smaller. The Japanese are attracted to low-wage regions of the United States, and they seek nonunion labor. As poor communities bid against one another to import jobs, the balance of power shifts more and more in favor of the foreign corporations, and the terms of investment become less favorable for the local community.

As the era of national military alliances seems to be coming to an end, the age of corporate alliances has begun. The European Community is bent on creating by 1992 a market larger than the United States market by abolishing the regulations throughout Europe which keep goods and workers from moving across national frontiers. There has been much alarm in the United States that the European Community would turn into Fortress Europe, that the nations of Europe would tear down the fences that divide them from one another only to put up a big fence around the whole continent. United States corporations are positioning themselves to take advantage of the E.C. market by making alliances with companies in each European country in which they wish to do business. As Chrysler's vice-chairman, Gerald Greenwald, puts it, "I don't think an American company can manage without a European partner." Almost every week, the business press reports some new purchase, merger, or alliance agreement between two multinational companies, based in different countries. The list of such transnational arrangements is growing rapidly: G.M. and Toyota, Motorola and Toshiba, Texas Instruments and Hitachi, and, soon, Daimler-Benz and Mitsubishi. One negotiator of United States-Japanese joint ventures says, "Above all, it's a way to get into markets."

THE great question is whether the three regional centers of economic coöperation now emerging—the European Community, the Pacific partnership, dominated by Japan, and the expanding North American free market—can collaborate with one another in global economic management, devising new rules of trade; a new monetary system; minimum standards of environmental protection, workers' safety, and human rights; and a common strategy for promoting political and economic development across the planet, or whether, as many fear, they will engage in economic warfare. The three centers differ from one another. Europe is a highly developed transnational market. The United States is just beginning to put together regional economic arrangements with Canada and Mexico. Although Japanese industrialists are heavily invested in Asia, Japan's plans for economic expansion are more global than regional. And there is little evidence that the Asian power is providing an analogue to the European Community in the Far East. If trade wars break out, the web of corporate alliances will enable some corporations to make their own way through the battlefield, but their success will not avoid disastrous consequences for civil society.

The United States faces the formidable task of reorienting American industry to operate in the new global economy without resorting to economic warfare. How much the United States should depend upon foreign-based companies to revitalize its manufacturing economy and to solve its balance-of-payments problems, how much manufacturing should take place on American soil, and how dependent the economy should be on exports are crucial questions that can be answered only within the context of a national strategy of development. Unless these issues can be subjected to political debate and democratic deliberation, the American economy and the American landscape will, for better or for worse, be shaped by a set of decisions made in places like Tokyo, Frankfurt, and London (and by the panicked retaliatory responses from Washington). If the United States fails to adopt a coherent national development strategy of its own through the democratic process, it will end up with one designed by non-Americans, whose primary interest will not be the revitalization of the American economy.

The fundamental challenges posed by the age of globalization are how to make economic actors accountable to political communities and how to modernize government so that it can protect the public interest in the territory that it is expected to govern. Despite the cry for democracy now heard round the world, the great global enterprises that make the key decisions—about what people eat and drink, what they read and hear, what sort of air they breathe and water they drink, and, ultimately, which societies will flourish and which city blocks will decay—are becoming less and less accountable to the people whose lives they change. Global corporations, whatever flag they fly, have outgrown national laws and national cultures, and the world has not begun to address the problem.

AS the Cold War fades, the violence that tends to erupt wherever concentrated wealth and privilege and extreme poverty collide is becoming the major threat to peace and freedom, and it is eroding human rights everywhere. Social breakdown in the wake of rising inequality is becoming more evident in parts of the developed world as income distribution becomes more skewed. But it is endemic in the "Third World"—that curiously parochial expression the French invented, and Russians and North Americans love to use, to describe the three great continents where most of the people of the world live. The cycle of misery, population growth, environmental destruction, catastrophic debt, crushing arms expenditures, civil wars, and social dissolution in Latin America, Asia, and Africa threatens the health of the world environment and of the global

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economy. Every year, large corporations and poor peasants trying to survive destroy tropical forests and other habitats for tens of thousands of species of plants and animals that disappear forever. Another casualty is cultural diversity: indigenous traditions, customs, arts, and skills are being swept away at an ever-increasing rate by a highly intrusive global economy governed by no political authority.

Officials who dispense foreign aid prefer to describe the world's poor as living in the "developing world"—an Orwellian term used to describe a global spread of diverse countries united only by a common history of colonialism, hot weather, and dashed hopes. After more than forty years, much brave talk about inevitable "takeoffs" into industrial prosperity, and the ministrations of socialists, free-market capitalists, religious fundamentalists, and military dictators—all of which have, in diverse ways, failed—poverty in most of the world is more pervasive and stubborn than ever. The distribution of resources—between rich countries and poor countries, and within poor countries—is becoming more unequal year by year. It is now commonplace to write off countries as "basket cases." Poverty, population pressures, civil war, and repression are turning sub-Saharan Africa—black Africa minus South Africa and Namibia—into a giant disaster zone, and in countries in South America, such as Colombia and Peru, the civil society is dissolving. In the Philippines, to give one example of the many Asian countries that are not following Japan, South Korea, Singapore, and Taiwan into the industrial age, more than seventy per cent of the population is poor by any human standard.

With the end of the Cold War, the increasing marginalization of the Third World appears likely. The military reasons for pouring money into poor countries are less persuasive; the Soviet Union has lost its enthusiasm for Third World clients. Nevertheless, Pentagon planners consider poor countries the most likely setting for future wars. (With the decline of NATO's role, preparation for "low-intensity warfare," especially in Latin America, will take an increasing share of the military budget.) Natural resources and cheap labor are liberally distributed around the planet; technological advances in North America, Europe, and Japan are reducing the need for certain minerals, and may soon threaten the market for natural products like coffee beans, which can now be synthesized in laboratories. Poor countries participate at the fringes of world commerce—the entire continent of Africa accounts for about three per cent of world trade—and so Eastern Europe looks like a much better place to invest foreign-aid dollars. Private investment in the Third World will be directed to the newly industrialized countries and to small enclaves—tourist areas and manufacturing zones—in the midst of poverty.

The economic distress of the Third World, the increasing militarization of poor countries torn by ancient divisions and modern ambitions, and the savage wars in Somalia, Ethiopia, Sudan, and Peru are not seen as constituting a global threat. Oddly, the World Bank does not hesitate to condition its aid on the recipient country's willingness to slash its social expenditures, but the conventions of national sovereignty allow the bank to ignore the fact that some of the poorest countries spend far more on sophisticated arms than they do on their entire budgets for health, education, and all other programs to benefit their people. Because the Third World appears increasingly marginal, the issues of global equity are not on the political agenda of the industrial nations. There is no real "north-south dialogue," and politicians in the industrial world feel little pressure to begin one. As attention turns to the management of capitalist economies now freed from the challenge of socialism, both winners and losers in the Cold War are averting their eyes from a human tragedy on a global scale. The end of the third global conflict of the twentieth century offers a unique moment to reexamine basic assumptions about the political organization of the planet. Unless the people of Asia, Africa, and Latin America are part of a new democratic order, we will all lose the chance for peace the world has won.

—RICHARD J. BARNET

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From a public-service column in the Arlington Heights* (*Ill.*) *Daily Herald*]

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THE SPORTING SCENE

MIDTERM

BASEBALL fans, mesmerized by statistics, sometimes overlook the telling figure 2,106, which is the number of major-league games required to play out the long season. Standings and streaks distract us in the early weeks, and we are too quickly cast down by a bad June weekend suffered by our guys, or elated by last night's lucky, bloop-sprung late-inning win. This season, like its predecessors, will probably reserve its main events and ultimate truths until back-to-school time, and each manager, easing out of his spikes and lifting a Lite in his clubhouse office, still throws a cautionary "It's early yet" into his postgame wrapup—a reminder to himself as much as to the encircling media. We are at midseason, or close to it, but summaries at this point are no more useful than those twelve-second plot résumés offered to soap-opera devotees who somehow missed yesterday's betrayals and surgeries, and none will be supplied here. The early themes and accomplishments of 1990—Nolan Ryan's *sixth* no-hitter, which he accomplished (against the Athletics) at the age of forty-three while incidentally suffering from back spasms; the eighteen strikeouts rung up by the Dodgers' narrow right-hander, Ramon Martinez, in an outing against the Braves; the no-hitters pitched on the same day (but in different cities) by Dave Stewart and Fernando Valenzuela, a feat or coincidence last pulled off in the celebrated Hippo Vaughn–Fred Toney double-zip affair in 1917; the miserable fate of Andy Hawkins, the Yankee right-hander, who pitched and lost a no-hitter against the White Sox, coming out on the short end of an 0–4 decision thanks to bases on balls and three grisly Yankee errors in the eighth inning; the twenty-six home runs delivered to date by the wide-waisted Detroit first baseman, Cecil Fielder, who played last year for the *other*, or Hanshin, Tigers, in Japan; the bullying ways (at the plate and on the pitcher's mound) of Lou Piniella's Cincinnati Reds, which have kept them in front of the pack in their sector of the action; Lenny Dykstra's twitchy, electrifying (and brief) assault on the .400 level; Ryne Sandberg's gorgeous June balloon: .377, with fourteen home runs and twenty-five runs batted in, in thirty games; the Lazarus-like awakening of the Giants, who won sixteen of their first seventeen games in June, and as quickly resumed their straight-line heartbeat; the carefree ways of the Boston Red Sox, somehow exorcised of their grumbling, homer-burdened style of ball, who won nine out of eleven games on a recent home stand to take up a comfy four-and-a-half-game lead in their division (their lobsterback fans, by contrast, subjected Sox manager Joe Morgan to their customary vituperative second-guessing for his bullpen strategy in the games the team did lose)—will await our lengthier thoughts in October, but a few spring moments should be noted in this midterm paper, before they slide out of memory.

Dave Winfield at last took leave of the Yankees and his tormenting employer after nine distinguished summers at the Stadium (he is playing for the Angels now, and playing well), but let us not forget his departing companion outfielder, Luis Polonia, if only for his gnomic summation of the Bronxian ethos: "The Yankees are only interested in one thing, and I don't know what it is." Forty-year-old Bill Buckner, signed by the Red Sox after his exuberant performance in spring training this year, didn't get to play much at Fenway Park, it turned out, and was given his release from the club (and from baseball) early in June, but not before making one more vivid streak across the sky. Early on, in a game against the Angels at the Fens, he scored an inside-the-park home run—a TKO over the laws of probability that can only be appreciated if we recall that Buckner's legs, after repeated demolishments and retinkerings down the years, now resemble the appendages of Max Schreck, the black-and-white vampire of "Nosferatu." I had the game in sight on my home tube when Billy Buck's liner caromed lightly off

"Well, I'm employed by them, but I'm working for me."

the low right-field wall, while the closely pursuing outfielder, Claudell Washington, colliding with the same barrier, executed a midair half gainer into the first row of the stands and disappeared from view. Buckner, running unevenly but with increasing pleasure, like a suitcase falling downstairs, made it around second and, after a bit, around third. "Go!" I yelled. "Go, Bill!" He went, and made it home easily while the groggy Claudell arose slowly out there, as astonished as the rest of us, if a little less pleased. (Center fielder Devon White, possibly disabled by laughter, never made an appearance on my screen.)

Bo Jackson, again comfortably ahead of all challengers in strikeouts (he's a *batter*, I mean), fanned for the fourth time in an afternoon game against the Yankees on May 19th and thereupon broke his bat cleanly in two across his knee. His teammate Mike Macfarlane also struck out four times in that game but carried his bat back to the dugout. This was up at Yankee Stadium, which was the scene of another keeper moment a couple of days later, when Deion Sanders, the bejewelled Yankee celebrity rookie (he's a defensive back for the Atlanta Falcons in the off-season— no, *baseball* must be his off-season), popped up to the infield in the third inning and idly strolled partway toward first base. Carlton Fisk, the catcher for the visiting White Sox, rose slowly and growled, "Run it out."

"What did you say?" Sanders replied.

"I said 'Run it out,' you piece of shit," Fisk said levelly.

When Sanders came up to bat next time around, he told Fisk that slavery had been abolished some years ago, and the social contretemps, by now a culture clash of resounding proportions, was suddenly complete. Sanders, a twenty-two-year-old black, is the coolest young man ever to put on pinstripes, while Fisk, a New Englander currently in his twenty-first year in the majors, is the prime classicist now in the game. Neither one had the smallest idea—not a glimmering—what the other was all about. To the credit of both men, no physical action ensued (the drama was Ibsen, right to the end), and when the two next met at home plate, a week later at Comiskey Park, Sanders stuck out his hand and Fisk, startled once again, shook it.

Home runs (to get back to the games) have been coming in great numbers this year, especially in the National League, where another rabbit seems to have got loose in the laboratory: seven hundred and forty-seven home runs to date, early in July, as against five hundred and ninety-eight a year ago—a pickup of twenty-five per cent. The A.L.'s Toronto Blue Jays, invigorated by the muscular Kelly Gruber, George Bell, and Fred McGriff, lead all teams, however, with a hundred and three round trippers so far, most of which have come (or gone out) on the road.

It's a good bet that no home run struck this year at the Jays' vast SkyDome will elicit the attention and discussion that attended a different over-the-fence happening there in May. The SkyDome, as we know, has space for everything, including the SkyDome Hotel, whose windows look out upon the great enclosure and offer a privileged, if unticketed, view of the games to the guests. The game between the Jays and the visiting Mariners on May 15th was a draggy one, and in time ceased to hold the full attention of a consenting couple in a room just above the left-field scoreboard. Binoculars slowly and then swiftly came into use around the park, and the ballgame, in metaphysical terms at least, ceased to exist. The moment was probably a last as well as a first, for patrons checking into the SkyDome Hotel are now required to sign a waiver guaranteeing their good behavior when in front of the spaceage picture windows, which are of the old-fashioned, two-way variety. Baseball, I keep hearing, is too short on action to please contemporary audiences, but its capacity for the unexpected, as always, is bottomless.

The jollity of these various doings in no way reflects what I felt as a fan—a New York fan—as April and May trudged slowly by. The Yankees' profound unsuccess came as no surprise, of course, except in its precise form. The pitching, especially when Tim Leary took his turn as a starter, was a shade better than expected, but the offense far worse. Even though Dave Winfield played not at all last year (he was shelved by a back injury that required surgery) and not much more this spring, his departure made us look again at the bare cupboard that remained after the management's years of impulsive or vengeful or wildly misguided player deals. Don Mattingly, wholly without protection in the batting order, was glumly flailing along in the .260s or .270s, and his surrounding supernumeraries—Jesse Barfield, Mel Hall, Steve Balboni, Roberto Kelly, Steve Sax, Randy Velarde, Bob Geren, Alvaro Espinoza, etc.—were plainly without the means to turn a game or a season around. When a team loses seven out of eight games, or, in another stretch, thirteen out of fourteen, as the Yankees have done, sadness replaces irritation or rage in the breast of the bystander, and a preservative care for his arteries requires that he turn his thoughts away from the cause of it all: the owner. When Bucky Dent, the incumbent scapegoat, was fired on June 6th and replaced by Stump Merrill, the nineteenth manager (or twelfth bar repeaters) in the Steinbrenner era, I felt blank, whited out, after sixty years as a local fan, as if the last pinstripes on my baseball psyche had been bleached away. Merrill, a career minor-league coach and manager, is probably without illusions about his future in the Bronx, but I'm sorry for him all the same. The last time I looked, the Yankees were last in their division, fifteen games behind the Red Sox, and also next to last in the American League in batting average, and last in runs, hits, runs batted in, bases on balls, doubles, total bases, and slugging average. Then I looked away.

The Mets fired their manager, Davey Johnson, a few days before Dent got the heave-ho, but the change, although a shock, felt almost reasonable, given the deadly calm that had afflicted the club for almost a year. Johnson, who owned the highest winning percentage of any active manager in baseball, had won ninety games or more in five of his six full seasons at the helm. He was intelligent, perhaps intellectual, but removed in manner—a personality that had worked very well with a roster of proud, high-performance veteran stars. (A couple of years ago, some other writers and I were speculating about Davey's habitually distant, jelled-aspic responses to our questions, and one scribe offered the conjecture that this had to do with Johnson's purported Norwegian ancestry. "I should know," the man threw in. "I used to be married to one.") The Mets loved to play for Johnson in good times—"He did so much it's hard to take anything away from him," I heard Wally Backman say not long ago—but when the going got harder, the fjordlike chill was unhelpful, to say the least. With the departure last winter of the aging captains Keith Hernandez and Gary Carter, following the loss of sparkers Lenny Dykstra and Roger McDowell in a very dubious trade last summer (Wally Backman and Ray Knight were long gone, and then Mookie Wilson left town as well), the leaderless Mets lost their zing, and seemed to perform without energy or evident desire, as if the wins would still come of their own accord. Johnson, concerned, could not change his style or that of his players, and when the wealthy and enormously talented pitching staff fell into a torporous mediocrity (except for Frank Viola) in April and May, his departure became inevitable. To be fair about this, it was the team that failed Davey in the end, and not the other way around. The new skipper, Bud Harrelson, is an old Met but a different mode of man altogether, as the team (at this writing) has suddenly caught fire, winning games in dramatic and/or dominant fashion, or putting together an eleven-game string of consecutive wins in its rush toward the top of its division. But watching the Mets in this just-previous period was torture, and their stumbling ways seemed personified for me (and for all Mets fans, I imagine) by the dazed and deplorable at-bats of their lanky star Darryl Strawberry, who would step up to the plate without expression or apparent plan, take a pitch or foul one off innocuously, and then—fooled on the pitch and with his front shoulder already headed back to the dugout—strike out. Boos again, perhaps including his own. Somewhere along in here (the Mets were on the road, I think, but still going nowhere in the standings), I came to my senses and remembered that I had resources not easily available to other baseball followers. I remembered that this game was meant to be a pleasure, and determined to get out of town in search of that commodity. I'd go almost anyplace where the players were having some fun, were hitting the ball now and then, and perhaps were eager to talk a little baseball. Pittsburgh, for instance.

"IT'S hard to believe, but I learned it in one day. I tried it out on my last game in spring training this year, and I struck out two or three guys with it. It was the Reds we were playing, in Bradenton." He pronounces it "Bradingdon." "It's basically a changeup, but it goes the other way. I'm a fastball pitcher, and I come inside a lot, which for me means inside to right-handed batters. That sets up this pitch. They back up for the heat and it goes the other way. The ball just doesn't get there, and mostly they're way out in front. I didn't believe what was happening at first, but now I can throw it against anybody, on any count. The key to a changeup is throwing it on fastball counts—two and oh, three and one, three and two." The speaker is a thirty-year-old left-hander, Neal Heaton. A *happy* left-hander. His major-league record, put together during seven-plus seasons with the Indians, the Twins, the Expos, and the Pirates, is sixty-one wins and eighty-three losses. Up to this year, that is. This year, his second in Pittsburgh, his record, as we speak, is 10–3, with an earned-run average of 3.32. He won his first six starts in a row, and is currently second (in a tie) in the National League in wins. All because of the pitch.

"Show me how to hold it," I say, and Heaton, who has a sloping mustache, straight black hair, and a fashionable three-day growth of whiskers, plucks a ball from his black mitt and splits his middle and forefinger outside the narrow part of the red-stitched seams. It's another split-finger, is all, and in his midsize hand the ball doesn't look particularly dangerous.

"Then what?" I say.

"Then I tuck my thumb up here next to the forefinger, so it's hardly touchin' the ball at all. When I throw it, I turn it over"—he twists his wrist in a clockwise direction—"and it comes off the side of the fingers. It's a screwball, only it's a split-finger, too."

He looks almost shy, with the ball perched out in his fingers beside me. We are sitting in the Pirate dugout, three hours before a game, and a couple of Heaton's teammates, watching us from down the bench, waggle their wrists, too, ragging him.

"Who thought of this?" I ask.

"Well, our pitching coach, Ray

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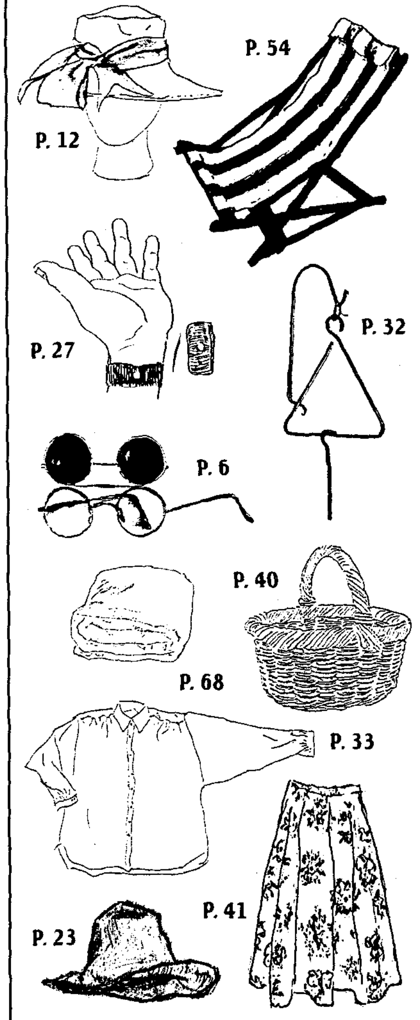

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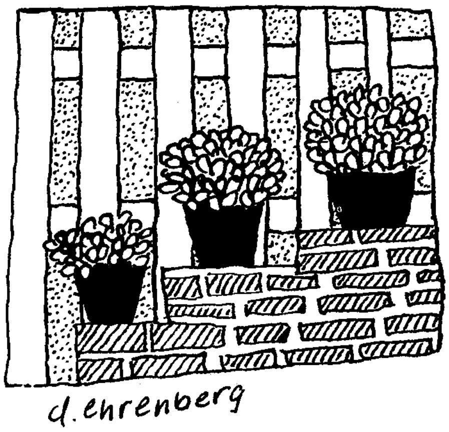
Miller, is always telling us to fool around when we're soft-tossing," Heaton says. "He says to try to come up with something, hold the ball some other way, because someday we're going to need that extra pitch. That's what I did. That's how I came up with this. All my career, I was trying to throw a circle change"—with this pitch, the ball is delivered with the three outer fingers held upright and the thumb and forefinger making the "O.K." sign—"but I never could get the feel for it. Then I found this."

"This is like a movie," I say. (I'm thinking kids in sneakers in a back yard someplace, and the snub-nosed, freckled second lead piping, "It's so crazy it just might work, Nealie!")

"You got it," Heaton says. He is animated, smiling at it all. "Mine has been an average career so far. I've never been on a winning team—the closest I ever came was third place, with the Expos. I've had a couple of decent seasons before this, but I've struggled in the major leagues for eight years. You can't possibly understand what it means to me to be on a team like this in a year like this. Now that I've had a taste of what it's like to be good, I'm— I'm hungry."

Ray Miller, an old baseball acquaintance, told me that he has deep-seated reservations about the split-finger, because of the strain it puts on a pitcher's arm when his fingers pop off the ball in mid-release. But he was not about to argue the point with Heaton. He said that Heaton had never been able to get his hand on top of the ball for a proper changeup or a good curveball, because of the way he kicks his foot toward first base at the start of his delivery. I asked if anyone else held the ball the way Heaton did, and Miller said no, not to his knowledge. "I'm sure as hell not going to go out and teach it, but there's always something new like this coming along," he added in his flat, quick way. "It's asinine to say it doesn't happen. Anyway, I don't think the thumb matters much. It never touches the ball when it's let go, no matter who's pitching. I could show you freeze-frames to prove it. I tell my pitchers they only need their thumb so they don't drop the ball on the ground out there."

THE Pirates, an attractive if not much celebrated ball team, were in first place in the National League East, three games up on the second-place Phillies and Expos, at the time of my visit, in early June, and I saw them take a pair of games from the Cubs at Three Rivers Stadium before they came over to Shea to take on the Mets. It's a young team with some becoming streaks of gray: over the past winter, a trade and some bargain free-agent signings picked up catcher Don Slaught, infielder Wally Backman, and pitchers Walt Terrell and Ted Power, who brought along a cumulative thirty-five seasons of major-league experience. The incumbent Pirates had aged on their own last year, when multiple injuries hit them hard and ruined expectations raised by their second-place finish (to the Mets) in 1988; they wound up fifth, nineteen games to the bad. Their fielding was a scandal: a hundred and sixty errors, thirty-five of them from Bobby Bonilla, an outfielder unhappily in exile at third base. This year, everyone told me, was different. Wally Backman and a kid named Jeff King were playing third, restoring Bonilla to his proper post in right field. Last year was a bad dream—a check-in at the Bates Motel, as Andy Van Slyke put it. He is the center fielder, and a Hall of Fame-level interview, always. Talking to a gaggle of writers at one point, he told us that this year's club was "one hundred and ninety degrees different," and, not missing a beat, murmured, "That's a hundred and eighty degrees and a little more." I also liked the way these 1990 Pirates won, which they did often while I hung around them: no raised voices or jumping about in the clubhouse, even after a game in which they'd come from behind and knocked off the Cubs in a rouser. Much of this manner, I came to realize, filtered down from their manager, Jim Leyland, a low-burning but intense forty-five-year-old thinker, whose arrival in 1986 began the club's turnaround from extended mediocrity. "We're not bad" and "We're all right" and "We're professionalized" and "We're just going about our business"—such were the Leyland assessments of his Buccos that accumulated in my notes over a period of days. His managerial mode is simultaneously imaginative and reasoned, and fully formed. His teams have been known for their ability to scratch or scramble their way back into games in which they have fallen well behind; they'll steal, hit and run, send the unexpected man on the unexpected count, go for one run and then another. Ray Miller told me that almost the only times he'd seen Leyland angry was when his players began hitting long fly balls in a losing game, trying for home runs. It isn't done much anymore—not by the Pirates.



In some circles of the pastime, Jim Leyland is more of a story than Bobby Bonilla, the exuberant cleanup slugger; or Andy Van Slyke, who is a line-drive hitter and a defensive genius in center field; or Barry Bonds, the ill-tempered but overtalented youngster in left; or Jose Lind, the acrobatic second baseman, who has been up among the league's leading hitters all this year. The assessment wouldn't change, I'm sure, if the Pirates' lineup were as famous as that of the World Champion Oaklands. Leyland's reputation as a baseball thinker and leader puts him near the top of a whole new generation of thoughtful, well-educated, information-obsessed, formidably prepared baseball technocrats now in charge of several teams. Tony La Russa is the exemplar, thanks to his great success with the Athletics, but the group also includes Tom Trebelhorn, of the Brewers; Jeff Torborg, of the White Sox; Bobby Valentine, of the Rangers; and Jim Lefebvre, of the Mariners. Classic old-line managers—Don Zimmer, Whitey Herzog, Sparky Anderson, John McNamara, Tom Lasorda, Jack McKeon, Joe Morgan—still outnumber the M.B.A. types, but there is an in-between generation: Lou Piniella, the Twins' Tom Kelly, the Astros' Art Howe, the Angels' Doug Rader, who are perhaps inclined more toward the new mode than the old. Leyland, who was a catcher in the minors for seven years and then managed in the minors for eleven more (he was in the Tigers' organization), was a third-base coach for the White

Sox for four years, during which La Russa managed that club and took it to a divisional championship (in 1983), and Tony told me not long ago that he had learned far more from Leyland in that period than the other way around. The two have a mutual-admiration society, and send messages back and forth to each other through writers who get around both leagues.

My short talks—or listens, rather—with Leyland gave me tantalizing glimpses of his range and peaks. "Everyone thinks Don Slaught and Wally Backman have brought leadership to this club, but to me what they've brought is a whole bunch of base hits," he said one afternoon. "Backman got six hits in one game, and that's a whole lot of leadership." Another time, he talked at length and with precision about the problems managers and front-office people face when dealing with the talented but complaining player who insists he must be in the lineup every day. (The discussion was in the abstract, not about anyone on the roster.) In the end, he said, such a man is often dealt away, but quietly, in order not to diminish his trade value. But the first job of the manager in that situation, Leyland threw in, is to make sure that the player isn't right—that he *shouldn't* be playing more.

One evening, in a postgame press gab, Leyland talked spiritedly about the abilities of his outfield trio—Bonds, Van Slyke, and Bonilla. "These three are getting into their prime," he said. "They're franchise players. A lot of people in a lot of other cities will be paying to see these three in action, and we've got them right here. When players get together anywhere now, these are the guys they talk about." It came to me that this appreciation was probably being directed at the Pittsburgh fans, who have been slow to come out in any numbers to root for the Bucs; the problem is endemic at Three Rivers, and persisted even through the Pirates' World Championship seasons in 1960, 1971, and 1979. The Pirates and the Seattle Mariners are the only teams never to have attracted two million customers in a single season.

Leyland gave up the P.R. line in time, however, and moved along to maturation—the proper care and encouragement of young talent. "Patience is *so* important," he told us. "You have to let younger ones mature at their own rate. There's so much pressure up here to win that we all make the mistake sometimes of getting off a guy too quickly. They need *time*. They can break in and be decent, but you can't expect them to do too much. That's why I'm waiting with Jeff King, not throwing him out there every day. Two years ago, we couldn't have expected Barry Bonds to be driving in runs the way he is today. You have to wait. Managers who hurry players along tend to be guys who are afraid of losing their jobs, and I'm not afraid of losing my job."

Once, briefly alone with Leyland, I asked him about the necessary qualities of a good manager. It's a question he must have heard a hundred times or five hundred times before, but he waited half a minute or more before answering. He sat upright at his desk, with an air of controlled, almost concentrated calm—much the same timbre I have observed in Tony La Russa over the years. He has a penetrating gaze and a gray, no-nonsense mustache.

"I'm not a very religious person," he said at last, "but I do believe that being a good person has something to do with being a good manager. You have to be honest with the players—you really do. You can't lie to them. You can't misdirect them in any way. You have to be factual. I mean, if you have any tendency to lie, you're certainly going to lie to a player. I know I'm seen as cold sometimes, because I tell a player exactly the way it is. That doesn't make me right, but it's the only way open to me. Today, I had to send down a pitcher, because at this time I felt I had ten better pitchers on my roster. That's exactly what I told him. He disagreed—that's his option—but at least I didn't say I'd been forced into this decision in some fancy way, or say, 'Oh, I'm going to bring you right back.' I don't play that way. The easiest thing in the world for a manager is to give some kid a line of bullshit to get him out of your office. The toughest thing but the best thing is to tell what you feel and why. Then *he* has to live with what you thought, not you, and you can shave the next morning. You can look at yourself in the mirror."

I GOT lively responses almost every time I sat down with a Pirate player on this trip. (No statistics are kept for clubhouse tone, but it exists, all right, and may sometimes even have something to do with winning or los-

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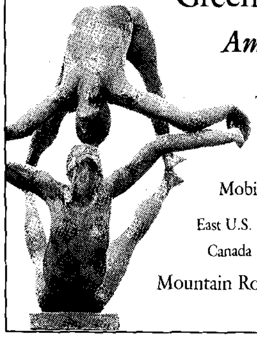

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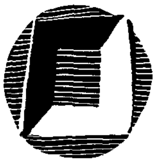
ing.) Andy Van Slyke said at one point that he still hadn't got over how badly he and the team played last year. "I'll never forget the feeling," he said. "I couldn't punch any buttons that worked. I don't think this team is that much better than last year's, but there's a lot at stake now that we've begun to win. Now we have to play tough ball against every other team in this division. I'm not saying we're going to win, but we know now we're good enough to win."



Bill Landrum, a blade-handsome, self-assured pitcher, told me that he had found his niche in the game only the previous summer, at the age of thirty (he became the Pirate stopper almost overnight, and wound up with twenty-six saves), because for the first time in his career an entire staff of coaches had taken him seriously and talked to him in a direct way and spent time teaching him things. Two or three had worked with him assiduously, concentrating most of all on his changeup. He was grateful for Rich Donnelly, the Pirate bullpen coach, who stood beside him while he warmed up and told him which batter he would probably be facing in the game. " 'O.K., Mark Grace is going to pinch-hit here, by the looks of it,' " Landrum said, imitating Donnelly. "Or it'd be Benito Santiago, or whoever, and he'd say what sort of a hitter he is—low-ball or inside-out, whatever—so while I was warming up I felt I was actually pitching to the batter I was going to face."

I asked Landrum if he hadn't encountered this sort of professional counselling before—with the Cubs, say, or with the Reds, where he had berthed briefly before being sent down again or traded away.

"Never," he said. "Never once. I've never had the luxury of learning. It was always 'Here's the ball—go get 'em.' I was always on the edge, always in a do-or-die situation. It was always me coming into a game and the manager looking at my feet when he handed me the ball, and maybe somebody patting me on the ass. Now all of a sudden I had people looking me in the eye. It's amazing how your confidence picks up."

THERE were games in here, along with the gab. The Pirates and the visiting Cubs, each suffering from the pitching shorts (Don Zimmer's mound corps was in pitiable condition, in fact, and would soon get much worse, with the loss of Mitch Williams, their take-no-prisoners relief ace, who tore a knee ligament in a game against the Mets), started second-liners on a frigid evening at semi-deserted Three Rivers. Shawn Boskie, the young Cubs flinger (he was performing at the Class AA level last year), held on doggedly but, perhaps *over*doggedly, low-bridged Bonilla in the third, who responded with a single. Barry Bonds whistled a triple to the right-field corner on the very next pitch, and that, for all practical purposes, was the game. The Pirates won, 6–2. I hung on to the end, blowing on my fingers (the temperature was in the thirties by the time I left the park) and warming myself inwardly by watching Wally Backman up at bat—that low, lean-over style at the dish, with his eyes peering over the upraised front elbow: limeflower tea to this old Metsman.

The next night's Pirate batting order started off the first inning single, triple (a team specialty), walk, home run, before the designated Cubs lamb, Paul Assenmacher, a reliever by trade, could record his first out; but matters improved startlingly when his successor, Steve Wilson, entirely smothered the Bucs over six near-perfect innings, by which time his teammates had come back to take the lead, at 5–4. I was struck dumb, as I often am, by Zimmer's Zoroastrian style of strategy (at one juncture he called a double steal with men on first and second and no outs and his No. 3 hitter up at bat), but could not for the moment argue with the results. Then the Pirates bounced back, winning it in the Leyland one-thing-at-a-time style: a run in the eighth set up by Jeff King's sacrifice bunt, and another in the ninth, instigated by Backman's patient, pertinent leadoff base on balls. Leyland stuck with his anxious reliever, a thin-necked twenty-three-year-old rookie sidearmer named Stan Belinda, even when he fell into difficulties out there (the manager remarked later that he'd touched the young man's chest during a visit to the mound and found a racing engine inside. "He'd have won the Indy 500," he said), and Belinda's day's work ended, suddenly and happily, with Andre Dawson's hot smash into a double play. It was Belinda's very first major-league victory. I visited the commemorative ball and its radiant new owner at Belinda's locker. "Whoever invented the double play," he said, "I'd like to shake his hand."

AFTER winning one more against the Cubs the next night, the Pirates travelled along to Shea Stadium and the Mets, and so did I, but those games, for reasons I'll get around to shortly, became part of another chapter of this season. Within a week, in any case, I was refreshing myself at a different fount: on the South Side of Chicago, where the White Sox, seventh-place finishers in their division a year ago, had startled themselves with a 36–20 bolt from the blocks, the second-best record (shared with the Reds, in the other league) of the young season, and now stood a bare two games behind the almighty Athletics, whom they were playing for the first time this season, in a four-game set—a "reality check," as one of the young Chisox observed. The night before I got to Comiskey, the White Sox beat the Oakland ace, Dave Stewart, 3–2, in a wonderful game—the best of the series, it turned out—which was probably settled in the fourth inning when Rickey Henderson, with the bases loaded and nobody out, was retired on a rocket to third baseman Robin Ventura. The margin was down to one. The next night, creaky, doomed Comiskey Park (it will be torn down at the end of this season, and replaced by a new Comiskey, now rising just across Thirty-fifth Street from the present whitewashed palazzo) rocked and rolled to the pleadings of forty thousand South Siders, the first sellout crowd in six years, as the Pale Hose, taking advantage of a bout of wildness by the Oakland starter, Bob Welch, moved out briskly to an early 3–1 lead. Who *were* these guys, I wondered crankily in my corner of the press box, chiding myself for all the strangers I found in the Chicago lineup. Then I began to see that this anonymity was *their* fault: they were too young to have been noticed yet. Ventura, a college star only two seasons ago, was twenty-two years old. Right fielder Sammy Sosa was twenty-one. Eric King, last night's winning pitcher, and the oldest of the five Chicago starters, was twenty-six. The lefty reliever Scott Radinsky (he stood at 5–0 and 1.93 in the league's pitching stats) was twenty-two and had never played in a game above the Class A level until this April. Melido Perez (younger brother of the Yankees' Pascual) had two full years under his belt as a Sox starter, to be sure, and was now all of twenty-four. Even when I factored in the ages of the grizzled Chicago veterans I knew—shortstop Ozzie Guillen (who was having a career year, with his .342 batting average leading the league), Ron Kittle, Dan Pasqua, the demon bullpen stopper Bobby Thigpen (twenty-one saves at that point), the granitic Carlton Fisk, and the rest—the Sox' average age came out at a bit over twenty-six and a half: the youngest team in the show.

Manager Jeff Torborg had said that his team's figurative birthday had come at last year's All-Star break, when the White Sox, at 32–56, found themselves dead last in the American League West, twenty-one and a half games back. Torborg and general manager Larry Himes agreed forthwith to speed up the advancement of their talented underclassmen (the club, by careful policy, is largely homegrown) and to persevere, via intensive coaching, with a philosophy that emphasized strong pitching, aggressive and opportunistic baserunning, and ferocious defense. The Sox won eight straight after the break, and began to hold their own in some of the series during the remainder of the schedule. Torborg found a stimulating model over in the other division, where Frank Robinson was goading his youthful and tenacious Orioles to a startling season, built on the same ingredients of pitch and catch, run and run some more, stay close and stay cheerful. "I kept telling our guys to watch the Baltimore club and what they were doing," Torborg said. "Sometimes when you get in a hole, the way we did last year, you feel you never can get out. But I said, 'There is hope—look at Baltimore.' Now you can see it's starting to happen here."

Torborg had been cautionary before the game, telling us writers (and his players as well) that momentum meant nothing, that this was the time for the Sox to remain focussed on their own brand of ball, and so forth. (These are clichés, but *true* clichés.) "The minute you let up, you can get hit right between the eyes," he said. "I want us to concentrate on the newness of each new game."

The crowd went uncautioned. By the middle innings, the faithful were deafeningly *whoa*ing and *whoo*ing along with the organ strains of a bleacher anthem, "Runaround Sue." Kids ran loose in the outfield and were cheered, collared, and hauled away to the triremes. The management, unwilling to wait for a homer or a victory, blew off the scoreboard rocket show in the sixth, in honor of the crowd—a dangerous touch of hubris, I thought. The A's, playing without Jose Canseco, as they had been throughout this road trip (he was at home being treated for back problems), looked flat and listless at the plate. Only a splendid catch by Rickey Henderson up against the green left-field wall prevented a big Chicago inning in the sixth, and moments later the Sox were up 4–1, six outs away from first place. The eighth-inning turnabout rally by the Athletics was slow to develop, as such things are measured, but perhaps all the more painful for that reason: three singles and then a two-run wrong-field double by Dave Henderson; an intentional walk, a wild pitch, and a two-run single by Terry Steinbach that searched its way through the drawn-in infield. Stern, championship stuff, one felt. The A's won, 5–4.

"If I may say so, sir, that chapeau makes you look like one tough hombre!"

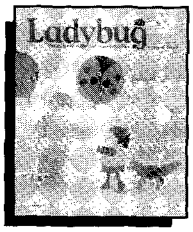
Tony La Russa, who managed the Sox from 1979 to 1986, and won a divisional title with them along the way, was pleased about the big crowds. "I like the fanaticism of these fans," he said after this game was over. "I've got friends on this club that I hug when I see them. But the White Sox are in our way and I want to kick their ass."

The next night's affair—a soggy, sloggy downtown Saturday night—was a terrible bust as parties go, for the Athletics outdid their manager in combative rudeness, whacking Melido Perez for seven runs in the top of the first, long before many of the 44,176 South Siders had found their seats. The fans hung on manfully—I saw great numbers of fathers and sons in the stands and in the dank nether companionways of the old tenement, but fewer wives and moms—but they had very little to show for their patience beyond a fifty-nine-minute rain delay and a couple of no-hope innings pitched by a Sox utility man, Steve Lyons. The A's won it, 12–3, and (after my departure) won the next day as well. Right between the eyes.

Both La Russa and Torborg had kept urging the media (and thus the fans) not to place too much importance on these particular games. "It's real early," Torborg said. "It's only June. We've got to concentrate on every day, every day."

"We wanted to show the White Sox that we're trying to be *this* year's champions," La Russa said after the blowout. "We haven't showed them yet. You don't make that point for a long, long time. We're geared to play this way for six months."

I don't think fans can



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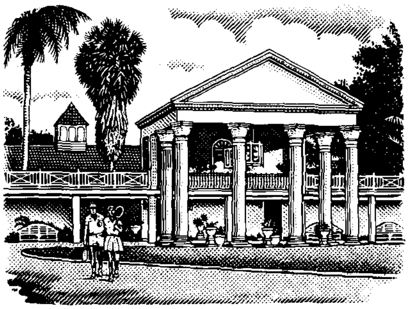

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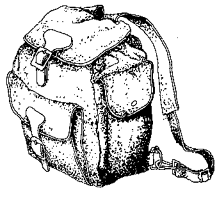


think that way, much as they may try. White Sox fans in particular. Bill Madden, a national baseball writer for the *Daily News*, is a worn-down, dead-serious lifelong White Sox sufferer. At supper with me just before Saturday's debacle, he murmured, "I don't buy all this stuff from the managers and the players that it's so early and this is just another game and let's wait and see what's down the line. I think this is a *huge* game for the Sox. This is the one that counts." Half an hour later, with the Oakland first-inning deluge battering and burying his lads before they'd even got up to bat, Madden shook his head slowly, there above his press-box word processor (a gesture I had seen from him many times down the decades as the out-of-town score came in from Comiskey or elsewhere), and whispered, "It was fun while it lasted."

As we all know now, ensconced in our observatory high atop Mt. Hindsight, the huge games for the White Sox were just ahead. Their little losing streak ran to five games in the end, but the Athletics, encountering a dry patch of their own, could not open any distance in the interval. The two clubs met again in a three-game series in Oakland at the end of the very same week, and the focussed, full-grown Sox swept the champions, to pull to within a game of first place once again. This was brilliant, hard-core baseball, marked by knockdowns, dugout snarlings, great plays, and sudden swerves of fortune, all culminating in a sunlit Sunday melodrama in which Dave Henderson tied the game with a two-out two-run homer in the ninth and Dan Pasqua won it for the visitors with a wrong-side homer in the tenth, struck against the persevering and disbelieving Dave Stewart. Each year, one game among the many hundreds inevitably not attended by this one-man bureau stands out when the season is over—the Missing Masterpiece, the Yonder Pearl—and this was clearly it. I should have been there. Three days later, the Chisox, riding a six-game winning streak on the road, slipped past Oakland and into first place.

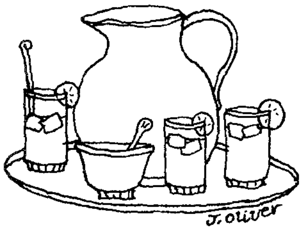
CHICAGO WHITE SOX fans, toiling along in the darkness like Welsh pit ponies, draw our attention only when they occasionally emerge, blinking, from the depths. They are proud and unbending, and nothing at all like the more numerous Cubs fans to the north, whom they dislike with avidity. On the night of the Saturday blowout, there was a direct message hanging down from the upper deck in right field: "YUPPIE SCUM GO BACK TO WRIGLEY!"

"This franchise could be fifty miles away," Jerome Holtzman, the Chicago *Tribune* columnist, said to me. "These people are more Gary, Indiana, than Chicago. They feel they've always been second-class in this town. They feel like dogs. This is the time for them—when they get a good team, for a change."

In recent summers, the Cubs have been successful on the field but vastly more so in the national media (they may now be looked upon as the sun-dried tomatoes of baseball), with hommages everywhere to their ivied walls and fanly folkways, and then a great national hand-wringing over the desecration of the shrinelike Wrigley Field by the infliction of night games and floodlights. Sox fans, in the same interval, saw their franchise very nearly snatched away to Florida, and, indeed, kept in town in the end only by means of a deal, worked out between the owners and the city, and the Illinois legislature, that will deprive them of their own ancient and beloved ballpark at the close of this season. The new Comiskey, a tan concrete pile now looming over the old park like an aircraft carrier moored beside a frigate, is being plugged by the Sox ownership as "an old-fashioned ballpark wrapped around state-of-the-art customer conveniences," but my quick visit to the half-finished construct was not reassuring. Old Comiskey, which went up in 1910, may be beyond saving, but its strong flavor—part settlement house, part gazebo—will not travel easily, even across the street. Some of the White Sox rooters to whom I made inquiries about the new project expressed mild optimism, delivered with an accompanying shrug—a gesture suitable to a two-game winning streak in April. Sox fans never expect the best.

Everybody knows what happened to the White Sox in 1919, but what happened from 1920 on is perhaps more of a scandal. When a team has been around for this long (the club won championships in 1900 and 1901, before the invention of the World Series), its supporters can always be solaced during a slump by the thought that they have known worse times than this.

White Sox fans have known more of this sort of consolation than anyone else. In the forties (a decade that produced only two team finishes above the .500 level), they felt keen relief that at least the thirties were behind them: in 1931 and 1932, the Pale Hose finished fifty-one and a half and then fifty-six and a half games out of first place, which is hard to do. The nineteen-fifties, it could be argued, were almost pleasurable: a growing year-to-year amelioration in the standings—from sixth, to fourth, to third (five years in a row), to second, and then, ahh, a pennant in 1959, and a hard World Series loss by these Go-Go Sox to the Los Angeles Dodgers (the Coliseum Dodgers) in six games. There was another falling off in the sixties, however, which grew to such dimensions that the Sox played some "home" games in Milwaukee County Stadium, lately bereft of the Braves, in order to boost attendance. Enter Bill Veeck, the innovative populist owner—he'd thought up the exploding scoreboard in an earlier term at the top—a wonderful general manager, Roland Hemond; and third baseman Bill Melton, who hit a gang of home runs in the early seventies. In 1977, the "South Side Hitmen"—Oscar Gamble, Richie Zisk, Eric Soderholm, et al.—came along, and the Sox faithful, stuffing the old joint to the rafters night after night, sweated and screamed, and roared their dumb, lovely "Na-na-na-na—hey, hey!" infuriation over and over, and waved their bedsheet banners ("THE SOX ARE BETTER THAN SEX" is one I remember), but the team stepped on a banana peel in the late going and finished third, twelve games behind the Royals. Tony La Russa arrived in 1979, with a taut style of ball that produced record crowds and the divisional championship (by twenty games) in 1983. Pitcher Britt Burns' gallant nine-inning shutout and excruciating tenth-inning loss to the Orioles in the final game of the playoff is still, I think, the most painful memory of all. The Chicago management, like Confederates remembering Manassas but not Gettysburg, has a monument to the 1983 pennant-clinching party on the wall outside the visiting pressroom: Roland Hemond's gray pin-striped suit, still puckered and dappled with dried champagne, neatly hung up behind glass.



White Sox stars, down the years, have been stubbornly cherished. Luke Appling, Ted Lyons, Luis Aparicio, and manager Al Lopez are all in the Hall of Fame, along with some old-timers—Appling and the gemlike Lyons always make the starting lineup of "Greatest Players Who Never Played in a World Series"—and South Side fans keep a pantheon of their own for Minnie Minoso and Jim Rivera, from the Go-Go's, and Billy Pierce, the ace starter, and Aparicio's second-base partner Nellie Fox (an extraordinary No. 2 hitter, who should be in the Hall by all rights). And, say, what about Dick Allen? Other names crowd forward in memory—Jim Landis, Tommy John, Greg Luzinski, Juan Pizarro, Harold Baines. What about Zeke Bonura—my God, old Zeke! And let's not forget Wilbur Wood, the portly, persevering knuckleballer, who won twenty games or more four years running, leading the league in wins in 1972 and '73, and in losses in 1975. His vintage year, all in all, was 1973: twenty-four wins and twenty losses, the perfect embodiment of the Pale Hose Problem—unless we suddenly remember, last and least of all, Shoeless Joe Jackson.

Sox fans turn up in odd places, stubbornly clinging; you could call them lichen if lichen grew on the other side of the tree. I was not surprised, then, to find one on the White Sox team, of all places—a friendly right-handed reliever named Donn Pall, who grew up on the South Side and went on to pitch for the University of Illinois. "Every team should have one homegrown product on the roster," he told me, but then added that the role hadn't been easy for him these past couple of summers, when the Cubs were getting all the attention in town. "Cubs fans—well, let's face it, they're yuppies," he said. "They're the kind of people who put a wedge of lime in their Corona beer. It just doubles your load when they're on your case." He told me that his memories of famous Sox games he'd seen from the stands were still very clear—for instance, a game (August 1, 1984: I looked it up) when Carlton Fisk and Ron Kittle each hit a roof-shot homer.

"It's *weird* being in the same club-

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house with those guys now,” he said.

I asked what Fisk, his catcher, had given him so far by way of advice.

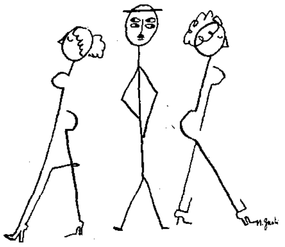
“Pitch inside,” Pall said.

Bill Madden grew up in New Jersey, but his father, the owner of a plumbing-supply business, knew Tom Meany, the veteran baseball writer, who one day introduced the ten-year-old Billy to Nellie Fox, thus sealing the Sox bond forever. “He was a self-made ballplayer, and I was a lousy ballplayer,” Madden explained. “The whole ball team was like that then: Minoso, Chico Carrasquel—great guys who couldn’t hit a whole lot. I’ll never forget the winter meetings in December, 1955, when the Sox got Larry Doby, and I thought, At last—a power hitter! But he didn’t do all that much for us in the end.”

Most of Madden’s Sox stories start off hopefully but end on the downside, I’ve noticed. He brought up the 1960 team, which for a time had looked even better than the 1959 pennant winners. “I kept a whole scrapbook that year, but somehow they never clicked,” he said. “Early Wynn didn’t win twenty-two games, the way he had, and Bob Shaw didn’t win eighteen. I think the most agonizing thing for me was when they traded away Billy Pierce in 1962 and he went and won the pennant for the Giants. And the White Sox thought he was finished . . .” His voice had dropped again. He seemed to be speaking from inside a hollow log. “I *loved* Billy Pierce, and I was so angry when they sold him that way. Billy Pierce and Nellie Fox—you don’t trade away guys like that! They have no sense of tradition here. I mean, just look at the retired numbers on the wall out there.”

I looked, and saw seven white baseballs painted on the right-field wall, with the names and uniform numbers *inside*—2: Fox, 3: Baines, 4: Appling, 9: Minoso, 11: Aparicio, 16: Lyons, 19: Pierce. I didn’t get it. “What’s wrong, Bill?” I asked.

“The numbers are so *small*,” he said. “They have no feeling for these things. It’s an insult.”



FATHER JAMES KILL has been a White Sox fan all his life. His car used to carry the license plate “SOX 1,” but when the management fired Roland Hemond and Tony La Russa he got rid of the plate in protest. His new plate, by accident, begins with the letters “LR,” which might stand for La Russa. “It just came that way, and I was happy to have it,” he told me. Father Jim is the sort of man who can deal with complexities. He baptized La Russa’s two daughters, years ago, and has stayed close to the family, but he thinks about the White Sox every day of the year. This spring, after he saw La Russa on a television program in which the Oakland manager spoke of the Angels, the Royals, the Rangers, and the Mariners as potential serious challengers to the A’s in the American League West, he sat down and wrote La Russa a letter predicting that the White Sox, thanks to their left-handed pitching, which would include this new kid Radinsky, would finish second in the West. He advised Tony to keep the letter and see. “You know, when Tony was managing down in the minors, he said he’d like to have me as his third-base coach,” Kill told me. “He was just kidding, of course, but we do talk baseball all the time.”

Father Jim (he told me to call him just Jim) is a slight, midsize man, with spectacles, a beaky nose, and a thin, steady smile. He is a chaplain at St. Francis Hospital, in the Chicago suburb of Blue Island—with perhaps an adjunct ministry in the pastime. “I’m a fan, that’s all,” he said to me at one point. When he was in seminary at St. Mary of the Lake, in Mundelein, Illinois, he wrote his master’s thesis on the morality of the baseball reserve clause. “Contrary to what you might think, I was on the side of keeping the reserve clause,” he said. “I knew salaries would go way up if it went by the board, and I thought the family would have to pay the price for that at the ticket windows. I thought the common good would be served if prices stayed where they were.”

We were talking in front of the visiting-team dugout at Comiskey, where he’d dropped by to have a word with La Russa. He first met Tony in Knoxville, in 1978. “I knew the general manager there,” Father Jim said. “He’d been with the Sox up in Appleton, Wisconsin. I took a few days off and went down to say hello, because I knew he’d never been outside of Appleton before and I was sorry for him. Tony was the manager, and we met each other. That year, Tony managed Knoxville to about a .700 record and got promoted to Iowa, where he was so good that they brought him up, on August 3rd of that second year, to manage the White Sox. I mention this because when Ken Harrelson fired Tony he said it was because he was no good with young players—didn’t understand them. How do you like that?”

I asked him which White Sox team had been his favorite or had stayed closest in memory.

He thought it over. “I’d say all of them,” he said. “But in the early seventies there was a team here I knew especially well. There were about sixteen players into whose homes I could go anytime. That would include Terry Forster, Bart Johnson, Goose Gossage, and Bill Melton—that team. Dick Allen I knew pretty well—a great ballplayer. I always thought Dick would have been even more wonderful if he’d played on a girls’ team, because he loved his mother so much. Whenever she came to town, he’d hit about .850.”

I asked what he thought about the coming destruction of Comiskey Park.

“I think it’s a crime,” he said. “The owners didn’t think this team would jell so quickly, and they’d decided they wouldn’t be able to fill this old place. If they’d been more patient, they’d have seen our fans would be happy to get behind a team like this. Cubs fans are tourists or the sort that come to a game once or twice a year. Sox fans are family people, and they come day after day.”

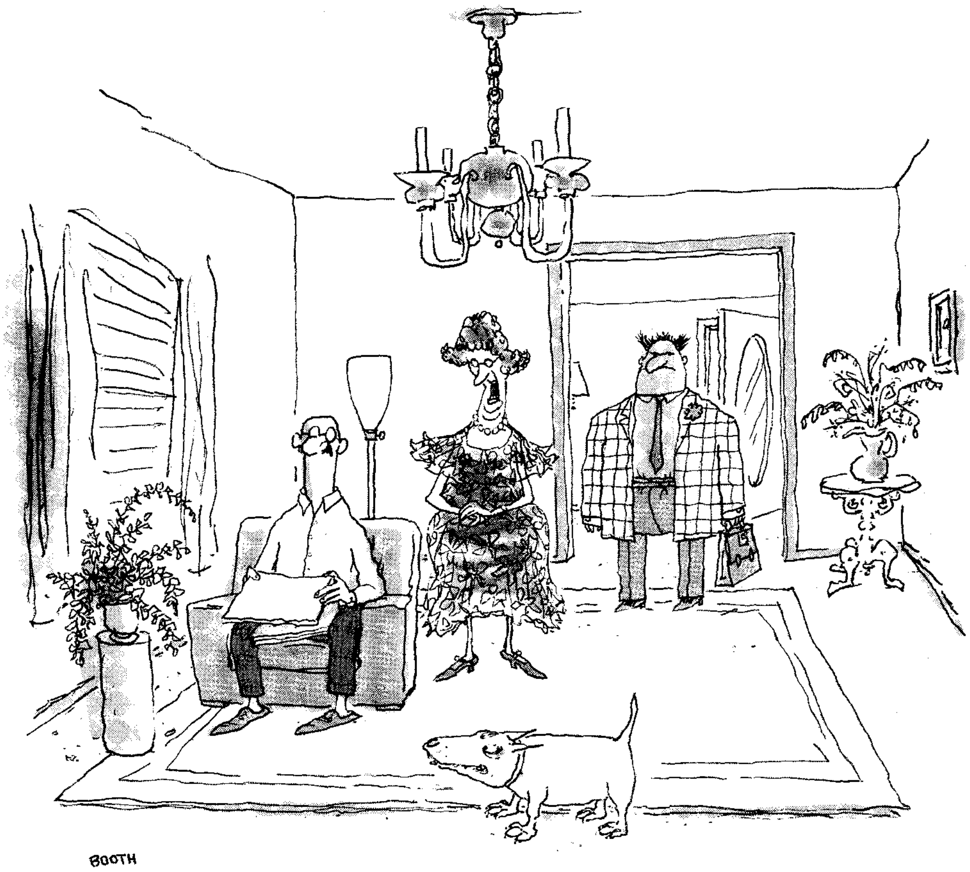
I asked what his private feelings about the Cubs were, and he hesitated and said he thought that both divisions in the American League were now superior to either division in the National League.

But what did he think about the Cubs, I persisted.

They weren’t all that good, he said, but maybe fans just hadn’t noticed so far. “You ask a fan who’s the Rookie of the Year in the American League and he’ll tell you in a minute,” he said. “Ask who it is in the other league and he’ll scratch his head.”

“Father Jim, I’m trying to get you to say something unchristian about the Cubs,” I said, laughing.

“I know you are,” he said. He paused. “Well, what I’d say is yes, I do feel a secret warmth when the Cubs lose. I've often said 'We won two today' when the Sox have won a game and the Cubs lost one. I do feel better when the Cubs lose, but I don't like to say it, because I have good friends who are Cubs fans and I wouldn't want to hurt their feelings."



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BACK at Shea Stadium (and back a week and a bit in our story), the Pirates took on the fourth-place Mets, who trailed them by eight and a half games in the standings. On the other hand, the Mets, under their new manager, had just won a three-game set against Montreal. Neal Heaton started for the Bucs and showed the Mets his new invention, devouring Kevin Elster with a couple of dying dandies in the third. Watching Heaton in action, I remembered his odd delivery from somewhere in the past: he kicks out sidewise, and plucks the ball out of his mitt in mid-motion, like Dennis Eckersley. Before the game, I had run into Frank Cashen, the beleaguered Mets general manager, at batting practice ("From genius to village idiot in two months," Cashen said of himself, smiling), and showed him how Neal Heaton held his new pitch. "Here, tell Fred about it," Cashen said as Fred Wilpon, the Mets' president and C.E.O., came along.

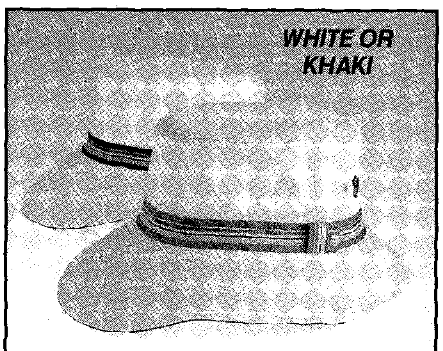
"Really?" Wilpon said eagerly when I described the split fingers and the elevated thumb. "*Really?* I've got to see this. Here, gimme a ball, somebody."

Wilpon, who pitched on the Lafayette High School nine in Brooklyn years ago (Sandy Koufax was the first baseman), seized the ball and split his forefinger and middle finger around it like a shark gobbling a blowfish. I'd never seen a major-league pitcher with fingers that looked like that. "Now the thumb up here," I said.

"Oh, I've got to try this!" Wilpon exclaimed, and he hurried off into the tunnel behind home in search of a batterymate. Twenty minutes later, we passed each other in a corridor, and Wilpon said, "It works! I can almost do it already. I think this is going to revive my career." Wilpon is fifty-three.

Heaton was cruising along, ahead by 4–0 in the fifth, when his third baseman, Wally Backman, booted Orlando Mercado's easy roller. The ball, deflecting off Backman's right foot, was quickly seized by shortstop Jay Bell, who threw wildly past first: *two* errors—the quickest by two different players that I could recall. This tidbit, it turned out, was the only pleasure in a game that produced six errors in the end, the last one a disaster by Keith Miller, who ran a great distance in the eighth to grab Bobby Bonilla's drive in center and then saw the ball drop out of his mitt; Bonilla came home with the winning marker a moment later, thus voiding the Mets' gallant comeback from a four-run deficit. More of the same, it seemed.

The Mets won the following evening, however, and the night after that I went back out to Shea with my family and sat in the stands behind first base and watched David Cone take on the Pirates. I told my wife and my son to keep an eye on Bonilla and Bonds and Van Slyke out there—the best outfield around. Wally Backman hit one out in the fourth to put the Bucs ahead (he got an appreciative, old-grad sort of hand from the crowd), but the best fielding on this particular evening was by Mets left fielder Kevin McReynolds, who made a fine catch against LaValliere and then an even better one—a dazzling, diving grab of Bonilla's low liner, in the fourth; it brought us all to our feet with a sudden shout. Mac led off the bottom half with a single, and then Marshall doubled and Mercado hit a homer (his first Met hit ever), and Cone doubled (and was out, stretching), and Miller and Elster and then Jeffries singled: four runs on seven hits, and the Pirate starter driven to cover—a sweet Saturday surprise for us all in the stands. The only sour note of the party, there in our loge box, was a man seated directly behind me, who kept up a steady, whiny, cynical commentary on the events at hand. He didn't care for the Mets. "They stink," he said more than once. "Boy, these guys give me a pain, you know," he said. "They're spoiled—they can't even play." He didn't seem to be rooting for the Pirates (a couple of women in his group were Pittsburgh fans, it turned out), but the Mets drove him crazy. When Darryl Strawberry fanned, ending the Mets' big inning, he concentrated on that, not their four runs and



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seven base hits. "God, look at that swing," he said, almost with pleasure. "He's spoiled. He doesn't even care. He's overpaid, like the rest of them." I had heard much of this same tone, if not exactly the same words, from some of the New York beat writers up in the press box two nights before. "This is going to get a lot worse," one of them had said. "Wait till August—it's going to be like 1982 around here. At least, they won't be able to blame this on Davey anymore." When the Mets lose, it seems to confirm something for some people in New York.

What we didn't know during these games—what nobody knew, of course—was that the Mets were in the act of transforming themselves. They had another four-run inning that Saturday night, and won the game by 9–3. They beat the Pirates again the next afternoon, 8–3. They went out and dropped a game to Chicago on the road, but then battered the Cubs in extraordinary fashion, bringing home forty-three runs in the next three games (the wind was blowing out at Wrigley), and winning them all. They moved along to Pittsburgh and took two out of three there, and then came home and won two from the sad Cardinals.

The Pirates are not done, by any means (they lead the Mets by a game and the Expos by two and a half at this writing), but the real change, here in New York, isn't in the standings but in the way baseball feels now. Sudden, revivifying turnabouts like this are familiar stuff, to be sure—they're almost a specialty in this emotional, suggestible sport—but they cannot be predicted, or quite explained, when they do come along. Maybe Bud Harrelson made *all* the difference—who can say for sure? Go figure Dave Magadan's .571 over ten games, or Darryl Strawberry's career-best eighteen-game hitting streak, or Doc Gooden's return to absolute form with a sudden two-hit shutout over the Phillies. Joe Morgan, the incumbent Red Sox manager, has a nice response when he's asked to account for a swerve like this in the smooth, straight path of the games. "Who can explain it, who can tell you why?" he murmurs—an Émile de Becque in knee pants. By October, we may have the answer, and at least we'll know then how it all came out. There's no hurry about answers when you're winning.

In the stands that Saturday night, I felt something shift inside me as the Mets pulled away from the Pirates. I felt like a fan again, and it was *my* Mets out there, playing good ball once more and having a great time. If there's any excuse for my chronic and inexcusable front-running, it lies in the fact that I love baseball best when the players I know are enjoying it, too. When the Mets win, they are *me*. This does not qualify me as a fan on the noble order of Bill Madden or Jim Kill, but, like the rest of us, I have learned to make do with my own shortcomings.

Darryl Strawberry led off the seventh inning against the reliever Mark Huismann and put a lovely swing on the ball, keeping his right shoulder nailed down and his chin tucked, and sailed the ball into the left-center-field stands—his third home run in two nights. We jumped up and down and hugged and high-fived, and then had to do it all over again a minute later when McReynolds hit one out, too. Between the blasts, however, I turned around and faced the man behind us who had been so unhappy about the Mets all evening. "What was that?" I said happily. "You were saying?"

But then I turned back and forgot about him. One look at his face had told me the story. It was even worse than I'd thought, because he plainly wasn't a fan at all. He was out of it.

—Roger Angell

• •

THE NOBLE CORPSE

All the time I was flying
above the clouds
I was thinking about my noble corpse—
how it should have done better,
how it could be found by its blackened teeth.
I sat clutching the seat arms, ignoring the air
and the tiny, spring-green trees below,
my life rushing inside me on vibrant wings.

—Liz Rosenberg

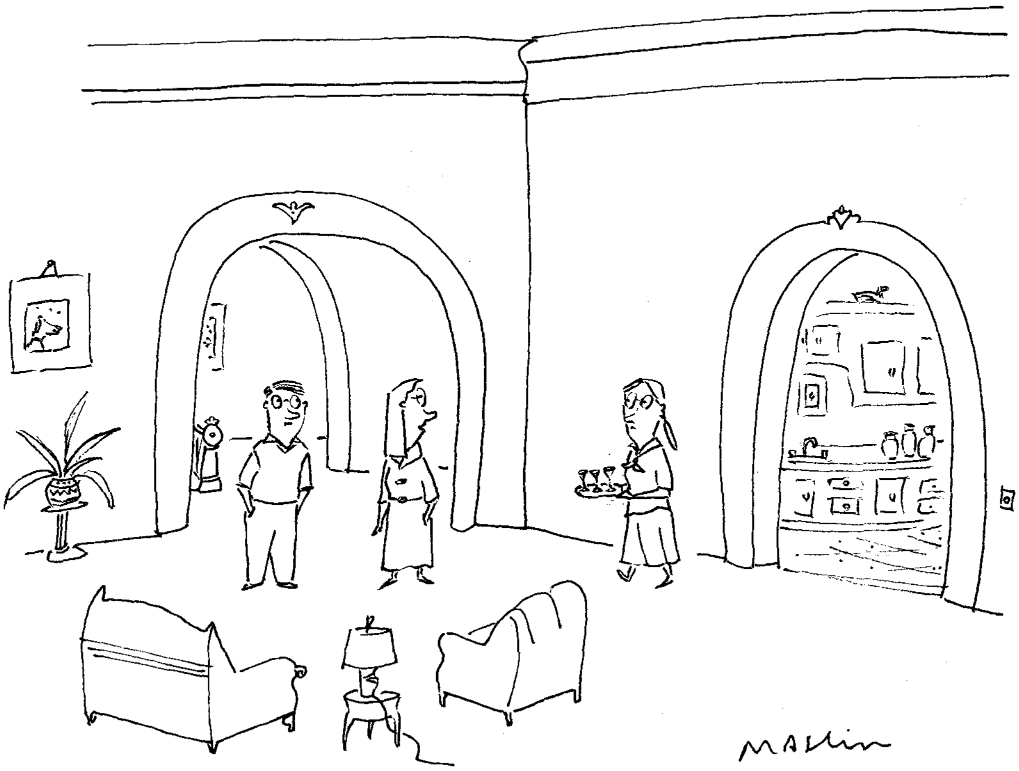
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Picnic on the Grass

THE month in which Louis Malle's "May Fools" ("Milou en Mai") takes place isn't just any old May. It's May, 1968, when, for a few chaotic weeks, French society seemed on the verge of remaking itself—radically, comprehensively, and for good. Students were rioting: ripping up the ancient narrow streets around the Sorbonne to create barricades of paving stones; occupying buildings that represented to them the official culture of which the French are so inordinately proud; filling the air with insistent demands for the reform of the national educational system, for the fall of the conservative government of President Charles de Gaulle and Premier Georges Pompidou, or simply for anarchy. Seizing on the momentum of the students' protests, the unions and the parties of the left took the opportunity to bring the country's normal commercial life to a standstill. Most of France went on strike: banks closed, deliveries stopped, trains didn't run, gas for cars was almost impossible to come by. This amazing convulsion signalled to its participants the beginning of a revolution, yet many ordinary Frenchmen—perhaps the majority—experienced it as a novel kind of entertainment: an unscheduled holiday, a few weeks of roughing it without the comforts (or the tedium) of bourgeois routine. They had the thrill, too, of feeling that great drama was unfolding around them, that the everyday reality of France was turning into the ultimate New Wave movie—heady, intense, exciting even when it wasn't quite coherent, like something by Godard. (In our terms, France in May, '68, was a bizarre hybrid of the stark confrontation of the 1968 Democratic Convention and the idyllic noble-savagery of Woodstock.) When the dust cleared, de Gaulle was still in power, and France, with its usual unshakable self-confidence, went on about its business.

The characters in "May Fools" are far removed from the stirring street theatre of May, '68, but, like everyone else in France, they're affected by it nonetheless. All the action in this film takes place in and around a rather shabby estate somewhere in the countryside: a big, musty old house stuffed with antiques of dubious value and surrounded by land that was once a vineyard and is now just land. The lord of this spacious and useless property is Milou (Michel Piccoli), a genial man in his sixties. He has the look of someone for whom life has always been serenely uncomplicated. Under his extremely casual supervision, the family's fortunes have run downhill, but his relatives don't bother him much; they're scattered all over, escapees from the rural boredom that suits Milou so well, and they're glad to let him take care of his aged mother, the rambling house, and the unproductive land. Contentedly free from scrutiny, Milou lives the life of a lazy country sensualist: he keeps bees, browns in the sun, and gropes the housekeeper. (When the roof needs fixing, he sells a Corot.) On the sunny May day when the story begins, his mother dies—taking her last breath while she is slumped on a bench where children's dolls sit—and Milou summons the rest of the family for the funeral and the reading of the will. As the relatives arrive, bringing cars, kids, lovers, and their own noisy personal agendas into the peaceful stasis of Milou's little world, the movie starts to take shape. There's a sense that things are about to change, both on the large scale of French society and on the infinitely smaller one of Milou's life; everything that has been allowed to bask, unchallenged, in happy inertia is going to be shaken up, forced to account for itself.

Malle and his co-writer, Jean-Claude Carrière, don't push the parallels too far. They use the upheaval of May, '68, very deftly: it intrudes on their comedy like distant thunder on a sunny day, and the threatened downpour of Meaning never develops—we get a cooling shower of light ironies instead. The movie sometimes evokes Chekhov (especially "The Cherry Orchard" and "Uncle Vanya") and sometimes the Jean Renoir of "The Rules of the Game." (Milou's mother is played by Paulette Dubost, who, fifty-one years ago, was the flirtatious maid Lisette in Renoir's film.) But it doesn't really strive to be great. Malle and Carrière keep the tone airy and relaxed. "May Fools" just bounces along to the



"*I can't believe this, Lucille! Your husband and I were in the same marriage.*"

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rhythm of its remarkable score, composed and played by the eighty-two-year-old jazz violinist Stéphane Grappelli; the movie, like the music, has a delicate, joyful swing to it.

And the revolution that is apparently in progress all over France is part of the texture. Everyone who arrives at Milou's house has been closer to the events than he has, and has something to tell him about the historic turmoil beyond the boundaries of his estate. He listens, although he isn't terribly interested in the outside world: he doesn't even own a television—only an ancient radio, which is invariably switched on by someone else. His daughter, Camille (Miou-Miou), turns up fuming about the demonstrating factory workers she had to drive through to get to the house. A savagely uptight bourgeoise, with a doctor husband and three children, she believes that what the protesters need is "a firm hand" to slap them down; speaking of her grandmother's death, she proclaims, inanely, "The revolution did her in." His brother, Georges (Michel Duchaussoy), a journalist, is a news junkie, who keeps his ears glued to the radio and talks only about politics. (He's a Gaullist, so he's nervous.) The arrival of Milou's niece, Claire (Dominique Blanc)—she's the daughter of his late sister—is delayed by the gas shortage. Late in the movie, Georges's son, a student named Pierre-Alain (Renaud Danner), drops in, having hitched a ride from Paris; he gives the family a fervent, lyrical eyewitness account of the revolution in the streets of the capital. "You can't know what's going on," he says. "It's completely new." Camille and Georges argue with him; Claire's young lover, Marie-Laure (Rozenn Le Tallec), is transported by Pierre-Alain and his tales of heroism, and becomes an instant convert to revolution (and heterosexuality). Milou doesn't look very attentive until the conversation turns to the sexual revolution. Pierre-Alain announces, "At last, people are making love for the pleasure of it," and the old satyr is all ears. He has been flirting seriously with Georges's young second wife, a hippie-ish Londoner named Lily (Harriet Walter); this is just the sort of talk he likes to hear.

The movie's central joke is that this aging, apolitical landed gentleman is in some sense an embodiment of the spirit of May, '68—not an enemy of the revolution but an unlikely comrade. (At one point, he belts out a full-throated rendition of the "Internationale.") He responds instinctively to the irresponsible, anarchic aspects of the students' revolt: he has lived his whole life with the sole purpose of remaining a child—free to take his modest pleasures where he finds them, in the open air and the cool, familiar rooms of his boyhood home. When the other members of the family, led by his greedy daughter, express their eagerness to sell the property and divide up the contents of the house, Milou throws a tantrum. "I want to die here!" he shouts. "It's my right! No one can rob me of my childhood!" His innocence could be pathetic, but it never is. Piccoli, in one of the best performances of his long career, is so vigorous and radiantly good-humored that we can't feel sorry for him; and Malle, although he treats Milou with some irony, is always unmistakably on his hero's side.

This sympathy is a large part of the picture's charm; sometimes, though, that charm feels a bit too easy. When "May Fools" is at its best, it seems to vindicate the childlike spirit of Milou and to give the youthful ardor of May, '68, a poetic glow. Malle aims for, and mostly achieves, a graceful, drifting style, a mood of blissful sun-dazed inconsequence. When his touch falters, as it does in a few sequences toward the end, the movie verges on triviality: its concerns seem too small, its humor seems too cozily "Gallic," its point of view seems too mild and noncommittal. Its refusal to come to much could be taken, perhaps, as an ironic reflection of the ultimate lack of consequence of the May, '68, revolt—France returned to the (slightly reformed) status quo with alarming speed and efficiency. But that's strictly an intellectual justification: the film doesn't have to blow away like dust just because the revolution did.

As determinedly minor as "May Fools" is, it's enjoyable throughout. It's all moments, lovely flashes of intelligence and observation, and some are exhilarating: a closeup tracking shot of Milou riding his bike through the overgrown fields; a scene in which, for the entertainment of a grandchild, he catches crayfish by sticking his hands in a stream and letting the creatures clamp onto his fingertips; a beautiful scene in which Milou, on the night after his mother's death, cries quietly in his bed and a small owl appears on his windowsill; a leisurely picnic on the grass, under a spreading tree, with the characters sprawled in a wide circle, and Milou announcing, a little drunkenly, "I haven't felt so young in thirty years—long live the revolution!" The gentle sort of liberation that Louis Malle proposes in "May Fools" seems, for an instant, to bridge the gap between 1938—when Milou felt young, and Renoir made his Popular Front film about the real Revolution, "La Marseillaise," and Grappelli was hitting his stride—and 1968, and even the gap between 1968 and our not very hopeful present. In this picture we can almost hear Malle, as he strolls through his memories of that May, singing to himself "*Allons, enfants*," very softly, a tender anthem.

DON SIMPSON and Jerry Bruckheimer, the producers of the new Tom Cruise vehicle, "Days of Thunder," specialize in a nearly demagogic brand of pop-culture uplift. Their movies ("Flashdance" and "Top Gun" are the most representative) are about winning, and nothing else. They're designed—engineered, really—to give audiences an overdose of the thrill of victory; they're supposed to make us jump out of our seats, pumping our fists in the air and roaring for the hero to pulverize his opponents. "Days of Thunder," which was directed by Tony Scott (who also did "Top Gun"), is about stock-car racing, and it's essentially Simpson-Bruckheimer business as usual. But it's fascinating, in a peculiar way, because we detect in its story hints of something that isn't strictly formulaic—ghostly engine knocks of reality emanating from the sleek machine. The script is by Robert Towne, who wrote (and directed) one of the few good sports movies, "Personal Best." That picture, which is about female track-and-field athletes, is anything but a celebration of winning; its subject is the pleasure of learning to use your body, and its spirit is almost anti-competitive. Auto racing, clearly, doesn't have much to do with the joys of physicality; the things that Towne finds to interest him in this sport are the drivers' fear of death and their necessary recognition that they're not entirely in control of their fate. He sets up the story so that his hero, Cole Trickle (Cruise), has to face down his fears and superstitions, and in the climactic race Cole is competing not for himself but for a friend whose car he has agreed to drive—a former rival (played by Michael Rooker) who suffered a serious head injury in a collision with him in an earlier race.

Towne seems to be trying, as he did in "Personal Best," to underplay the rah-rah elements of the material—to give competition some point other than pure ego gratification. Even if he had succeeded, the picture probably wouldn't have been anything better than comic-book Hemingway, but it would have been an improvement over the "Days of Thunder" that's on the screen now. The movie has been stripped for speed: by the big race (the Daytona 500), all the ambiguities and traces of doubt have been removed, and there's nothing to interfere with Cruise's, and the producers', streak to the finish line, where they can savor that feeling of being hoisted up above the crowd, triumphant again. The movie barely bothers to tell us what happened to Cole's injured friend, last seen in the hospital just before brain surgery: a single line, perfunctory and almost inaudible, informs us that he survived. And who gets the prize money? We're supposed to have forgotten such incidental details in the go-for-it euphoria of Cole's victory. There's some nice dialogue here and there—easy, natural-sounding macho banter among the drivers and their crews—and a lively performance by Robert Duvall as the hero's mentor. The faint signs of life in the script make "Days of Thunder" marginally easier to sit through than previous Simpson-Bruckheimer productions, and ultimately more frustrating. When this picture talks about the importance of relinquishing the illusion of control, it sounds good at first. But by the end we feel like suckers for believing, even for a moment, that the movie would be anything other than the same old rousing thing. As far as Simpson and Bruckheimer are concerned, giving up control is something for us to do, not them: these men do not believe in taking chances. When we buy our tickets, we're supposed to check our brains at the door and let these master manipulators guide us to the checkered flag. It's a neat trick: they win by treating us like losers.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

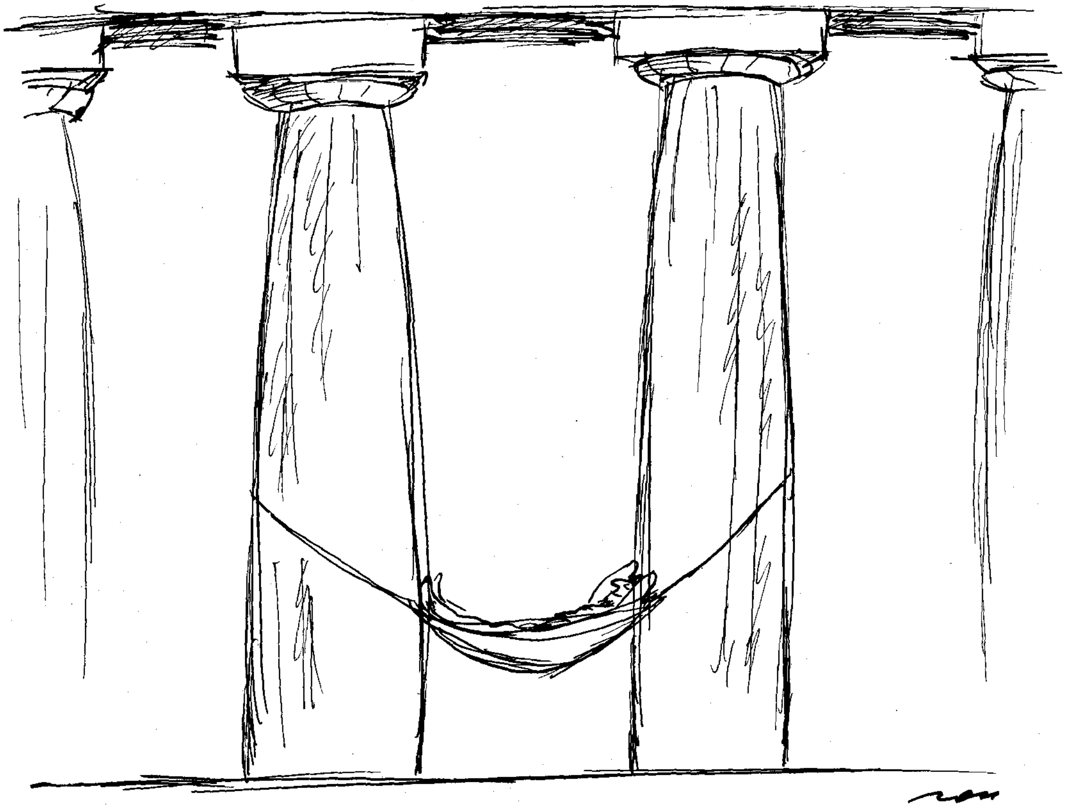
Wiener Art

MOST people recall early musical adventures. One of mine was hearing Beethoven in the Albert Hall played by the Vienna Philharmonic and conducted by Wilhelm Furtwängler. For forty years, the Vienna orchestra—in London, Salzburg, Vienna, New York, conducted by Furtwängler, Krauss, Szell, Karajan, latterly Bernstein—has continued to provide me with a touchstone for orchestral sound at its most romantically beautiful and eloquent. (Viennese friends remind me that I have the fortune to hear the band only at its best, under good conductors, and that those in Vienna are not always so lucky.) Not only the players' merit and their consistency of training, technique, and style produce this result. In a general sort of way, I knew that the Vienna Philharmonic—in addition to being all-male and largely Viennese, with some young players sitting at the desks where their fathers and grandfathers sat—uses instruments different from those played by other orchestras. Just how different I discovered last month at a Vienna Philharmonic symposium, "Klang und Komponist," at which, among much else, the distinctive physical properties of the Vienna horns, the Vienna woodwinds, the Vienna strings, and the Vienna percussion were discussed and demonstrated.

Vienna kettledrums are capped with goatskin, not the calfskin or the plastic membranes used elsewhere; apparently, dead goat yields a sound different from that of dead calf, let alone that of plastic. (Animal lovers flinch, as they do from the thought of the lambs that must be slaughtered to provide sweet-sounding gut strings for fiddles.) Vienna violins are built to a pattern that emphasizes sweetness and roundness of tone rather than the brilliance and loudness of Italian-style violins. Vienna oboes differ in bore, body, key system, and timbre from the French oboes in general use. Vienna clarinets differ slightly. Vienna F-horns, with initial crooks at the start of the air column and with piston (not rotary) valves, differ most of all in construction and in sound from the instruments used elsewhere.

If these instruments are, for some kinds of music, artistically superior—and there seems to be little "if" about it when the Vienna Philharmonic visits Carnegie—why do other orchestras not use them? (One is reminded of the proud mother who, watching the regiment go by, exclaims that all are out of step except son Jim.) At one of the symposium sessions, Peter Schmidl, a third-generation solo clarinet of the orchestra, raised the question, and answered only that he personally likes the sound made by the Vienna Philharmonic. So do I. I think most people do—in Wagner, Brahms, Bruckner, Strauss, Mahler, Berg, in big-orchestra Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert. The Viennese oboes and horns may be harder to control and less reliable than the instruments used by the New York Philharmonic, the Berlin Philharmonic, the Chicago Symphony, the Philadelphia. But they make more beautiful sounds. Karajan internationalized the Berlin Philharmonic, engaged the best players in the world, and forged them into a peerless virtuoso ensemble. The Vienna Philharmonic continues to do things its own way. Players, instruments, and "style" are matched.

THE symposium was held during the Wiener Festwochen, festival weeks when there are several concerts each night and the Vienna State Opera is supposed to be at its best. During my week, the Philharmonic gave no concerts, but by day one could hear it recording with Solti and rehearsing with Muti, and at night its players were in the Opera pit. (The state-employed Opera orchestra has the same personnel as the self-governing Philharmonic.) The Vienna Symphony, the Austrian Radio Symphony, the Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra gave concerts. There was nothing remarkable at the Opera—only standard works with unenticing international casts—except Schubert's "Fierrabras," a 1988 Theater an der Wien production now taken into the big house. "Fierrabras" is not exactly a good opera. Schubert, although a genius at creating characters and



SAMSON DECIDES TO TAKE A NAP INSTEAD

scenes within the space of a song, was theatrically incompetent. His numerous operas, like Haydn's, will always have their champions, however, because they contain much good music. "Fierrabras" (1823), the last that he finished, is a "heroic-romantic opera" in three acts. Princess Emma, Charlemagne's daughter, loves and is loved by the knight Eginhard. The knight Roland loves and is loved by Florinda, the daughter of Boland, a Moorish ruler. Prince Fierrabras, Boland's son and Roland's friend, also loves Emma but loves her in vain. It is an opera of alarums and excursions, captures and rescues, with a few court scenes as contrast. It starts prettily: after a spinning chorus, Emma, who, like an earlier Senta, has during the chorus been brooding, stands up and embarks on a solo in another key. Maurice Brown rightly calls Eginhard's serenade "Der Abend sinkt," which begins the first-act finale, "one of the loveliest passages in the whole of [Schubert's] operas . . . fragrant with the atmosphere of this night in a garden of Spain, with the clarinet breathing its love-song above the plucked strings." Eginhard and Roland share a lilting song at the start of Act II. Schubert's models are Cherubini and Beethoven for the heroics, with the Weber of "Der Freischütz" and the Rossini of "La Donna del Lago" to provide touches of romance. His forms are ample; solos are episodes in extended movements. As in "Alfonso und Estrella," his other large-scale opera, there are many long pages—too many—for chorus.

The show was directed, in striking fashion, by Ruth Berghaus. Her program note told of five young people bound by love and friendship but, as the children of opposed rulers, forced into conflicts both martial and filial. The extensive spoken dialogue was reduced to a few lines. The narrative became obscure. Each number was treated as an "emblem" of some human condition. The program book also reproduced Schubert's song "Die Krähe" (from "Winterreise"); the drop curtain depicted a cluster of crows, wheeling against whiteness; and in one chorus the singers, writhing and wrestling, fell beneath the attack of large black crows, one fastening on each singer—a spectacle as startling as any in Hitchcock's "The Birds." It was a highly mannered presentation, with symbolic costume changing in almost every number. In one scene, the chorus became a piously cloaked congregation singing from hymnbooks suddenly produced; then quick stripping led to an orgy. The set, by Hans-Dieter Schaal, was tiresomely active. The costumes—basic Biedermeier blue-and-white uniforms for the Franks, basic black for the Moors—were attractive. The stage pictures were cleverly composed. Miss Berghaus may be fond of lecturing and hectoring her audiences; unafraid, in her earnestness, of venturing on the ridiculous, she did so here with theatrical flair and a good eye. She remains a distinct cut above her imitators. This was perhaps as effective a way as any of giving some shape and coherence to the unwieldy score.

The orchestral playing, under Claudio Abbado, was lyrical and beautiful. Mr. Abbado conducts Schubert with love and diligence, but lightness eludes him; even in Rossini, he seems unsmiling, ever serious. Thomas Hampson, the Roland, sang romantically and nobly. The others—Karita Mattila (Emma), Dunja Vejzovic (Florinda), Robert Gambill (Eginhard), Josef Protschka (Fierrabras), Robert Holl (Charlemagne), and Laszlo Polgar (Boland)—were not bad. The Arnold Schoenberg Chorus was excellent. The 1988 performance of "Fierrabras" (with Cheryl Studer as the Florinda and the Chamber Orchestra of Europe but otherwise the same cast) has been recorded by Deutsche Grammophon.

HUGO WEISGALL'S Pirandello opera, "Six Characters in Search of an Author," which was given two performances by the New York City Opera in 1959, and one the following year, and which has been published (by Theodore Presser), has long had the reputation of being an intelligent, imaginative, and beautiful work. I found it to be that when it was presented last month by the Lyric Opera Center for American Artists, the cadet branch of Chicago's Lyric Opera. Nearly two decades of neglect—Central Opera Service annals reveal only one other production, at Oberlin in 1971—must have been due not to any lack of merit in the piece but to its demands. In 1959, *The Nation* called it "the most ambitious and technically difficult work the New York City Opera Company has ever produced," and it calls for a cast of twenty-four

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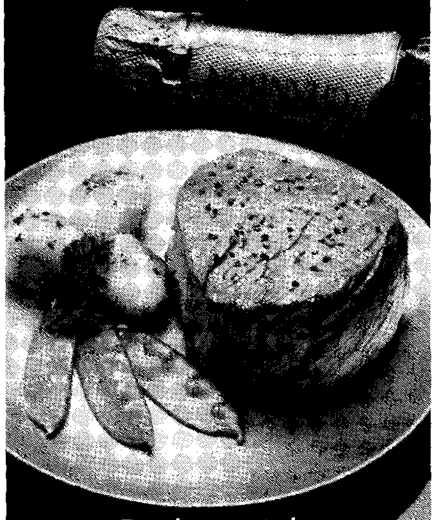

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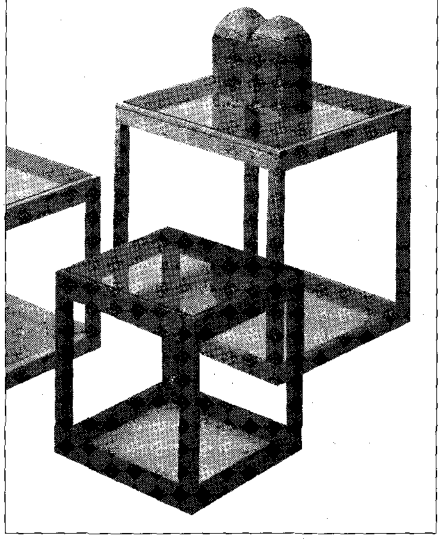

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(with optional further choristers). Some of the roles are small, but none are simple. It is an ideal opera for a large company of talented, ambitious young singers with plenty of rehearsal time. Chicago, using a cast of thirty-one, did well by it.

Denis Johnston, the librettist, has turned Pirandello's theatre troupe into an opera troupe; the work in rehearsal when the six characters, intent on having their personal drama enacted, so disconcertingly arrive is now not Pirandello's "Rules of the Game" but Weisgall's (imaginary) opera "The Temptation of St. Anthony." This leads to one or two easy jokes at the expense of contemporary music: "It's lousy enough with the *right* notes"; "I hate this modern, tuneless stuff myself. But novelties are hard to come by, And now and then we must present them For reasons of prestige. Man cannot live by Faust alone." But on the whole the libretto is a satisfactory reworking of Pirandello for music, while Weisgall's music subtly catches the tone and matches the content of a puzzling, painful, and brilliant play. The score might be likened to a skillful production that does not seek to explain, amplify, or decorate; it is mysterious, poetic, melodramatic, brutal, amusing in Pirandellian proportion. The composer's invention is precise, his craftsmanship sure. The result has a strange—but the right—combination of passion and coldness. Music, much of whose art lies in transformations, is apt for embodying ideas Pirandello expressed in his famous introduction to "Six Characters." A seventh character, Mme. Pace, is brought into being by the memories and speeches of the six: "This unforeseen and autonomous shifting of a given phenomenon from one plane of reality to another is a sort of miracle. . . . The stage itself is fluid; in becoming the vehicle for the imaginative reality of the six characters it cannot exist as a fixed unalterable entity in its own right, just as, indeed, there is nothing established and preconceived anywhere in this play: everything here is in the making, shifting, experimental and unpremeditated."

The Chicago director, Matthew Lata, dressed the characters in the period of the play, 1921, and the troupe in the period of the opera's première, before the 1990 audience. Jeff Bauer's décor and Todd Hensley's lighting were appropriately protean. The time blur worked. Pirandello, in his introduction, recalled Francesca da Rimini's "confessing her sweet sin" to Dante: "And even if we go back again and again and read the passage a hundred thousand times, then, again and again, a hundred thousand times Francesca will speak her words, never in mechanical repetition, but every time as if for the first time, with such animated and unpremeditated passion that every time Dante will swoon in response."

Two young singers of some experience had been engaged for the leading roles. Robert Orth, an excellent artist who has sung with the Houston Opera and the City Opera, played the Father with perfectly judged gravity, insistence, strength, and pathos. His words were clear, even if the dental consonants were unpleasantly explosive. Elizabeth Byrne, who has sung with the English National, Scottish Opera, and Glyndebourne Touring, brought the right emotional wildness and gleam to the Stepdaughter, but her words were not clear. Mr. Lata had stirred all the large cast to accurately felt performances. Of especial note were Nancy Maultsby (the grieving Mother), Gary Lehman (the sullen Son), Andrew Schroeder (the blithe Accompanist), and Susan Foster (the brisk Prompter). Lee Schaenen, who was for many years conductor at the Vienna Volksoper, and since 1977 has been director of the Lyric Opera Center, conducted with a sure hand. Two performances were given, in the nine-hundred-seat Civic Theatre, beside the big house.

—ANDREW PORTER

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WAR IS HELL DEPARTMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

The two collectors spoke candidly about Burgundy's problems over the decades. World War II was not kind to Burgundy, they said; the war was literally fought in the vineyards and the vines took a devastating toll.

BOOKS

Songs of a Wanderer

ALMOST thirteen years ago, while I was rummaging through the back stacks of a bookstore in Ann Arbor, Michigan, I came across a thin, small-press volume of "Mediterranean Poems," by Aleksander Wat (translated by Czeslaw Milosz; Ardis, 1977). The book was as blue as the Mediterranean itself, but the name Wat was scalded in white letters across the front. Who was he? One of the co-founders of Polish Futurism, I discovered, a kind of Central European Dadaist of the late teens and early twenties—part Vladimir Mayakovsky, part Tristan Tzara—who had subsequently embraced Communism and then fallen, perhaps inevitably, into the unspeakable abyss of the Stalinist prisons. A former editor of the influential Communist magazine *The Literary Monthly*, and one of the best-known literary figures in Poland, Wat had stopped writing for years but had almost miraculously reëmerged as a poet in the mid-fifties, a survivor who had been to the heart of Russia and returned to tell the tale—or a small part of the tale. He had been purged and "rehabilitated"; he had suffered a devastating stroke and traumatic aftereffects; he had gone to live abroad in France and Italy; he had died in 1967.

These were externals. I had read a few fragmentary poems by Wat in Czeslaw Milosz's anthology "Postwar Polish Poetry," but their significance had escaped me. (So, too, I knew the work of a trio of great postwar Polish poets—Tadeusz Rozewicz, Zbigniew Herbert, and, of course, Mr. Milosz himself—and I would today add Wislawa Szymborska to the list.) Yet I was unprepared for the playful sorrows and disturbing inconsistencies of Wat's voice, for his philosophical depths and metaphysical aspirations, his speculative seriousness, his sad buffooneries and torments. Nor was I prepared for the sheer accumulated weight of suffering in the poems. He spoke with perfect candor from limitless depths of unhappiness. His work seemed propelled by a desire—by a full-scale need, really—to escape from the excruciating burden of consciousness, to flee from the human. One poem began:

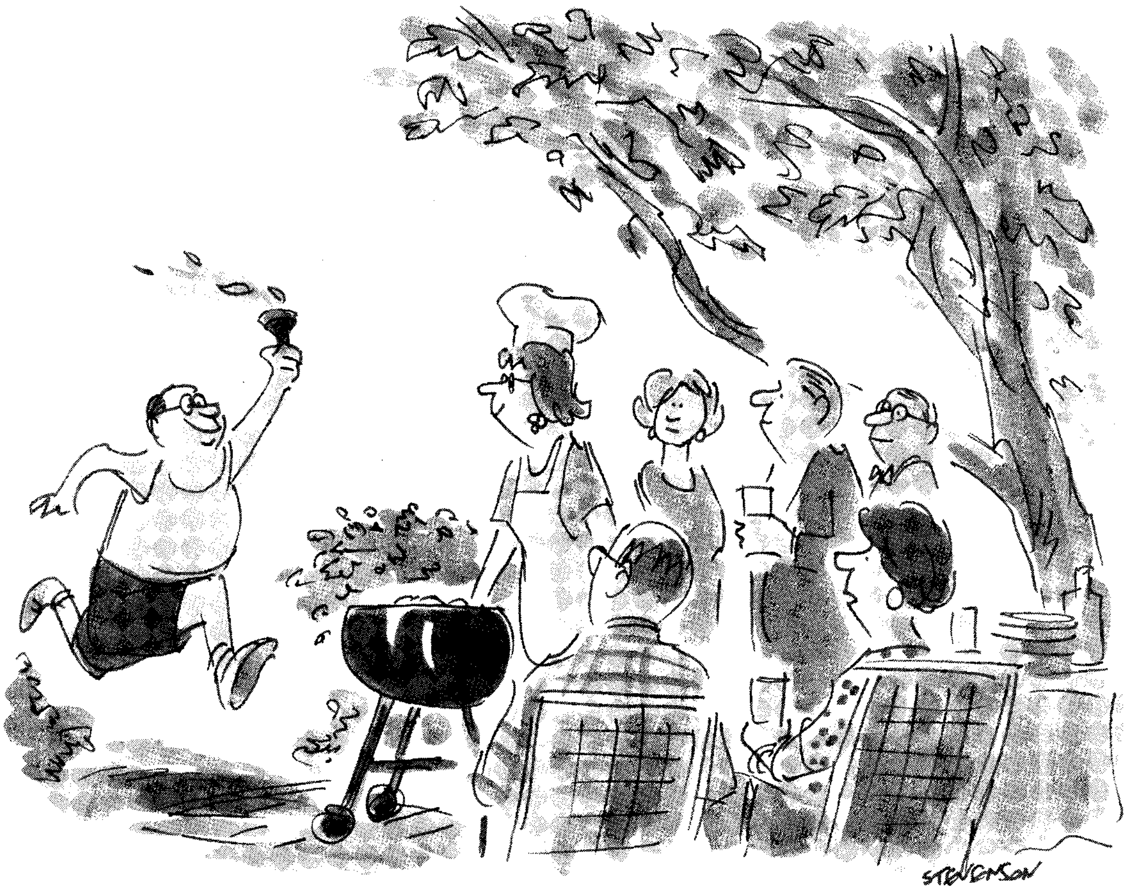
> To be a mouse. Preferably a field
>   mouse. Or a garden mouse—
> but not the kind that live in houses.
> Man exudes an abominable smell!
> We all know it—birds, crabs, rats.
> He provokes disgust and fear.
>   Trembling.

Another announced flatly, "There is no salvation"; a third, "A Damned Man," concluded, "I always knew I would come to a bad end." The second section of "Songs of a Wanderer" spoke matter-of-factly about being "Disgusted by everything alive"; the fourth section ended with the image of "Manure, mycosis, rot, the agony of things living and not living." The agony was wrenching, headlong, irremediable. In "Dreams from the Shore of the Mediterranean," he was a Hamlet haunted by his own bad dreams, a patient in a Warsaw clinic nicknamed Siberia, a fallen prophet who had stumbled into a modern Sidon, lashing out against the populace:

> All of you are deaf and dumb in this city.
>   In the damned city. In this city
> you are damned. In a sentenced city.
>   Forever.

These poems read like the jottings of a European Job crying out from inside the broken walls of his body. He is crippled by pain. He has journeyed to the demonic heart of our century and come back to declare in a calm voice, "There is no bottom to evil."

"Mediterranean Poems" has now been substantially revised and enlarged, and incorporated into a fuller and more



"They make an awfully big thing of cookouts."

definitive volume, "With the Skin: Poems of Aleksander Wat" (translated by Czeslaw Milosz and Leonard Nathan; Ecco; $17.95). This edition contains the bulk of three of Wat's books: "Poems" (1957), "Mediterranean Poems" (1962), and "Dark Trinket" (1968), a posthumously published collection of poems from 1963 to 1967. Wat is virtually unknown as a poet in the West, and is mostly forgotten as an intellectual figure. This obscurity has persisted despite the fact that Mr. Milosz—arguably the greatest poet of our era—not only has translated and collaborated in retranslating Wat's poems but also has written about Wat in all three editions of "Postwar Polish Poetry"; in "The Witness of Poetry," his Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, at Harvard, for 1981-82; in his monumental "History of Polish Literature"; in the piece entitled "On Modern Russian Literature and the West," in his book of essays "Emperor of the Earth: Modes of Eccentric Vision"; in his foreword to Lillian Vallee's new translation of Wat's sole book of short stories, "Lucifer Unemployed"; in his translator's foreword to "Mediterranean Poems"; in a formal introduction to "With the Skin" and in a lively, informal conversation between the cotranslators which serves as an afterword to it; and in his substantive foreword to Wat's spellbinding memoir "My Century: The Odyssey of a Polish Intellectual" (edited and translated by Richard Lourie; University of California, 1988), a series of conversations that Mr. Milosz conducted and tape-recorded with Wat in Berkeley in the mid-sixties. These conversations worked so well not only because Mr. Milosz knew precisely what to ask but because Wat, eleven years his senior, desperately needed to tell his story to someone who both wanted to hear it and shared his frame of reference. The two Polish poets—one formed by the twenties, the other by the thirties—also shared a compulsion to remember, to summon up the body of a lost world, a forgotten kingdom. Here is "What Once Was Great," Mr. Milosz's compelling lyric about the diminishments of history—his variation on "Ozymandias"—dedicated to Wat and his wife:

What once was great, now appeared small.
Kingdoms were fading like snow-covered bronze.

What once could smite, now smites no more.
Celestial earths roll on and shine.

Stretched on the grass by the bank of a river,
As long, long ago, I launch my boats of bark.

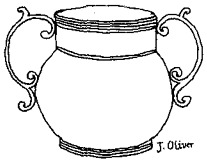
Mr. Milosz has done a good deal; indeed, he has been fairly obsessed with keeping alive the memory of a friend who, as he says, "experienced the philosophies of the twentieth century bodily, in their most tangible forms." Wat's work exists in that intense zone where poetry, history, and metaphysics intersect.

ALEKSANDER WAT belonged to a generation that grew up with the century and was shaped by its various traumas and cataclysms. History, as he said in so many different ways, was inscribed into his skin. He was born in Warsaw on May Day, 1900, into an assimilated intellectual Jewish family—the family name was Chwat—with a fatal dual allegiance to Jewish and Polish history. He was influenced equally by a scholarly, religious father, who had a profound knowledge both of the Cabala and of modern philosophy, and by a beloved family servant, who took him with her to church and held fast to a ritualistic peasant Catholicism. Thus he grew up on a wavering line between Judaism and Christianity: an atheistic Jew with a skeptical intelligence and an underlying hunger for belief; a philosophical wunderkind (he was a Darwinist by the time he was six or seven years old) who simultaneously loved the Catholic liturgy and claimed ancestral descent from, among others, the eleventh-century Talmudist Solomon ben Isaac, Rashi of Troyes, and the well-known sixteenth-century Cabalist Isaac Luria. Nor did he forget that folk lullabies were his "first initiation into the thrill of metaphysics and into poetry." These contradictory early influences help to account for some of the anachronistic religiosity embedded in Wat's otherwise secular work, for the theological issues that, like Proustian memories, keep bubbling up to the surface of his poems.

Wat studied philosophy at the University of Warsaw and in some ways never recovered from his early reading of Schopenhauer, Kierkegaard, and Nietzsche. He had a philosophical cast of mind and a radical temperament—Mayakovsky called him "a born Futurist." Schopenhauer's bleak pessimism, Kierkegaard's idea of fear and trembling before an incomprehensible Absolute, Nietzsche's jubilant, unhappy proclamation that "God is dead"—these were for him gambits, first premises, philosophical beginnings. As a poet, Wat began by reacting against a cosmopolitan group of Polish poets forming around the magazine *Skamander*. The Skamandrites combined some qualities of the English Georgians and the Russian Acmeists. They were classical modernists who believed in biological vitalism and wrote skillful, mellifluous, optimistic, and metrically patterned lyrics that were on good terms with both the present and the traditional poetry of the past; their hearty first manifesto, reprinted in part in "The History of Polish Literature," unequivocally declared, "We cannot hate the world, the earth is dear to us," and "We believe unshakably in the sanctity of a good rhyme, in the divine origin of rhythm, in revelation through images born in ecstasy and through shapes chiseled by work."

By contrast, Wat and his friends were barbarians at the gate who wanted to break down the rules and regulations of polite verse, to tear down the walls of form. They were Rimbaudian anti-poets getting drunk on a new linguistic dynamism. Wat's first book, "Me from One Side and Me from the Other Side of My Pug-Iron Stove" (1920), is a quasi-Dadaist attempt to rupture diction and shatter syntax, to break the temporal lockstep of grammar, the cage of referential meaning. It is symbolism gone mad, words clumsily electrified and set free. Wat zealously embraced Marinetti's slogan "the liberated word"; he treated words as material things, as objects in and of themselves.

Of course, Wat's shock tactics were a deliberate provocation not only to lovers of traditional Polish poetry—a horrified aunt accused him of "mutilating the beautiful Polish language"—but also to middle-class society itself. A scandalous manifesto of 1920 relegated civilization and culture to "the trash heap," abolished "history and posterity," ranted against "a social system dominated by genuine idiots," and looked forward to a time when "a pig will seem even more enchanting than a nightingale."



There is a strong sense in Wat's early work of romping through the graveyard of European civilization. His nihilism—his palpable catastrophic despair—culminated in the cynical stories of "Lucifer Unemployed" (1927), but as a poet he had already reached a modernist dead end, and he soon stopped writing. What happened to Wat between poetry books—between 1919 and 1957? He embraced a political fate, making a pact—what he eventually came to think of as an unholy alliance—with history itself. "Politics is our destiny," he wrote years later, "a cyclone in whose eye we constantly are even though we take shelter in the frail craft of poetry."

In "My Century," Wat tracks and explores his spiritual history between the wars, documenting his literary and political experiences while searching for the meaning of what had happened not only to him but also to an entire generation of Central European intellectuals painstakingly broken on the wheel of totalitarianism. Wat's memoir returns time after time to what was unquestionably the central experience of his life: his voluntary, or "subjective," embrace of Communism. In the second half of the twenties, Wat's despair gradually gave way to an all-encompassing ideology. He never joined the Party, but from 1929 to 1932 he edited *The Literary Monthly*. More than thirty years later, he called *The Literary Monthly* "the corpus delicti of my degradation, the history of my degradation in communism, by communism." After the authorities closed the magazine, in 1932, Wat was arrested and spent several months in prison—a garden party compared with the Soviet jails he later inhabited—before becoming, despite his politics, the literary director of an influential Polish publishing house. The major transformation of his life, his full-scale education in suffering, began in earnest in 1939, when he fled from the German invasion of Poland to the zone occupied by the Soviet Army. There he was subsequently arrested and accused of being a Trotskyite, a Zionist, even a Vatican agent. Temporarily separated from his wife and son, repeatedly interrogated, transferred from one Stalinist prison to another, abused, humiliated, evacuated, deported to various outlying Soviet cities, Wat underwent a profound spiritual conversion. He realized that he had been fundamentally wrong about Communism, about the true nature of evil, and about the role and function of poetry.

In prison, Wat came to believe in "the diabolical nature of Communism." It struck him with the force of a revelation, like a blow to the head, that a primitive demonism had been disguised as the great social experiment of his time. One night in Saratov Prison, Wat had a searing vision—probably induced by starvation—in which he saw a terrifying medieval devil with hooves, the figure of evil incarnate. All night, its vulgar laughter approached and receded, until he began to suspect that the laughter of devilry was the sound of an anti-aircraft alarm from a boat patrolling the Volga. He interpreted this vision as a manifestation of history and of hatred and fanaticism, a piercing reminder that war had just broken out, a sign from the netherworld that Armageddon was approaching. But something in Wat shattered that night—some wall, some barrier—and thereafter he thought of himself as a religious hybrid: a Jew with a cross around his neck, a Christian with a Jewish intellect and conscience arguing with a menacing Old Testament God. His religious vision as well as his encyclopedic reading of history led him to conclude that evil is reincarnated in every epoch and that Bolshevism was "the devil in history," the twentieth-century embodiment of a metaphysical principle of the universe.

Wat's mystical experience humbled and transformed him. Reading his description of it is like hearing from a character in Dostoyevski's late work updated for our century: a modern aes-

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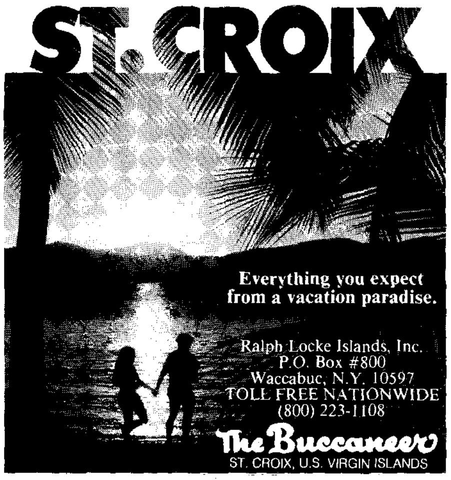

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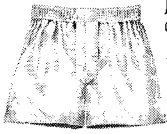

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thete with a ferocious intellect and enormous learning remembers the night when he saw a primitive devil straight out of commonplace religious folk art. A watershed experience. Afterward, his attitude toward his cellmates changed. He joined prison society, thought less about himself, more about others. He became a fervent anti-leftist, coming to view Stalinism, and especially the "grandiose terror" of 1937 and 1941, not as an aberration but as the perfect logical culmination of Marxism-Leninism worked out in practice. It was the enemy of interiorization, of man's inner reality, a manifest reforging of souls, a "fanatic progressiveness" that in fact "excites and unleashes all of history's retrograde forces." In jail, Wat sounded the warning. He never forgave himself for his complicity in evil; indeed, he believed that he would have to go on paying with his own body forever. And slowly he began to recover his vocation as a poet.

In Lubyanka Prison, Wat rediscovered literature. Years later, he wrote that he had hit rock bottom and that books had brought him back from despair, saving him from "the pendulum of prison time" that "swings between agony and nothingness," and immersing him in a world outside the cruel laboratory of prison life. He reëxperienced literature as a process of "insight and synthesis." Reading Machiavelli, he encountered a "poet of action" who tempered his profound disgust with politics; rereading "Swann's Way"—a book in which "nothing had yet died but everything was dying"—he found a model for his agony in prison. Considering a Marxist critic's introduction to "Swann's Way," which treated Proust as a "sociological trot," Wat decided that he was as strongly repelled by the way Communism flattened and reduced experience as he was by its atrocities. Lacerated by guilt and filled with self-hatred for his two or three years of "moral insanity," Wat began to think of poetry as spiritual consolation in the deepest sense, a purifying of demons. Tellingly, he compared the situation of the lyric poet with that of a prisoner who steps out of jail for a brief spell of writing; he called the poet "a wretched creature" who "struggles toward beauty from the abominable depths of his misery." Poetry became for him an ontological state; a way of associating and articulating phenomena; the imagination of a fallen creature in the presence of language. He considered himself a poet not simply because he wrote poetry (what he later called the "no-doubt-meaningless fact of writing verse") but because he struggled toward transcendence of our tragic fragmentation, because he had a radiant platonic dream of Being:

> But my life, oh, my life, had been a constant search for an enormous dream in which my fellow creatures and animals, plants, chimeras, stars, and minerals were in a pre-established harmony, a dream that is forgotten because it must be forgotten, and is sought desperately, and only sporadically does one find its tragic fragments in the warmth of a person, in some specific situation, a glance—in memory too, of course, in some specific pain, some moment. I loved that harmony with a passion; I loved it in voices, voices. And then, instead of harmony, there was nothing but scraps and tatters. And perhaps that alone is what it means to be a poet.

Thus Wat started to think of writing again. All his subsequent poems are, as he puts it, scraps and tatters; they are fragments and notes, the jagged remnants of a dream, or of a large, Rilkean quest. They are grief-stricken fallings away. The poet convicts himself of failure, remembers the loss. He said in a poem that he wrote in San Francisco near the end of his life:

> I, too, don't want to write the way I do.
>   Would like it to be perfect,
> clear, sacral, as in Bach. And out of grief
>   that I cannot,
> I am jotting down this poem as a grass
>   snake imprisoned in a jar would write.

For Wat, the poet is a fractured being aspiring to a lost unity and wholeness, a guilty prisoner wounded by memory and longing for freedom.

WAT'S six years as a prisoner and deportee in Russia changed him permanently. He and his family were reunited in 1942, and the ground for his poetic rebirth was essentially laid when he returned to Poland with them, in 1946. For three brief years, he was once more active in the Polish literary world, but during the Stalinist era he was hounded and persecuted anew, forced to become a "non-person," to endure a protracted compulsory silence. In 1949, he had a debilitating stroke, which almost killed him, and from which he never entirely recovered. For the rest of his life, he suffered, somewhat mysteriously, from acute attacks of pain in his face and head. Wat himself believed that the terrible pain was a punishment for the "mortal sin" of being seduced by a totalitarian system; he declared outright that "the devil behind my illness is the devil behind communism." Yet after his stroke the Muse intermittently returned to him, and Wat was reborn as a poet. If his poems of the fifties and sixties are interrupted and uneven, they are also the flowers that have grown up out of the harsh soil of his illness. Wat committed suicide. His three late books—the poetry for which he will be remembered—constitute a small, unlikely, luminous night garden that survives his death.

In "With the Skin," the odyssey of a Polish intellectual becomes the tormented wandering of a poet in exile. He has checked into too many neurological clinics and hotels. He finds himself drifting through the Alpine hills and recalling his nightmares on the shore of the Mediterranean; he considers the situation of a prostitute as he sits in a kitsch bar in a cheap section of Paris; he watches a chess game and listens to a heated conversation about metaphor and metonymy in a literary café in Berkeley. These locales are the stage settings or props for a work that has been fuelled by displacement and dislocation, by flight, by fear and trembling. Wat's poetry is, as Mr. Milosz argues, "all feeling and emotion, suffering." Its temperature runs high. Self-pitying and animated by guilt, filled with self-reproach and self-loathing (he never forgot that "there were among us those who sang for the strangers"), it is also comical and weirdly playful, self-mocking, simultaneously earnest and ironic. "Before Breughel the Elder" begins:

> Work is a blessing,
> I tell you that, I—a professional
>   loafer!
> Who bedded down in so many
>   prisons! Fourteen!
> And in so many hospitals! Ten!
>   And innumerable hotels!
> Work is a blessing.
> How else could we deal with the
>   lava of fratricidal love
>   toward our fellow men?
> With those storms of extermination
>   of all by all?
> With brutality that has no bottom, no
>   measure?
> With the black-and-white era which
>   does not want to end,
> endlessly repeating itself da capo
>   like a record
> forgotten on a turntable,
> spinning by itself?

In Wat's world, consciousness is suffering, and "everything is equally unimportant, yes, unimportant/although so difficult, so inhumanly difficult, so painful!" Even death is "ineffective." Only work seems to provide a temporary release, a momentary rescue. The ancient maxim "*Ora et labora*" ("Pray and work") ought to have been carved over the front door of Wat's house, if only he hadn't kept changing residences.

Exile is a permanent condition in Wat's poetry, a metaphysical state as well as a historical situation. Modern man is like the flamingo in his poem "A Flamingo's Dream," who begs the gods for land but instead finds "nothing except water." There is no rest, no stability. There is only the Baudelairean horror of living without end even as we hurtle toward annihilation. No wonder, then, that Wat envies the unchanging realm of stones, the "monastic rule and silence" of the mineral world. Stones are free from sequence and change, from intentionality, from eros and agape, from the process of decrepitude and disintegration, from guilt, from time. Unlike us, "they do not become, they are."

The spectre of suffering, the memory of a medieval devil with hooves stealing unseen through the universe, the enormity of the catastrophe of our age are never far from Wat's mind. Yet the very scale of the tragedy hampers and inhibits him, and he is seldom able to treat it directly. Rather, it shadows and glances across his work, emerging in parables and dreams, in sideways odes and letters, in a sly history lesson "From Hesiod," where the speaker claims that "Chthonic demons torture us" and laments that he was born in an era when the gods and the demigods had all disappeared. He cries out with Biblical intensity:

> Oh, why was I born in the time of
>   their successors!
> Once born, why didn't I die! Our
>   time is of iron.
> Our land is subject to a fierce
>   invader,
> our laws are shattered,
> Nemesis abandoned us, forever,
> violence and treachery sit on the
>   throne
> and there is no help in the deltas of
>   rivers of desolation
> in the iron age.

Wat's poems characteristically allude to rather than chronicle his own suffering. What happened to him, how his life was ruined by events—the way, as he put it, he stuck his little foot into History—forms the invisible backdrop,

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the unseen atmosphere of his work. It is the wind that pushes him, the secret air he breathes—untouched, omnipresent, what he is doomed to remember even as he tries to escape. In the eighth section of "Dreams from the Shore of the Mediterranean," he addresses himself and the subject of his disgrace as a *haunted and harried man:*

> To the brim of memory you are full of voices.
> Voices from the house, voices from the garden, voices from the forest, voices
> from above you—they are gone and yet remain and will not go away
> even when the abortive human species disappears; they will enter into
> swallows, mosses, insects, stones, nothingness if necessary. Into silence
> which is the voice of the voice primeval.

How much he longs to escape his conscience! But the voices follow him everywhere, even into the void. For him, everything living—consciousness itself—is a reminder of his own guilt-ridden hell, of "the heart's eternal sorrow."

Wat's poems are often structured around a journey—a long, haphazard walk, a metaphorical flight or descent. He is a belated Orpheus, destined to keep moving, longing for rest, envying the stillness:

> Disgusted by everything alive I withdrew into the stone world: here
> I thought, liberated, I would observe from above, but
> without pride, those things
> tangled in chaos.

Unlike the French poet Francis Ponge, who creates a phenomenology of the stone world in his prose poems, or Wat's countryman Zbigniew Herbert, who presents an objective aesthetic of that world in his pristine object poems, Wat, in the sequence "Songs of a Wanderer," struggles to enter entirely into the realm of the inert, into the heart and dreams of matter, to become "a stone among stones." In this he is close to the Theodore Roethke of the sequence "The Lost Son." But whereas Roethke finds organic processes and archetypes for the human psyche in the natural world, Wat discovers only cold purity and silence, perfect stasis, liberation from time. "If God exists," Wat announces, "He is there. At the heart of stones." And He is inaccessible.

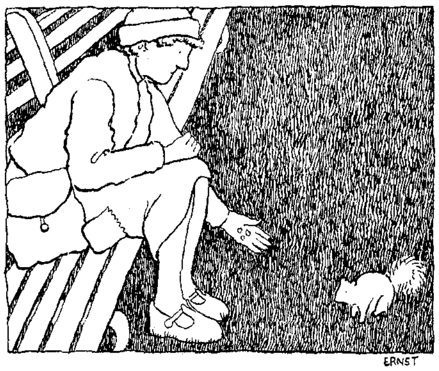
Wat's flight into the lower world is thwarted by the simple fact that he is still sealed up in a body, still living inside his senses. Just when he falls asleep and feels himself being transported into the "greater darkness" of the stone world, he is forced awake by the voices of the dead. They cry out "*Remember! Remember!*" even as they long to be forgotten, even as they seek oblivion:

> Our hell—
> is in the memory of those who will survive us.
> Driven out by the din and the sham
> of those whom I survived, I walked down through rubble. And having lost
> everything I knew in that difficult descent, I am again what
> I had been.

Mutability and memory: there is no escape from the wheel of our fate.

"Ode III" is a powerful description of the poet's life inside his skin, an enactment of his bodily journey from innocence to experience, ecstasy to old age, joy to pain, Heaven to Hell. Whereas he once experienced "a Creation full of gifts," and believed in the holiness of the senses, in the youthful purity and joy of all that comes from the skin, he now discovers that his skin has become an instrument of imprisonment and shame, "a great, great misfortune," a cell. He is "grilled, lacerated, ploughed." His senses have conspired against him, the pain is infernal. "It is true, Hell has been promised to me long ago," he says, "but is *not the promise being fulfilled too early?*" At the conclusion of the poem, the poet bequeaths his naked skin to his brethren to be tanned "for the binding of this collection of stanzas." He is martyred, and views himself as a sacrificial beast who has been "dying without profit for a long, long, long time" and now lays down his body before the butcher's knife. He has wrested his work from the inner darkness; he has carved his poems out of himself. "Ode III" is an unflinching parable about the making of art in our century.

There is a ghostly internal struggle for objectivity in Wat's work. Existence is pain. The poet writes with the aim, usually unsuccessful, of outwitting suffering, of leaving behind something well made, objective, and consoling. This is an aspiration and a direction, mostly a failed dream. Wat's poems are steeped in subjective pain, yet in the ninth section of "Songs of a Wanderer" he cites Andrew Lang: "It *is the nature of the highest objective art* to be clean. The Muses are maidens." He follows this with one of the most redemptive moments in his poetry. For once, the world seems washed in light:



> So beautiful the lungs
> are breathless. The hand remembers:
> I was a wing.
> Blue. The peaks in ruddy
> gold. Women of that land—
> small olives. On a spacious saucer
> wisps of smoke, houses, pastures, roads.
> Interlacing of roads, o holy diligence
> of man. How hot it is! The miracle
> of shade returns. A shepherd, sheep, a dog, a ram
> all in gilded bells. Olive trees
> in twisted benevolence. A cypress—their lone shepherd. A village
> on a Cabris cliff, protected
> by its tiled roofs. And a church, its cypress and shepherd.
> Young day, young times, young world.

After all the clotted and claustrophobic suffering in Wat's work, it is enormously liberating to climb this mountain peak and breathe the fresh air of a perfect landscape.

In two stunning love poems to his wife, Wat picks up and dramatizes the idea of the maiden who must not be soiled. He praises, in the eleventh section of "Songs of a Wanderer"—a thirty-fifth-anniversary poem—the sublimity of the family as one of "Nature's creations," and marvels that "the tribe renews itself in the festoons of time":

> O, mountain stream
> Basalt beneath
> Bedrock of flight
> Pendulum-home
> Vise of the heart
> Lily of the soul
> Contralto of quiet
> And faithful shroud.
> Violet—sorrow,
> In winter flakes,
> O, you warm earth
> Of peaks and valleys!
> In sickness and in health
> Siamese sister
> My Bride.

In the final poem of the book, "The Bride," written five years later, for their fortieth anniversary, Wat treats the husband's approach to his wife, the bridegroom's to his bride, as an act of ritual purification. He asks to be cleansed and sanctified in order to be worthy of the beloved, to look upon and touch her. He speaks in the third person, and the love poem takes on the character of a Psalm, or of the Song of Songs:

Let him not unveil her with his eye
Before he washes it in the light
Of morning, in the snows of a distant
    mountain,
In a gentle hill of herbs,
In the stream of the cantatas of
    Johann Sebastian
Bach.

Let him not put his hand on her
Before he cleanses it of violence.
    From blood.
Spilled. Assented to. Before he
    engraves it
With tenderness, good deeds,
With the toil of laboring in earth
    the mother,
With playing a harpsichord or
    ocarina.

Let him not bring his lips closer to
    her
Before he rinses off the lie,
Before he drinks from the source of
    live water.
Before he burns them pure in live
    fire
Before he sanctifies them in the
    Tabernaculum
Of grace and sweetness.

A man who has been to Hell completes his life's work on a grace note of sweetness and light. In a way, all of Wat's work has been building toward just such a purifying fire. How long he has desired to rinse off the stain of history, to drink clean water, to recover a lost innocence, to touch the live flame and be released. And how far he has come on his journey to freedom.

There is no doubt that some of Wat's complexity is flattened out in English. Mr. Milosz notes that a good deal of Wat's linguistic playfulness is inevitably lost in translation, as are some of his lighter shades and tonalities, his verbal magic and inventiveness. There are no English equivalents for his coined words or sly transmutations of Polish grammar. And yet it is one of the mysteries of poetry, so notoriously untranslatable, that Wat's voice —witty, sardonic, impassioned—can reach us across the gulfs of language and experience; that an idiosyncratic Polish intellectual speaking from sunlit self-imposed exile in Italy and France, from the sealed prison house of himself, can seem such an emblematic presence. I think we should read Aleksander Wat because his work is stark and uncompromising; because his poems go on talking late into the night; because his poetry flowered in pain and old age; because he made emotion primary and yet never relinquished his formidable intellect, his playfulness, or his wit; because he experienced the century with his body and wrote poetry with his skin; because he was relentlessly truthful and insisted on convicting himself; because his music began in Hell and quested for paradise; because he was a historical poet who wanted to be a metaphysical one; because he was inconsolable and never forgot his own destroyed world; because his poetry is a warning and a dream; because his intense suffering concluded on a radiant note of praise. Wat's poetic work is a tormented wandering through the day and the night. But now the odyssey is over; may the wanderer rest. He has embodied the truth of his own assertion: "Poetry fulfills itself when it is an act of heroism." —EDWARD HIRSCH

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

I GET ON THE BUS, by Reginald McKnight (Little, Brown; $17.95). Evan Norris, a great-great-grandson of slaves and the prodigal son of a prosperous Denver produce distributor, feels stifled by his bossy fiancée and "the sharp-edged, well-oiled black middle class," so he lights out for the territory—he joins the Peace Corps and heads for Senegal. "Unless I change rhythm and course," he warns himself, "I will endlessly sleepwalk through Africa, Denver —wherever I go." He soon goes AWOL, however, and winds up in a coastal village south of Dakar, where he unwisely decides to use his fits of malarial delirium and plenty of marijuana as vehicles to get to the bottom of his "half-lost, half-bemused, half-terrified, half-aghast" sense of self. In this intensely suggestible state of mind, Evan falls in love with the daughter of a local Marabout, or sorcerer, and even though he thinks of himself as "African only in the vestigial sense," he starts to realize that the animist spells of his hosts are controlling his nightmares and visions, and that "Mama Africa" is after his soul. Mr. McKnight doesn't manage to sustain the novel's rush of images and introspection to the end, but there is an exhilarating breadth to the book's best passages, and his hero

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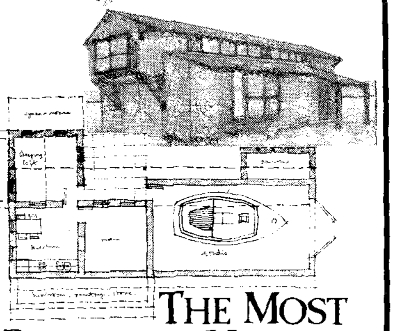

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is a not unworthy successor to Ralph Ellison's invisible man.

THE ROAD TO THE CITY: TWO NOVELLAS, by Natalia Ginzburg, translated from the Italian by Frances Frenaye (Arcade; $16.95). The second novella here, "The Dry Heart," which was originally published in 1947, begins with a shooting. (" 'Tell me the truth,' I said. 'What truth?' he echoed. . . . I shot him between the eyes.") The title story, which was first published three years earlier, is also a mystery of sorts. It tells of a woman's slippery-slope slide, via self-deception, from her hillside village to a nearby provincial city, with all the provincially shocking trappings. Nevertheless, since Ginzburg has given each of her narrators a cool, witness-stand voice to testify in, not even the most tumultuous events breathe a hint of melodrama. Instead, the reader is invited to engage in a detailed, suspenseful investigation into the results of action or inaction, of an excess of imagination or a lack of it. Ginzburg's canny humor—in her narrators' seamless, sometimes hilarious backtrackings and juxtapositions—enlivens the coolness of tone; and the stories together make a compelling case for the virtues and difficulties of a woman's knowing her own mind.

THEN SHE FOUND ME, by Elinor Lipman (Pocket Books; $18.95). April Epner's adoptive parents have recently died, when her real mother, Bernice Graverman, seeks her out. Bernice G!, as she is known, is a coquettish and flamboyant Boston talk-show host, who once created a sensation by confessing tearfully on camera that she gave up her only child for adoption at the age of seventeen. The grudging but curious April finds herself bombarded with expensive dinners and blind-date prospects, and Bernice finds that her offspring is utterly unlike her: April wears gentle, frumpy clothes and teaches Latin at a suburban high school. The novel offers little variation in texture; most of the story is told through the push-me, pull-you dialogue between mother and daughter, which at first seems as though it will only glide, talk-show style, over the surface of the changes Bernice wreaks in April's complacent life. But, instead of becoming tiresome, the book's banter grows on us, and manages in the end to offer up both the secrets of April's conception and a lively dramatization of the ways in which blood is thicker than water.

NOTE: "Lantern Slides," a collection of stories by Edna O'Brien, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($18.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

TRIBES WITH FLAGS: A DANGEROUS PASSAGE THROUGH THE CHAOS OF THE MIDDLE EAST, by Charles Glass (Atlantic Monthly; $22.95). This book begins as the author, an American journalist whose maternal grandparents came from Lebanon, sets out to explore the Levant, starting in Alexandretta (Iskenderun), Turkey. His transparent style evokes the sights, sounds, smells, scenery, and architecture of territories that belonged, successively, to the Hellenistic, Roman, Byzantine, Muslim, and Ottoman Empires. Wherever he went, he found likable people and enjoyed excursions in their company, even when, as in Palmyra, tourist accommodations were squalid. Mr. Glass discovered that people thought of themselves as members of a traditional community—a sect, a village, or a tribe—rather than as citizens of a nation-state; when he arrived for a stay at the country house of a powerful Lebanese family, he was just in time to observe the outbreak of a clan feud. The author's good times ended in Beirut, where he was kidnapped and held hostage by a squad of Hizbollah, who claimed that he worked for the C.I.A. He escaped after sixty-two days, and he conveys his experience of confinement almost too effectively.

THE GOOD RAIN: ACROSS TIME AND TERRAIN IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, by Timothy Egan (Knopf; $19.95). Mr. Egan, a *Times* correspondent who is based in Seattle (of which he is a native) and has much of coastal Washington, Oregon, and British Columbia as his territory, has given us a satisfying combination of history (mostly violent or vile), personal exploration of the neighboring wilderness (vigorous and exhilarating), and hope (accompanied by winces and grimaces) for the successful control of the forces of greed in that uniquely beautiful region. As might be supposed, he has much to say about the weather and its bounty—mild temperatures, abundant rainfall and intervals of blinding sunshine, and gigantic trees and almost tropical verdancy. He shows us spectacular mountains and the still mighty (at its mouth) Columbia River. He sees an interesting contrast between the settlers of British Columbia and those who settled Washington: "The British chose to carve a small patch of perfection from the last unsettled edge of the New World; the Americans went to war against the land." Maps.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE DOME: CHRONICLES OF A CAPITOL HILL AIDE, by Mark Bisnow (Morrow; $20.95). An unpretentious and illuminating memoir of the author's service as a member of several congressional staffs, from a 1971 summer interneship to his departure, in 1987, after a tour of duty with Senator Robert Dole. Although he left, to practice law, for all the reasons that the majority of young congressional aides leave—including exhaustion and the inherent insecurity of jobs that depend on an employer's reëlection—Mr. Bisnow recalls his involvement in our legislative and political processes as a valuable and exciting experience. He isn't intensely partisan, having worked for Democrats (Hubert Humphrey, for example) as well as Republicans, and finds admirable people on both sides of the aisle. He tells good stories and also raises important questions, but his political portraits may be his volume's greatest asset. He convincingly describes senators and representatives he knew or observed who, though disagreeing with each other and with the author, cared deeply about the country and about their constituents.

MENNINGER: THE FAMILY AND THE CLINIC, by Lawrence J. Friedman (Knopf; $29.95). A family biography and an institutional history, this volume recounts the lives and works of three Kansas physicians: Charles Menninger (1862-1953) and his sons Karl (1893-) and Will (1899-1966). Charles had dreamed of founding a group practice, like the Mayos', and Karl's fascination with psychiatry determined the Menningers' specialty. The author points out that when the Menningers began, in 1919, little was known about mental illness and its treatment, and only a few institutions offered either hope or therapy. A diligent historian, he makes sure the reader appreciates that the Menningers were innovative and humane. Charles infused thoroughness, Karl intellectual daring, and Will concern for the individual into a venture that has grown into an immense foundation; today it supports facilities for training and research as well as for treatment. Throughout their lives, however, the brothers were at war with each other, and the author discovered, during his research, that their joint endeavors did not moderate conflict. Mr. Friedman's objectivity is impressive.

A SINGULAR COUNTRY, by J. P. Donleavy (Norton; $18.95). The author of "The Ginger Man" takes off on a headlong dissertation on Ireland and its natives, among whom he has lived for the past twenty years. He deplores the recent architecture that blemishes the land but insists that much of the country's beauty remains. He has it in for rich tourists, but he has kind words for the no longer ascendant Anglo-Irish, who have been turning their crumbling mansions into graceful country hotels. Mr. Donleavy can be very funny; he writes with a brogue, and intersperses his dissection of the Irish character with tales of local sexual escapades. Under the hyperbole is much shrewd, if barbed, observation, and if some of his adopted fellow-countrymen may take offense at his tone they can find comfort in his airy dictum that "the Shamrock Isle is the only country in the world where language doesn't mean anything." Photographs by Patrick Prendergast.

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ANOTHER CLEVER BUSINESS NAME WE WISH WE HADN'T SEEN

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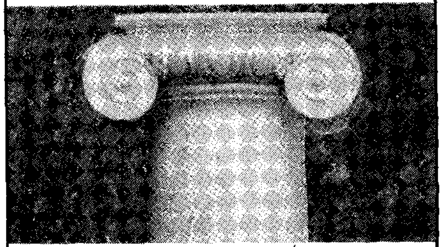
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Baltimore Evening Sun*]

Barczyk also spent a year in Moscow studying at the Leningrad Conservatory.

Louis Auchincloss
gives us his most compelling "Portrait of a Lady" yet—she knew what she wanted, she learned how to get it.



The Lady of Situations
a novel

"Auchincloss is... our Henry Adams, someone who knows his world for exactly what it is (and was). Neither nostalgist nor class traitor, Auchincloss never fails above all to delight as well as instruct."
—*Kirkus Reviews*

"An acute study in human motivation."
—*Publishers Weekly*

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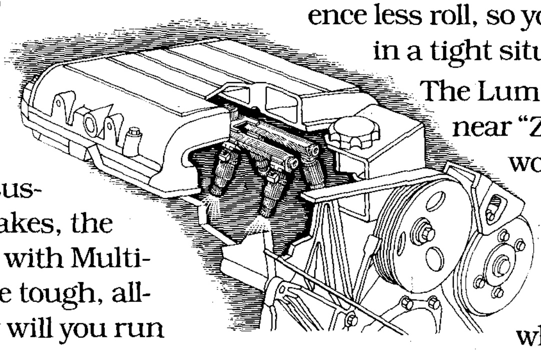
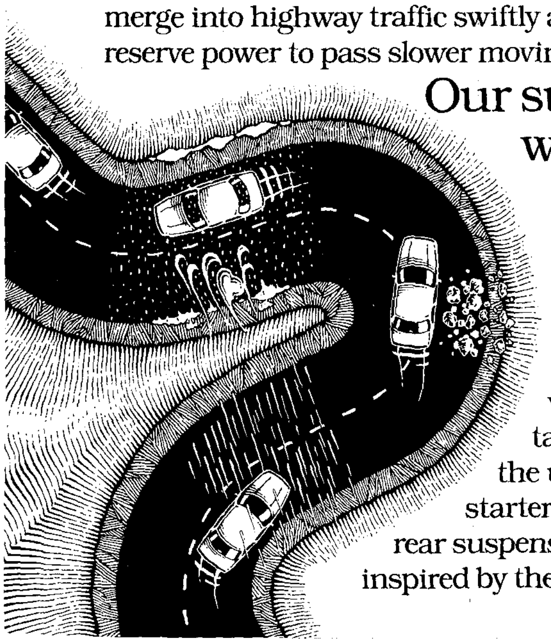
So, we'd like to explain in some detail some very technical reasons why you should choose the Lumina Sedan to be your next family car. Because when you put all those benefits together, they help make the Lumina Sedan one of the most innovative and responsive Chevrolet automobiles ever.

The engineering that went into the engine.



Can you see the safety aspects of an engine? Our engineers can. By taking into account the weight of the car, suspension geometry, tires and brakes, the Lumina's available 3.1 Liter V6 with Multi-Port Fuel Injection becomes one tough, all-around performer. So, not only will you run your family around the city efficiently,* you can merge into highway traffic swiftly and have enough reserve power to pass slower moving vehicles.

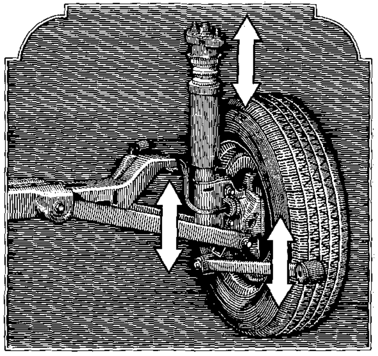


Our suspension won't keep you in suspense.

You'll appreciate Lumina's suspension most when the road takes a turn for the unexpected. For starters, the Lumina's rear suspension design was inspired by the Corvette. Its leaf spring is made of fiberglass, not steel. And instead of one steel spring per wheel, as in many cars, one fiberglass rear leaf spring is all that's needed in the Lumina. And with its advanced suspension, your Lumina is designed to help you recover quickly should you have to swerve to avoid something in the road.

Here's how. In a swerve, when you turn the wheel hard to the left, the right side of your car wil push down. Straighten the wheel, and as the righ side comes up, the left side will go down. This is called roll. But thanks to the tuning of Lumina's fiberglass rear leaf spring suspension, you'll experience less roll, so your car will respond more quickl in a tight situation.

The Lumina's front suspension also boast near "Zero Scrub Radii." Unfortunately, would take pages to explain it. So suffice it to say that in some car when you drive through a pudd at 35 miles an hour your car wil slow down and your steering wheel will pull. To lessen this, the Lumina was designed with near Zero Scrub Radii which reduces the sensitivity of your front wheels to changes in the road to help you stay in control without having to overcompensate at the steering wheel. A very helpful feature.

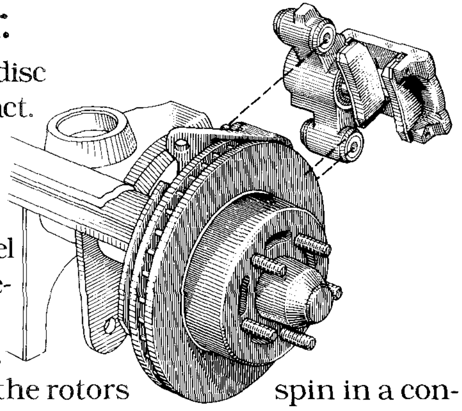


We'd like to clear the air about aerodynamics.

Admittedly, the technical aspects of aerodynamics, such as crosswind stability and drag coefficients, are less than thrilling. We'd much ather describe for you how the Lumina's erodynamics can contribute to your safety. For nstance, Lumina's smooth shape allows for a low rag coefficient of 0.34 which contributes to mpressive fuel economy* and acceleration when assing or merging. But those aren't the only ewards of smooth aerodynamics.

Believe it or not, the Lumina is not only erodynamic when the wind is rushing over the ront end, it's aerodynamic when the wind is com-ng at you from the side. And you'll appreciate that n very windy days or when you get caught in the ake of a passing semi on the interstate.

Here's the brake you've been ooking for.

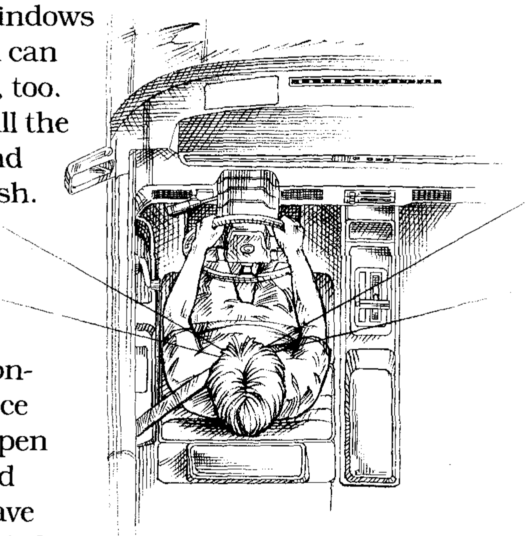


Four-wheel disc rakes, to be exact. hey come stan-ard on the umina Sedan. umina's 4-wheel isc brakes bene-t from greater eat dissipation. hat's because the rotors spin in a con-tant air flow to keep them cool. And the cooler he brakes stay, the more efficiently they work. ow you could buy a Ford Taurus and not get hese standard. Or you can buy a Lumina and get tandard 4-wheel disc brakes. The choice is yours.

Know what you're getting into.

Innovation isn't limited to exterior features of he Lumina Sedan. Here are just two examples of ome thoughtful interior design that may not be vident at first glance.

Notice all the glass. The windows seem deep nd wide, don't they? While providing a very com-ortable feeling of expansive-ess, this also serves a very practical function: better visibility. And while all that glass helps eliminate blind spots, standard tinted windows all the way around can cut down on glare, too.



Next, look at all the buttons, knobs and controls on the dash. Notice how logical their placement, how easy they are to reach. A simple thing, true, but consider its importance and what can happen in that split second when your eyes leave the road and search for a button.

Now we hope we didn't bore you with all these explanations, but we thought the more you knew about the Lumina Sedan before getting into it, the more you and your family would be able to get out of it.

To find out even more, come in and test drive a Lumina for yourself or, better yet, ask a friend who's driving one. Either way, you're sure to see why Lumina is the fastest-selling 1990 new car name. And why more Americans are winning with The Heartbeat of America.

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